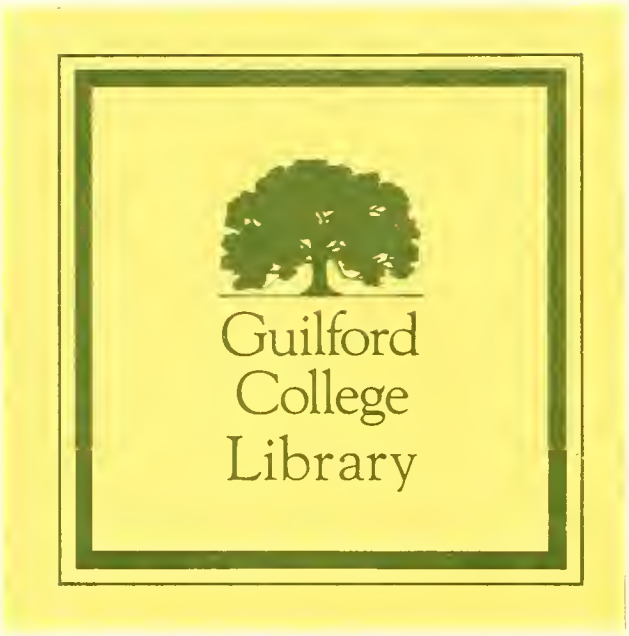

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Guilford College has recently approved a concentration called "Peace and Justice." That is also the theme of this issue of the Guilford Review. The Friends Peace Testimony is discussed and some causes for conflicts and wars are examined. Articles were written by members of the faculty and by Kenneth Boulding, the Distinguished Quaker Visitor of 1980. It is hoped that this issue will focus our attention on this theme and will help to generate interest in the concentration which is now being implemented.

Donald Millholland, Editor of this issue

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C O N T E N T S

Donald Millholland	THE PEACE TESTIMONY AND PHILOSOPHICAL ETHICS	1
Joseph W. Groves	APOCALYPTICISM AND PACIFISM IN THE NEW TESTAMENT	5
Carroll Feagins	D. ELTON TRUEBLOOD AND QUAKER PACIFISM	11
Edward F. Burrows	POST WORLD WAR II MEMOIRS: RACE RELATIONS IN THE SOUTH	30
Jacqueline Ludel	BECOMING A JEW AMONG QUAKERS	40
Carol Schmid	CULTURAL COEXISTENCE IN A MULTICULTURAL SOCIETY: THE CASE OF SWITZERLAND	41
Robert Scott Gassler	ECONOMIC ANALYSIS AND THE STUDY OF PEACE AND JUSTICE	47
Kenneth E. Boulding	FRIENDS AND THE ECONOMY	53

The Peace Testimony has always been important in the history of the Society of Friends. When George Fox was offered a captaincy in the army, he replied: "But I told them I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars." (G.F.J. N65).

Many early Friends had been soldiers prior to their convincement as Friends. As the movement spread, other members of the army who became Friends were dismissed by the army. Fox exhorted his followers to give up violence of all kinds.

> "All such as pretend Christ Jesus, and confess him and yet run to the use of carnal weapons, wrestling with flesh and blood throw away the spiritual weapon.
> . . .Live in love and peace with all men, keep out of the bustlings of the world, meddle not with the powers of the earth but mind the kingdom, the way of peace." (Q.P. p. 5)

After being convinced of Fox's message William Penn gave up the fashion of wearing a sword. Fox is reported to have said 'wear it as long as thou canst' and very soon Penn left off wearing it. Under Penn's influence American Friends gained fame for their peaceful relations with the Indians.

During the American war of Independence a typical minute may have read as follows:

> "We, the people called Quakers ever since we were distinguished as a society, have declared to the world our belief in the peaceable tendency of the Gospel of Christ and that consistent therewith we could not bear arms nor be concerned with warlike preparation." (Q.P. p. 31)

While their stand at first caused suspicion, their right to conscientiously refuse to participate in war eventually won respect. During this war several members were disowned for being involved in combat.

In the wars that followed Friends often suffered for their peaceful stand. During the Civil War northern Quakers won the right to participate in alternative service and many Friends served in this way rather than fight or pay money to a relief fund in order to gain exemption. In the South only a commutation fee would exempt Friends from service and many refused to pay. In some cases they were put to death for their beliefs. (Q.P. pp. 35-39)

During World War I Friends felt their beliefs were severely challenged but they kept their peace principles. British Friends were allowed noncombatant service but many refused this and were sent to do road work or forestry or to do some types of prison work such as making mailbags. In America, Rufus Jones formed the American Friends Service Committee and the War Department allowed C. O.'s to serve under it in a civilian capacity (Q.P. pp. 45-46). In World War II nearly three-fourths of young Friends served in the armed forces although Yearly Meetings stood firmly on their opposition to war. There were, of course, many young Friends who suffered to some extent for their refusal to participate. (Q.P. pp. 53, 54) Since World War II Friends have maintained their opposition to war and worked for peace and justice.

One aspect of the Friends Peace Testimony has involved a refusal to fight in wars, and this has always gained a great deal of publicity. However, it would be wrong to describe the Peace Testimony as simply a refusal to participate in war. Quakers have always worked positively for peace. Fox and Pennington argued in the seventeenth century that the nation, even the world, would be strengthened by pacifism and not be made weaker. Peace begins with individuals who

abandon war . . ."and so spreads by degrees until it hath overspread the nation and then from nation to nation until the whole earth is leavened." (p. 9 QP.) The refusal to fight is only the first step toward a world at peace. Friends did not want to abandon the world but to transform it. Friends began to put their energies into prison reform, anti-slavery movements, and relief work during and after wars and won recognition for their efforts to reconcile and establish peace. In 1947 the Nobel Peace Prize was awarded to the Friends Service Council and the A.F.S.C. in recognition of their efforts to reconcile and establish peace.

Quakers refuse to participate in war and work positively for peace and justice in the world. I would like to evaluate this position from the perspective of modern ethical theory.

Deontological ethics contends that a rule or action is right or obligatory because of its own inherent value or its relation to other facts. It is right no matter what the consequences. One feels obligated out of respect for authority, whether it is the authority of God, logic, or rules which seem inherently right. Utilitarians will perform an action if they believe it will affect the greatest possible balance of good over evil in the world. For any view to be ethical it must be affirmed in some universal sense and applicable to all. If I say I will do X but not argue that others should do likewise or I simply say I will do X and wish only that you allow me to do my X and leave me alone, I cannot claim to be ethical. (Ethics, pp. 14-17)

The history of the Society of Friends shows that on the whole they have remained faithful to their principles and preached their gospel of peace in both word and deed to all mankind. While it is obvious that they felt obligated to do this because of their relationship to God, they also believed it would affect the world at large. It is hard to argue that Friends have not been influential. History shows us that Friends have not succeeded in turning all away from war but they have won their right to refuse to participate in war. They have contributed to the establishment of freedom of conscience.

Friends pacifism has often been criticized. Relatively few people outside the historic peace churches have adopted pacifist principles. Even if Quakers, along with others, have gained respect and legal status for themselves, few people have the faith inherent in the Quaker belief that we must start now to give up participation in all wars and that ultimately this will spread throughout the world. Does the fact that after three hundred years we seem no closer to pacifism than ever prove this position wrong? Quaker testimony appears to be of the type that calls for the right of some to refuse to participate in war while requiring others to fight. Now it is argued that in order for justice to prevail, the pacifist must surely claim that no one should participate in war and that it is wrong for anyone to do so. In the past Quakers disowned those who participated. This was not true in WW II although the official Quaker position did not change in its opposition to participation in war.

Some people argue the pacifist position in terms of the results of taking this position. If our enemies did not believe we would participate in a world war they might feel they could get away with anything if one of the greatest powers on earth remained neutral. Pacifists might reply that they are not arguing against our involvement in moral persuasion and active peacemaking efforts. Who knows what solutions might appear if we put as much effort and money into preparing for peace as we do for war.

Quakers have benefited from living in countries like England and America where they are for the most part protected and given a privileged status by those who fight to defend their freedom. It is not true, I believe, that Friends enjoy their situation and are content to remain in this status. They

believe that everyone should give up participation in war and work positively for peace. They believe we must all do this now and we must do it because it is God's command whatever the consequences. I am sure if you asked many Quakers in the past if they would be pacifists had they realized that the immediate consequences, or even the medium range consequences, were likely to be painful for both themselves and others they would still have remained firmly dedicated to their principles.

This is an example of de-ontological ethics. Any attempt to argue pacifism on the strength of probable consequences founders in complex speculation.

One can argue that there can no longer be any just wars given the extent of modern warfare. One could say that pacifists have had an influence and do make a difference. They have helped to establish freedom of conscience, and been a constant reminder of the evils of war, however the extent of their influence is difficult to measure. I believe therefore that the only defensible argument is along de-ontological lines. All should give up war and work positively for peace, for this is an inherently right thing to do, and for Quakers it is in keeping with their religious beliefs.

This is an example of ethics by Divine command--How does a Friend who feels led to refuse military service and called to work instead for peace justify this as a true leading of the Spirit? He can point to historic precedent and the testimony of weighty Friends both past and present. This would therefore be in accordance with tradition.

One of the problems with the Divine command theory is that one who holds this theory appears to be saying that whatever God commands is good. (Ethics pp. 28-29) Would this justify acts of cruelty or even murder if one felt that God willed it? It would, but how do we know a Divine command is indeed what it appears to be? Certainly religious people such as Quakers would severely question any action not in keeping with their particular faith and tradition.

There is a real question as to whether following a Divine command is beyond ethical categories. A de-ontologist who lives up to principles must always argue that he will obey them no matter what the consequences but sometimes principles conflict with one another. There are duties to the state, the nation, and to God and these are not always in conflict, but when they are, some have a higher priority. I believe pacifism to be consistent with de-ontological ethics and certainly beyond utilitarian concerns.

Friends have made the peace testimony a part of their everyday life. Their emphasis on honesty, simplicity and social concern is consistent with their testimony. All this forms the basis of an ethical life.

We can conclude that Friends have taken a definite ethical stand in their peace testimony and understanding the type of ethics which characterize it helps to clarify the nature of its demands.

Most Friends would say that they must respond to the leading of the Spirit regarding peace and justice not because they fear the consequences of not doing so but because of their love for God and their fellowman.

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620 Issued by Yearly Meeting 1915

During the First World War, meeting at a time when the nations of Europe are engaged in a war of unparalleled magnitude, we have been led to recall the basis of the peace testimony of our religious Society. It is not enough to be satisfied with a barren negative witness, a mere proclamation of non-resistance. We must search for a positive, vital, constructive message. Such a message, a message of supreme love, we find in the life and death of our Lord Jesus Christ. We find it in the doctrine of the indwelling Christ, that re-discovery of the early Friends, leading as it does to a recognition of the brotherhood of all men. Of this doctrine our testimony as to war and peace is a necessary outcome, and if we understand the doctrine aright, and follow it in its wide implications, we shall find that it calls to the peaceable spirit and the rule of love in all the broad and manifold relations of life.

Thus while love, joy, peace, gentleness and holiness are the teaching of the life and death of our Lord, it is to these that we are also impelled by the indwelling of the Divine in men. As this spirit grows within us, we shall realise increasingly what it is to live in the virtue of that life and power which takes away the occasion of all wars. From Christian Faith and Practice London Yearly Meeting.

When pacifists turn their gaze to the NT, they find the outline of a community based upon love, patient endurance, and non-violence. Given this picture of early Christians and the teachings of Jesus himself, and considering the Judeo-Christian roots of our culture, pacifists in the Western tradition not surprisingly claim the NT as a basis for their beliefs. However, for most the acceptance of a pacifist base in the NT has been uncritical; few studies of the text itself have appeared in recent times. The only major study in the twentieth century, that of G. H. C. MacGregor, has its eye firmly fixed on the theology of Reinhold Niebuhr and consequently sees the NT only with peripheral vision.[1] MacGregor's[2] theological perspective and the brief historical survey given by Roland Bainton have neglected important developments in NT scholarship in the past fifty years which raise questions about all appropriations of the NT for modern ethics. Bultmannian and post-Bultmannian perspectives on the Bible and the discoveries of the Dead Sea Scrolls at Qumran have drastically altered our understanding of how Jews and Christians of the first century A.D. viewed the world.[3] The changes bear such a direct impact upon pacifism that a careful reassessment of the NT evidence is needed.

In this brief paper I cannot provide such a reassessment. Indeed, I have just begun my reconsideration of the issues involved. What I would like to do here is present some first thoughts on one major aspect of the problem.[4] While my presentation must be sketchy and incomplete, I can at least indicate the nature of the problem involved and suggest issues that need further exploration. The problem which I wish to engage is the relation of apocalypticism to the NT community. Most pacifists considering the NT have ignored, minimized, or belittled the role of apocalypticism in the Bible. Twentieth century NT scholarship, however, has delineated a cultural milieu for first century Palestine in which apocalypticism is a pervasive and determinative religio-political feature. Bultmann and his followers have marshalled compelling evidence that the apocalyptic perspective permeated the early church and the NT writings, explicitly in the Revelation of John, but implicitly in the gospels, Paul, and the other letters.[5]

If pacifism is to find a basis for its beliefs in Jesus, the early church, or the NT, it must find some common ground with contemporary scholarship. It must consider the impact of having apocalypticism as an integral element of the early Christian community. Does this fact change our understanding of the loving, patient, non-violent aspects of that community? Is the apocalyptic world-view compatible with pacifism? To approach these questions, I need to outline briefly some salient features of apocalypticism.

The apocalyptic world-view is not unique to the NT. Similar movements have arisen throughout history, with the Ghost Dance and Peyote Cult of the American Indians, the Cargo Cults of Melanesia, and the Mahdi movement in the Sudan being prime examples. A striking similarity among these and other apocalyptic movements is that they arise in situations of anomie, of cultural stress so severe that the religious, political, social, and psychic perspectives of a people are threatened with collapse. They are faced with a "loss of world."[6] The rise of Jewish-Christian apocalyptic fits these circumstances. In the sixth century B.C. Israel lost her political independence, which was intimately connected with her religious perspective, and became a captured pawn swapped back and forth by occupying powers: Babylonians, Greeks, Ptolemies, Seleucids, and finally Romans. Alexander's conquest in the fourth century B.C. in particular increased the pressure upon Israel's world perspective, because from then on Judaism was faced

with the alien, superior culture of Hellenism, at once threatening and seductive. The appeal of Hellenism challenged the very existence of Semitic Judaism and spurred the development of the apocalypticism which we find in the books of Daniel and Revelation and in many extra-Biblical Jewish and Christian documents of 200 B.C. to 200 A.D. Consequently, while Christian apocalypticism has its own unique features, it is firmly grounded in a co-existent Jewish apocalypticism and related to similar movements among other peoples and religions.

What is the apocalyptic response to such severe cultural and psychic dislocation? A primary characteristic of this literature and its underlying sense of existence is belief that the world is irredeemably evil. During the OT period the people of Israel believed that their God was essentially in control of history. While they might lost battles or even have their independence threatened, their own sin was the cause and defeat was God's just punishment. If they repented and returned to God, he would restore their fortunes. However, Israel's loss of political and religious autonomy made this view untenable for many, if not most, Jews by the NT era. The evils inflicted upon Israel were too great; no people could deserve this much suffering. The apocalyptic re-evaluation concluded that God did not intervene in history. Supernatural evil, against which mere humans were helpless, controlled this world. Both Jewish and Christian apocalypticism express the present evil of the world through the use of unnatural imagery and the figure of Satan. The agents of disaster in Revelation are locust/human/scorpion armies (Rev. 9:3-11), horse/lion/serpents (9:17-19), dragons (12:3-9), beasts with ten horns and seven heads (13:1-8), etc. While human beings participate in the evid, non-human supernatural forces are in control. The bizarre imagery extends to the natural world as well: "something like a mountain" is tossed into the sea, water turns to blook, the sun and the moon are darkened (8:7-12). The human and natural worlds are bent out of shape by incomprehensible and uncontrollable evil. Humans dwell in the world "where Satan's throne is" (2:13) and fight "not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world rulers of this present darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places" (Eph. 6:12). In this dire situation humanity's hope must lie not in this world, but beyond it.

Consequently, apocalypticism believes that salvation lies beyond the end of time, beyond history, beyond the world which we know. Revelation, the synoptic gospels, and Paul all depict a cataclysmic end to existence accompanies by unnatural events. At this time Jesus will return and gather his followers to him and a new existence will begin. Although only Revelation describes this new reality (Rev. 21-22), the other NT writers also regard it as beyond ordinary time and history. Indeed, the concept of a fully-experienced life after death which is expressed in the symbol of resurrection emerged in Judaism only with apocalypticism. It developed after the OT era, when the failure of deliverance in this world prompted careful consideration of the world to come. For Christianity resurrection became the primary symbol of salvation, which would occur beyond time. This new world of resurrection is clearly set apart from our present world of evil: "the first heaven and the first earth had passed away" (Rev. 21:1). Evil is obliterated, the beast destroyed. Satan cast down, non-believers condemned to torment. Now the redeemed can live a blissful existence: "Behold, the dwelling of God is with men. . . .he will wipe away every tear from their eyes and death shall be no more, netiher shall there be mourning nor crying, nor pain anymore" (21:3-4). This radical dichotomy between the evil world and the good precludes any sense of development, progress, or connection between pain and peace.

A third feature of apocalypticism emphasizes this radical division of eras: the series of signs which lead to the end of temporal existence. Not only is our world irredeemably evil, but it grows increasingly worse. Warfare, deception, natural calamities, persecution of believers escalate as the final confrontation between good and evil approaches. When the world reaches the breaking point, when persecution becomes unbearable, God will intervene by releasing his forces of warfare, famine, and pestilence (Rev. 6:8). At this behest even the forces of nature and wild beasts turn against humanity (8:6-12). In the climactic battle Jesus appears as an avenging warrior: "Then I saw heaven opened, and behold, a white horse! He who sat upon it is called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he judges and makes war. . . . The armies of heaven, arrayed in fine linen, white and pure, followed him on white horses. From his mouth issues a sharp sword with which to smite the nations, and he will rule them with a rod of iron; he will tread the wine press of the fury of the wrath of God the Almighty" (19:11-15). The synoptic gospels and Paul as well as Revelation emphasize an inevitable sequence of events leading to the end of the world. History has no openness and human beings are powerless to alter its deteriorating course. Apocalypticism presents a mechanistic/deterministic view of existence that precludes all hope for change or a better future.

Could an ideology so rooted in violence pessimism produce the peaceful, loving, non-violent community of the NT? Since my description of the apocalyptic world-view is drawn from the NT itself, then some correlation must exist; either we have two communities in the NT with quite disparate ideologies or peace and violence are somehow comingled. While the perspectives of several different groups are present in the NT, apocalyptic language pervades these writings and cannot be restricted to one particular element in the early church. Although the contrast between the non-violent community and the violence of the imagery may seem irreconcilable on the surface, an understanding of how the apocalyptic vision influences action makes the connection more feasible.

The apocalyptic community viewed itself as the redeemed remnant in a corrupt world. This tiny minority, faced with supernatural evil, could not push it in the ways of peace. Since hope lies at the end of time, preceeded by increased violence, warfare, and natural disaster, to interact with the world, to try and later it for the better, would be counterproductive. While such events cause anguish and dismay, they are necessary preludes to God's triumph. These catastrophes are inevitable, predetermined; to attempt to hald the growing evil in the world is a futile task and exhibits distrust in God's plan.

What, then, is the apocalyptic community to do? Such a group usually follows one of two plans of action. The first, more common reaction is to withdraw and wait. Since it cannot change the world, the community pulls back and pulls together. It concentrates on preparing for the end by becoming as good as possible, by strengthening the internal bonds, by offering mutual love and support. As the redeemed remnant it must maintain a high ethical standard, so that the group is worthy of God and is his faithful witness in the evil aeon. Since these communities frequently arise in response to persecution, they are expected to endure with patience and honor. Consequently, their emphasis lies upon waiting for the coming of God in peace, patience, and endurance. This ideology can and does produce a loving, peaceful, non-violent ethos, the very picture that emerges in the NT. However, this is the peace of quietism, of a group that has withdrawn from the world, that makes no attempt to alter its course for the better beyond the bounds of the community.

Behind such peace lies a vision of existence informed by war and violence. The second possible reaction of the apocalyptic community makes this abundantly clear. The group may also react in violence to hasten the end. The redeemed remnant may feel it necessary to fight the overwhelming evil--not

to create a peaceful earthly kingdom, but to precipitate God's intervention, to fulfill the signs of the end. Strikingly, apocalyptic groups within the same culture following the same general beliefs may react in both modes. In the Ghost Dance of the American Indians many gatherings whirled themselves into peaceful oblivion and communion with their ancestors, who would soon return and restore old Indian ways. However, other warrior assemblies danced into a frenzy, and, protected from bullets by the same ancestors, made suicidal attacks upon the U. S. Army.[7] Among the Cargo Cults of Melanesia many groups patiently await the delivery of great material wealth by a white saviour who will arrive in a boat or airplane; other cults believe that their saviour will come only after all other whites are killed or driven from the island.[8] The same dual response occurs in Jewish apocalypticism. The Essenes of Qumran withdrew into the wilderness to form a separate, righteous, non-violent community. At the same time various Messiahs arose in Judea proclaiming the end of the world and calling for armed rebellion. Although the Qumran community was quietist, it also espoused participation in the final apocalyptic wars. Indeed, in the last, futile rebellion of the Jews against their Roman occupiers in 132-135 A.D., many previously quietist groups, probably including the Essenes, joined in active battle, which they regarded as the end of history.[9]

While apocalypticism may be a quietist movement emphasizing non-violence and loving concern for its community, the underlying ideology is steeped in violence and despairs of the world. The quietist aspect is not so much a love for peace as a hopelessness for effective action and a consequent projection of violence and revenge beyond history and upon God. Since the redeemed community cannot achieve justice and retribution within human affairs, God must be their agent. Paul makes this connection abundantly clear in Rom. 12:19: "Beloved, never avenge yourselves, but leave it to the wrath of God; for it is written, 'Vengence is mine, I will repay, says the Lord.'" This entire section of Romans (12:9-13:14) is an illuminating blend of quietist love and withdrawal, reliance upon God for revenge and retribution, and patient awaiting of the end of time.

This brief sketch of apocalypticism has raised serious questions about the NT basis for pacifism. Although any firm conclusions would be premature, I would like to present several propositions for further consideration.

1. The evidence in the NT for an integral connection between early Christianity and apocalypticism is very strong. Such a relationship has serious implications for our understanding of NT ethics.

2. Apocalypticism is a world-view that may issue in quietism, but forms an inadequate basis for a fully developed pacifism: a) apocalypticism retains the ideology and imagery of war, violence, and vengence at its core; b) the war ideology is so strong that it can break out in actual combat; c) apocalypticism views the world as evil and consequently withdraws from contact rather than actively seeking peace.

3. Apocalypticism has positive values which may speak to an "easy" pacifism: a) the power of evil is strong, perhaps overwhelming, beyond any simple or certain human control; b) change for good in the world is neither inevitable nor easy; c) quiet, patience, and endurance are qualities as important as fervent activism.

4. While early Christian apocalypticism exhibited the quietist side, it did

not break out into the active violence of the Zealots and Messianic figures of contemporary Judaism. Why not?

We can safely say that the NT offers no easy basis for pacifism; apocalypticism continually intrudes. Yet these observations neither invalidate Christian pacifism nor prevent it from appropriating NT material. In the first place I have not touched upon the area of personal conviction, so central to pacifist belief. Nor have I questioned the personal appropriation of verses or passages from the NT, verses which may speak to an individual reader in deep and striking ways apart from the apocalyptic context or any overarching interpretation. Nor have I included a study of the OT, which is too frequently dismissed as the realm of "the God of vengence." What the problems I have discussed demonstrate is that the explication of a consistent basis for non-violence on Biblical grounds is no simple endeavor. In the future I hope to explore how pacifism can properly appropriate both the OT and the NT as a backing for its beliefs.

* *

[1]G. H. C. MacGregor, The New Testament Basis for Pacifism (New York: Fellowship Publications, 1960). I have deliberately avoided defining pacifism in this article. Virtually all pacifists in the Western tradition at least touch upon the NT in formulating their views, so the article relates to all definitions of pacifism to some extent. However, I am making a distinction between a NT basis for pacifism and one's personal appropriation of the NT. Many pacifists, especially Quakers, may make a personal appropriation of the NT as it speaks to their already developed pacifist position. Many NT verses concerning loving one's enemy leap out for such personal appropriation. However, the use of verses in this way does not constitute a NT basis for pacifism. To find such a basis, one must search for a consistent message or theme firmly grounded in the NT text. There can be a vast difference between what the NT says to me (personal appropriation) and what the NT says (basis). Either use of the NT is valid in the proper setting. For those who rely upon personal appropriation merely as a backing for an independently conceived pacifism, the NT basis is still important for two reasons: 1) to recognize the differences in the two uses of the NT and to avoid confusing them; 2) to speak to people, even fellow pacifists, who hold what the NT says as religiously authoritative.

[2]Roland Bainton, Christian Attitudes Towards War and Peace (Nashville: Abingdon, 1960).

[3]For the ethical implications of these discoveries, see Rudolph Bultmann, Theology of the New Testament, trans. Kendrick Grobel (New York, 1955), and Jack Sanders, Ethics in the New Testament (Philadelphia: Fortress Press, 1975).

[4]I wish to thank three students in my NT class, Sandra Beer, Steve Trout, and Jim Lee, who, through papers and discussions, have prompted me to reconsider this issue.

[5]The most important apocalyptic passages outside Revelation are Matt. 24:1-31; 25:31-46; Mark 13; Luke 21:8-36; I Thess. 4:13-5:11; II Thess. 2:1-12.

[6]Amos Wilder, "The Rhetoric of Ancient and Modern Apocalyptic," Interpretation 25 (1971), pp. 440-444.

[7]Vittorio Lantenari, The Religions of the Oppressed (New York: New American Library, 1965), pp. 113-132.

[8]Peter Worsley, The Trumpet Shall Sound (New York: Schocken, 1968).

[9]D. S. Russell, The Method and Message of Jewish Apocalyptic (Philadelphia: Westiminster, 1964).

Primarily in the context of the World War II years, D. Elton Trueblood,[1] one of today's best-known Quakers, both inside and outside the Religious Society of Friends, sought to think through and to reassess the meaning of the traditional Quaker Peace Testimony for such theoretical and practical positions as "pacifism" and "non-violence."

Trueblood takes "pacifism" to mean that all use of violence against persons is wrong. But "violence" is identified by him in terms of the kind of human spirit which a given use of force both expresses on the part of the agent and stirs up in all concerned (including the agent) and the kind of desire, consonant with that spirit, which a given use of force serves to satisfy. That spirit is hatred; that desire is for the harm of persons. Thus, it is true that all force appeals to something other than reason in persons. But it is not true that all force is violence; not all use of force rather than reason, then, is wrong. "The distinction [between non-violent and violent forms of force] is a crucial one and significant for all ethical inquiry."[2]

It is clear to Trueblood that there are human situations in which people of principled good-will must relunctantly employ force in such forms as coercion and restraint of some others, if group life is to be possible at all. In many cases of dealing with children, the mentally unbalanced and criminals, for example, force must be used. But such cases of the use of force need not be cases of the use of violence. Thus, pacifism remains practicable because not all forms and degrees of force are incompatible with love and good-will.

In its broadest sense, pacifism is "an approach to all conflict" and a "general attitude," of which the opposition to war is only one particular manifestation.[3] Quaker pacifism, in particular,

> . . . is a corollary of trust in the efficacy of love . . . [and] means refusal to sanction non-loving means of solving any problems, national or individual. Friends have stressed opposition to war, not because war is in a class by itself, but because it is the most extreme form of violence. More, perhaps, than any other single thing in the world, war hinders the development of the capacities in men that are most akin to God. Much of this is because war takes the noblest tendencies in men, such as love [of home] and loyalty [to country], and mixes them with hatred [of "enemy"].[4]

Trueblood distinguishes four main arguments for pacifism: (1) the Biblical, (2) the philosophical, (3) the supermoral, and (4) the utilitarian.

(1) The Biblical, resting in its less vulnerable form on passages from only the New Testament or, even safer, on Jesus' recorded words alone, rather than on all Scripture, is to Trueblood's mind a weak argument for both pacifist and non-pacifist. For many perspicacious people do not believe that the Bible as such possesses supernatural authority, however inspired its authors may have been; there are many quotable war-like passages; and, indeed, Jesus himself did not in so many words explicitly repudiate war.[5]

(2) The philosophical argument, as Trueblood calls it, appeals to a certain philosophical anthropology to the effect that, no matter what, something unique in human nature claims both a unique valuation of respect on our part and action consistent with that respect and the welfare of its object. Such a value as personality--and only such a value--is an end in itself. And that value may never properly be treated as an extrinsic good, for it demands reverent respect, not calculating manipulation. "The evil of war is the

philosophical evil that makes us think of our enemies, not as persons, but as things."[6] Trueblood seems to think that, insofar as the chief forms of historic pacifism have rested on philosophical evidence, they agree (or would have agreed) with something like the Kantian ethic.[7]

Nonetheless, Trueblood's own analysis of the logic of the moral situation as based on the Kantian principle would seem to throw some doubt on the wisdom of the pacifist in making his ultimate appeal to that principle of right action. That man is essentially a person means, for Trueblood, that he is "a creature who is self-conscious,. . .[who] can say 'no' to his appetites out of a sense of duty,. . .[who] has a sense of the distinction between right and wrong, [and who] appreciates values."[8] Such consciousness is paradoxical in that it makes possible both shame and self-pride. Personality is always individual; its value is intrinsic; and because it is the conscious center of value and of valuing, it is infinitely precious. The fact that men are almost inevitably treated in war as being "expendable" is one of war's greatest evils, for all men are fundamentally equal in their dignity as persons. Hence, Kant's view that, no matter what may be involved, we ought always to refuse "to deal with men merely instrumentally" is "possibly the most important [moral imperative] we can conceive."[9] Further, since each person is one,

> . . . the good life between persons begins to appear when we treat men in the light of this fact. . . .The central paradox [of genuine morality] is that, in following the principle of the supreme value of individual personality, we must, ourselves, be radically impersonal.[10]

Such ethical objectivity transcends both egoism and altruism. "Ethically, speaking, the distinction between 'person' and 'thing' is fundamental, but the distinction between 'I' and 'Thou' is incidental."[11]

To test the rightness of an act by thus asking, "What does it do to persons, the agent included?" beneficently liberates one from bondage to conventional morality. Although this "method is no magic . . .[and the] rule to the effect that the personal results are the criteria of moral worth will not give us quick and easy answers, as will an authoritative system, . . . it is like a compass in that it enables us to find a way for ourselves."[12] Noble though Kant's categorical imperative is, however, it yields rules the full application of which inevitably eventuates, on frequent concrete occasions, in irreconcilable conflict of duties. Especially keen in its effect on the pacifist is this conflict:

> It is right to obey one's individual conscience, inadequate as it may be, since to fail to do so is to destroy integrity, but it is also right to maintain loyally the structure of the legal system which provides both order and protection.[13]

In facing such an awful decision, we should remember that the ultimate reason for both rules is respect for persons whom the violation of either will harm. Hence, in the final analysis, the truly good man realizes that the noblest principle of conduct is that "<u>there is something more precious than principal</u>."[14] Our ultimate loyalty is to persons and not to precepts, including the highest abstractions of the moral law, even Kant's categorical imperative.

No one is justified, therefore, in a situation of tragically conflicting duties, if he either, on the one hand, plays the part of the unbending moralist, outraged by and "bitterly censorious of those who do not seem to him to maintain [his] ideal . . . and impervious to the sufferings caused by the application of his principles,"[15] or slips, on the other hand, into the opposite extreme of sentimentality, "especially that embodied in the adage that to understand all is to forgive all,"[16] meaning either that

no men are, after all, bad or that, even if some are, bad men are never to be forcibly deterred. Respect for persons rules out vengeance, not restraint. Socrates was correct in holding that it is never right to harm a man. But what harms personality is not restraint for the sake of the possibility of moral regeneration, such as, for example, in corrective punishment, which is justified on the ground that it may open the evil-doer's eyes and rekindle his moral sensitivity to the suffering he has caused others. What harms personality is revengeful restraint or retributive punishment.

Whatever concrete course of action he may decide to pursue and whichever of his conflicting duties he may decide to honor, the moral man must "stand firm against evil acts, but . . . never let [himself] hate men, because hatred wounds the personality both of him who hates and of him who is hated."[17] He must also avoid the temptation of thinking of himself as righteous just because he may, indeed, be relatively less evil than the evil men he opposes. He must never forget that mankind's "only safety lies in the continual increase of moral sensitivity"[18] and in "the constant realization that all of us are men and that, as men, we are in the same fundamental predicament."[19]

Trueblood evidently means by this that men who are equally conscientious about the principle of "respect for persons" may not be able to agree, for example, on whether such a loyalty makes participation in war morally wrong, although they may be in complete agreement that it makes the hatred of anyone morally wrong. If this is true, then it would appear to be a question of experience as to whether or not one can actually wage war with, above all other motives and sensitivities, a genuine respect not only for the infinitely precious intrinsic value of those he seeks thereby to protect, but also for the infinitely precious intrinsic value of those he thereby seeks to destroy. For war involves more than hindering, restraining or punishing, whether or not with hatred or vengeance. It is aimed at deterring the sway of evil men by killing howsoever many of them as may be necessary, thereby to convince their fellow evil-doers of the practical futility of their course of action. The question, then, is whether or not one can kill that which he regards as possessing an infinitely precious intrinsic value. Apparently Trueblood thinks it humanly possible, though, as he says, "not easily" so.[20] At any rate, those who think they can--or, at least, must try to--are not to be judged as doing the wrong thing. The pacifist is only to do what he must. What he must not do is to think the non-pacifist wrong, even though he might make such a judgment in all moral humility. He must think of those who disagree with him only as sharing, in their own way, all mankind's fundamental moral predicament and perplexity. By the same token, the pacifist must not think his own approach is right. It is simply what he must do. It is the best he can do in the tragic situation where the moral dialectic seems either to transcend itself to some other level of decision-making (the religious, for example) or to reveal the ultimate irrationality of human existance, if not of all that is.

Even, then, that noblest of all moral imperatives--the Kantian ethic of "respect for persons"--is, Trueblood seems to say, powerless in the face of our ultimate human predicament. For, in time of war, it implies both: (a) non-participation in war on the ground of otherwise not respecting (i.e., of hating) the men on what is believed to be the relatively evil side in the conflict; and (b) participation in war on the ground of otherwise not respecting (i.e., not loving) the men on what is believed to be the relatively good side. It might be asked, however, whether the admitted "radical impartiality," requisite for genuine morality, and the admitted necessity of continual increase in moral sensitivity as our only safety, do not demand formulating the moral problem, in situations of this kind, in terms of a higher duty. It must be a duty

higher than those seen, on the level of moral insight expressed above, to be in conflict, yet logically lower than that first principle of all morality, "respect for persons." Such a rule might be stated as: "When persons--both the relatively evil and the relatively good--act toward one another in ways which deny that respect for each other which is the foundation of all morality, it is the duty of the man of good will to act in such a way as to implement, on the part of those in the conflict with whom he comes into contact, both a renewed recognition of that supreme principle and a determined effort to restore, in human international affairs, their practice of that principle and hence their service to the welfare of all men." Such an essentially pacifist rule of action would be in the interest of stimulating and if possible enhancing men's moral sensitivity to one another and of effecting human reconciliation on the basis of that principle which is, after all, the ultimate ground of the "honor" in men on both sides of the war. That its practice would involve one in perplexing and difficult emotional experiences is, without doubt, true. And that any one who adhered to it might succumb to the danger of human pride is obvious. But what is not at all obvious, Trueblood's analysis notwithstanding, is that such a position is not, in time of war, the objectively right one, if universal respect for persons in both logic and living experience is the principle of right action.

(3) In any case, Trueblood himself finds the ultimate justification of pacifism in a ground different from, but closely related to, the facts about man as person to which the so-called philosophical argument for pacifism appeals. That ground is the "supermoral argument." This argument "differs from the philosophical in that it is not really an argument. It is a matter of emotional outreach and not a matter of cool reflective thought."[21] It is a matter of what seems spontaneously appropriate to

> . . . the experience of transforming love, in which we are taken out of the realm of ordinary sober morality. Clearly, we cannot easily go to war against our fellow men or build up propaganda against them if we really love them, in the sense described by St. Paul in the 13th Chapter of First Corinthians. "Supermoral action is done," writes Dr. Richard Cabot, "not from or against a sense of obligation but because of the love of some one or some thing." If a man were inflamed with genuine affection for his fellow men, wherever found, it is hard to suppose that he could share in war, even though he engaged in but little reflection on the subject. Modern war can only be conducted in a mood of intense hatred. . . . A man cannot go out to wound and destroy those for whom he genuinely cares.[22]

Strengthened by the religious conviction that God is love and that He is in history helping man work out a destiny in keeping with his own essential divine-like potentialities, this "supermoral argument" for pacifism found characteristic Quaker expression in the words of George Fox when he was faced, in effect, with military conscription: "I told them that I knew from whence all wars arose, even from the lust, according to James' doctrine; and that I lived in the virtue of that life and power that took away the occasion of all wars."[23] Again, Fox wrote Cromwell in 1654:

> "I did deny the wearing or drawing of a carnal sword, or any other outward weapon, against him or any man: and [affirmed] that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness; and to turn people from darkness to light; and to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable gospel."[24]

This is religious pacifism, a testimony based not on the moral sense of obligation but rather the free, natural expression of the soul's love of God and

God's children. It is "supermoral" pacifism. It is done for the love of God in and of all men; it is not tested for its moral credentials by reference to the principle of right action, whatever that might be and however it might be formulated; it is not even intuited. Its "rightness" is a morally transcendent kind of rightness. It is "commanded by God"; but that kind of command is not a moral duty. The believer is "constrained" to it by God's love for him, especially as shown in Christ's sacrificial death on the Cross for the sake of the intrinsic divine seed in an inherently, but not intrinsically, corrupted mankind. True, such pacifism is logically implied in the doctrines of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man; but it is not right because it is so implied.[25] It is not so much logically derived from one's theology as it is inspired in one by a direct personal communion with the Unseen Spirit Who is Himself the source of both the being and value of man and Who, through His eternal brooding over the spirit of man, empowers one to essay the life of universal love to which one is called by an inner witness of God--the Inner Light with which He has endowed all His children. The real trust of any man so moved

> . . . will be in the way of love and light. The efficacy of love and light is not a matter of absolute certainty, but a matter of courageous faith. Love may not always succeed, but it will work many miracles in human life if men have the courage to try it.[26]

It is clear that this is the pacifism of transcendental perception and mystical assurance, reference to which in moral discussion makes some moral philosophers feel "lost." Trueblood does not argue it, in this connection, but he does claim that Friends, for example, have worked out a corporate mode of mystical worship which emphasizes complete unanimity of social inspiration--"the sense of the meeting"--as an empirical check against the type of excesses feared in such an approach by other thinkers. "The lesson of the Quaker experiment is that, while individual mysticism may be dangerous, group mysticism tends to be wholly beneficent."[27] Thus he makes much of the long pacifist tradition of the Society as indicating a kind of experimental verification ("the evidence of changed lives"),[28] in dedicated group commitment and practical testimony, of the pacifist promptings of the Inner Light. Insofar as such a manner of worship is effectively maintained, the deliverances of mystical insight would be far from arbitrary and subjective.

(4) The utilitarian argument for pacifism, Trueblood thinks, is considered the strongest by many persons today. Although modern war may have some good by-products, such gains

> . . .are balanced many times over by the enduring evil effects. The worst effects are not in the loss of life or limb or equipment, all of which are terrible, but in the poisoned human spirits. Men who have been taught to hate do not stop hating at once, and many who have lost faith in themselves never regain it.[29]

Many pacifists, including Quakers like Penn, have used some form of utilitarian argument, but most have used it only as a secondary or subsidiary consideration. For, strong as the argument is,

> . . .it does not imply absolute pacifism. It implies that war might be justified if there were evidence that its results would be less baneful than those of the alternative, such as invasion. The utilitarian pacifist does not judge all war in advance, but reserves the right to engage in war if the probable results in any individual war seem, to make it worth while. Some are convinced, however, that war is so horrible that it is worse than any conceivable alternative.[30]

Such was, until 1939 and 1941, the kind of pacifism advocated by Betrand Russell

in England and by many students in American colleges and universities. For Trueblood, however, the refusal to engage in war must be absolute when it stems from "a moral insight rooted in religious experience. Friends have felt that they were called to a type of life which is incompatible with all carnal warfare."[31] And: "This effort arises from a conviction regarding the love of God and the nature of man as a child of God."[32] As indicated above, the appeal to success is not altogether illegitimate, for Trueblood, since early Quakers found that pacifism sometimes works and since the testimony of this cloud of witnesses is a very precious heritage from which we should not easily depart. It is also true, for countless other Christians as well as for Trueblood, that success for the right is expected in the long run, not primarily by virtue of persistent and devoted human effort (though this is required) but fundamentally by virtue of the facts of faith that

> . . . this is really God's world, in spite of any appearance to the contrary [,] . . . [and that] God is invincible [And] though men can oppose God's will, they cannot frustrate it.[33]

For "God is not dead; He is working with us and for us and through us and He will win the battle."[34] But the utility of the position--though "more probable if there are men and women who go the whole way now"[35]--is, after all, an incidental consideration because it distracts our attention from the true basis of taking the stand and of being prepared to run the risks involved, including not only social misunderstanding and physical and psychological suffering but perhaps even death in extreme cases. Any teleological virtue in the absolute pacifist position must, like the reward of heaven, be contemplated as another thing which is "added" when we seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Prominent among objections to pacifism is the argument that it expects too much of mankind, "human nature being what it is." The Quaker view of man is, Trueblood believes, neither naively optimistic nor, as is the fashion today, glibly pessimistic. Realistic recognition of human evil and sin keeps the Quaker from shallow sentimentalism about man's capacity and performance. But the Quaker's own immediate experience in response to the leadings of the Divine Spirit convinces him that man's

> . . .evil nature is always matched by a totally different nature which exists potentially in each person. The higher nature is in man as a seed is in the earth, ready to grow and thrive if properly nourished. It is [by Quakers] maintained, moreover, that this seed is particularly susceptible to the influence of love, which can make it grow when the harsh winds of hate or punishment cannot succeed. Quakerism, then, is pessimistic about man as he is, but optimistic about man as he may become, and as he is, in fact, in some favored cases . . . where the seed is made manifest in a remarkable way.[36]

Pacifism issues in action motivated, above all else, by loving concern for this seed in every individual and directed, above all else, toward the effective cultivation of this seed's growth. Pacifism, therefore, rules out views "that men are necessarily vile, or that human nature is fixed and changeless,"[37] for it exemplifies a liberalism "neither weak nor temporizing . . . [but] positive and strong . . . because it proceeds on the assumption that God has not deserted any part of His world."[38]

The Quaker view of man's plastic nature is clearly supported by current psychology and sociology, according to Trueblood. Moreover, Quakerism's view of "the differential of man, in kind rather than merely in degree,"[39] is well supported by other rational considerations, notably by recent philosophical

anthropology which, as against the "tendency to think of man in either mechanistic or biological terms, of which Behaviorism is the extreme example,"[40] is

> . . .in material agreement about at least one point, that if man is an animal he is the only animal known to become a problem to himself. He is the only one who truly invents, the only one who uses tools, the only one who prays, and certainly he is the only one who philosophizes. But this is to say he is something more. Friends welcome such thinking and are quick to show that this dual nature of man, marked by his kinship with animals on the one hand and his unique interests on the other, is easily understandable if man, though in one sense a link in the biological order, is, in another sense, the creature made unique in the image of the Living God.[41]

In understanding something of his position in nature and in both partly changing his environment rather than being merely formed by it, man demonstrates, in spite of his sin and stupidity, a fundamental kinship with God. A creature who can assist in further creation is truly made in the image of God. "Only by stressing man's qualitative differences, Friends believe, can man be brought to his rightful place in the total order."[42]

Furthermore, Trueblood thinks, existentialist philosophy of the non-atheistic type finds in Quakerism an ally sympathetic to its picture of the nature of the human predicament. To such existentialist ideas as the difficulty of all human decisions, the price man must pay for his every advance, the complexity of human nature and the paradoxical aspect of the human situation, Quakerism would add with emphasis

> . . .the conviction that God has not left any of His children without a witness. The favorite text of Friends in the twentieth century, as in the seventeenth, is: "This is the Light that lighteneth every man who comes into the world."[43]

There is one particular idea in existentialist thought which Trueblood considers of unusually profound significance for the way in which the supermoral pacifist ought to think about his own choice of renouncing war. That idea is, in reality, a very old one; but renewed vitality has been given it by the existentialists. It is the idea of the forced option:

> Man is a creature who must choose and the refusal to make a choice is itself a choice. Decision is hard for man, but it is of his very essence. We cannot wait for some ideal solution but must take the best of possible choices here and now. A thoughtful person never rejects a position merely because it has difficulties; he does not reject it unless he finds that there is a live alternative which has fewer difficulties.[44]

How has the recognition of this truth had a salutary effect on the pacifist? First, he is made more aware of the moral and practical inadequacies and limitations of his own position in a particular crisis situation. He is reminded, therefore, of his own need of remaining humble, of avoiding the danger of self-righteous self-congratulation, even though he is himself convinced of the moral nobility of the pacifist way. While agreeing, no doubt, that many pacifists deserve popular denunciation in this respect, Trueblood holds that adherence to the position need not, in and of itself, lead to an attitude of either moral insensitivity or the callous indifference associated with an aloof pharisaism. In the second place, the pacifist ought to face honestly and frankly the existential fact that there is a terrible moral tension inherent in his position and the equally existential fact that he must, in some sense and at some point, compromise. Pacifism's inner tension, with its resulting problem of compromise, is due to two things: first, as we have already seen, there is an ultimate con-

flict, especially in the tragic times of war, between two of the pacifist's basic aims; and second, there is the very difficult problem of the role the pacifist as citizen ought to play when his nation is at war. Again, in the light of the principle of the forced option, the pacifist ought, in the third place, to be better able to understand the difference between individual morality and political morality. Thus, although himself following as an individual the supermoral course, he should nevertheless respect (and not interfere with the warlike practices necessitated by) the lesser-of-two-evils moral course followed in extreme situations by both the body politic and the majority of his fellow Christians. For they, by participating in the war effort of their country, albeit reluctantly and sorrowfully, still deny full sway in their lives to the supermoral imperative and so themselves struggle with a moral predicament almost identical with that faced by the pacifist. And, finally, sensitive appreciation of the idea of the forced option ought to serve to bring together both pacifist and non-pacifist in a fellowship deeper, because of the tragedy of war, than usual: the fellowship of moral and religious perplexity.[45]

The second and third main points, as stated above, lead, when further developed, to a tenet in Trueblood's thinking--the idea of "vocational Christian pacifism"--which reveals, many Christian pacifists might claim, an ultimate moral dualism in Trueblood's point of view, consonant with neither his basic interpretation of the Christian imperative nor his general theory of the moral significance of history.

The forced option stage of moral experience arrives when the world's inexorable events jolt us into the sudden realization that times have changed and that:

> Gone is the delightful debating mood of "What would we do?" and in its place has come the insistent question, "What shall we do?" . . . We must take some road, we have a forced option, and if we take the wrong road our choice may well be disastrous for generations.[46]

In the context of the early years of World War II, before this country entered it as a full military participant, the live alternatives for most Americans were isolationism and moral-economic aid for the threatened Allies. Trueblood, writing at the time, had this to say about the effect on Quakers of such a situation:

> In all this the Society of Friends is in a peculiar position, in that we have some initial sympathy with both positions. Our historic opposition to participation in war of any kind gives us some sympathy with the upholders of strict neutrality, but our equally historic opposition to mere nationalism [and to all human oppression] gives us some sympathy with those who are eager to do what they can to save free institutions in Europe. War is evil, but invasion is perhaps more evil. We, as Friends, are as much opposed to isolationism as we are to militarism. The fear of involvement in war does not blind our eyes to moral distinctions. . . . Thus Friends find themselves in a position which is not identical with either of the dominant views in this country, and a position which is thus full of internal strain. It is not easy to be a Friend these days[47]

Further reflection heightened Trueblood's already keen sense of pacifism's inner moral tension. For he came to feel not just some sympathy with both popular alternatives, but an actual preference for one over the other:

> Part of our spiritual predicament arises from the fact that we have much more sympathy with interventionists than with isolationists. The

interventionists are frequently bold idealists, but the isolationists make their appeal to mere national selfishness. We are coming to see that there may be more profound cleavages than those between militarists and pacifists.[48]

A few months later, in reply to a widely-read article whose author, noting Abraham Lincoln's version of the Quakers' war-time tension, argued that their pacifism, though more respectable than any other kind, cannot be reasonably defended, Trueblood again formulated that inner conflict. Quaker pacifism is seen to involve a "radical incompatibility" of basic moral aims, over and above any serious conflict of religious and political duties. Quakers do not just oppose war; they also oppose oppression. But what are they to do, in the moment of forced option, when it appears that, as Lincoln put it, "they can only practically oppose oppression by war"?[49] Moreover, it is more than just a problem of avoiding inconsistency; it is one, in many people's eyes, of avoiding irresponsibility. For:

> If we hold that war is sinful, how can we keep our self-respect when we profit by the protection which the armed forces give, but in which we will not share? . . . If we are loyal to the insight and experience of three centuries [of Quaker peace testimony] we become "parasites of sin," and if we join the majority in warlike preparations we do violence to our own consciences. If we refuse to fight we seem to aid Hitler, and if we try to stop Hitler in the only effective way that he can be stopped we weaken the fight for peace.[50]

Turning to Quaker history for help in meeting this hard dilemma, Trueblood finds that "there is a sense in which Friends have always maintained, though with humility, that they are able to avoid both horns."[51] Refusing to choose between their two conflicting moral ends, they have continued their opposition to both war and oppression, in actual practice, even during times of war. "There is no logical inconsistence in condemning what is patently evil and, at the same time, seeking to overcome this evil in other ways than the ways of military power."[52] But is it intellectually respectable to refuse to choose, when the only live alternatives for society as a whole are the very same horns of the Quaker's own dilemma? Trueblood believes that it is--if you can appeal, as Friends do, to a fundamental "conception of how the world is to be remade,"[53] on the one hand, and to "the principle of vocation,"[54] on the other. The former justifies conscientious objection to war as a single item, important, but, in the final analysis, incidental to a sustained effort at the long-run practice of a total religious way of life, a way "which seeks to overcome evil with good, not in isolated cases, but as a consistent and enduring policy." The latter "is the principle that it may be the vocation of a special group to adhere loyally and sacrificially to a position which even the members of the group recognize is not yet possible for the nation."[56]

> Realistically, we cannot fail to see the predicament of a nation made up of all kinds of people, most of whom are not pacifists at all. For such a body of men there is not the requisite discipline to make active pacifism possible. Since the nations have not adopted the long-time pacifist method, which we believe will succeed, the attacked nations now have only two practical alternatives, to defend themselves by arms or to succumb to the invader. Since they let the door go shut, they have now no single good choice. If the nation does not adopt, in time, the only good way, the only practical thing that statemen can do is to take the choice of evils. Adherence to the Quaker way does not make it impossible to see that there may actually be a choice of evils, and that the submission to invasion at the hands of those who will destroy freedom may be the worst possible of all choices.[57]

Thus, Robert Barclay--the most outstanding clarifier of the rationale of Quaker living in a non-Quaker world--in considering the case of statesmen, who must determine the course of national conduct, "found that he could not condemn them for taking the least of possible evils."[58]

If citizens are not prepared for political expression of pacifism, then hindering evil by war--although far from the ideal way of overcoming evil with good--may be relatively less wrong than merely acquiescing in tyranny by refusing to resist invasion. Pacifists should neither ask nor expect the nation, under such conditions, to attempt the pacifist strategy. But neither should they feel, according to Trueblood, that it is necessarily right for the individual Christian to participate actively in his nation's war effort. For some will be called to help keep the torch of peace aflame during the war, so that upon the cessation of hostilities there may be a remnant of redemptive witnesses who can work toward the healing of the nations.[59]

In view, then, of their feeling so called and of their long and, in some measure, successful historic testimony to a better way, Friends "plead for a mutuality of tolerance in these difficult matters."[60] Friends

> . . .are working for the long future, and unless, in the various nations, there are bodies of men who maintain a perfectionist standard, it is not likely that the ultimate goals will be kept in view. . . .As a matter of fact, many, even among professed militarists, do welcome [genuine conscientious objection]. They recognize that a small body of people maintaining a different standard is valuable to the nation as a whole, since it helps to restore and maintain balance. . . . [Similarly, Friends, though professed pacifists,] are not bound for that reason to condemn those who oppose [oppression] in the only way they see that they can. . . .[All of us in the nation] shall be making no mistake if we encourage each serious and patriotic group to be loyal to its own vocation.[61]

The significance of the principle of the forced option for the pacifist is, therefore, that he would not be justified if he tried to "force upon those who [do] not share his views the risks which they [would otherwise be] unwilling to take,"[62] and that, quite aware of the sacrifice and courage of those who think the only thing that can be done is to run the risks of war, he would not be justified in trying to obstruct their efforts.[63] Thus, the precise nature of the manner in which the Quaker pacifist compromises his absolute opposition to war is now clear: if he distinguishes "sharply between the duty of the separated Christian (i.e., the vocational Christian pacifist) and the duty of a national government which represents many who make no Christian profession whatever"[64] then he would not be justified in including opposition to the effective prosecution of the particular war in which the majority of his fellow citizens are engaged, as part of his wartime "vocational Christian pacifist" efforts. Though opposed to all war, he does not, in a sense, oppose this war, once "the doors are closed." In particular, he must not condemn or censure his fellow citizens for taking the course of conduct they are pursuing. His proper role in the larger community during wartime must approximate, therefore, that approved for the monk in certain Roman Catholic doctrine.[65] Still, he must not separate himself from full participation in normal governmental affairs, for he feels it is his supreme duty to work with God in the ultimately successful, though very long-run, task of establishing the Kingdom on earth, and to do that involves the proper shaping of human institutions as well as of human individuals.[66] Abnormal governmental affairs involving war, however, cause him to separate himself to the extent of being a conscientious objector to only his own individual participation in war, while at the same time not

objecting to others' waging of it. But, in any case, much more important the emphasis on objection is the constructive making of a pure witness to the principle of, and the possibility of the ultimate historical efficacy of, concrete living "in the virtue of that life and power that [takes] away the occasion of all wars." Indeed, the

> . . .very separation [of vocational Christian pacifists from the war-effort], when done in humility and without censoriousness, has often set [them] free to engage in the solution of important problems which are occasioned by the war, but which are not adequately handled by others engaged in war efforts.[67]

Helping with refugees and such hybrid groups as the Japanese-Americans, in their difficult problems of relocation in this country after war on Japan was declared, is an example.

Now, however high-toned and noble all of this may sound--and, in fact, actually be when practiced--the persistent moral philosopher might yet feel that the compromise effected by Trueblood cuts deeper than he seems to think. For does it not amount, in the final analysis, to a moral dualism of such a kind as to deny, in effect, the objectivity of a moral order common to both individual and state? And if it does not imply such, what distinction, if any, has Trueblood made to keep it from doing so? And, if he makes any such saving distinction, is it such as to deny, in its turn, any possibility of strong conviction on the part of the moral agent?

Trueblood's reply to such questions is made in the light of Barclay's struggle with the problem, and he believes he is working out the further development of Quakerism's best traditions on this matter. Thus:

> It would be ridiculous. . .to expect of a state, made up of a mixed population, what we rightly expect of a perfectionist religious society. Barclay, therefore, does not say it is wrong for the <u>state</u> to engage in military defense . . . Barclay's logical defense is that it is pointless to say an organization <u>ought</u> to do what it <u>cannot</u> do. Obligation has no meaning apart from possibility.[68]

Three more questions may arise, however, at this point: (1) Did Barclay say it is <u>right</u> for the state to engage in military defense? (2) Must we not, in moral philosophy, keep clear the distinction between subjective obligation and objective right? And (3) is it not less misleading to say--as against Trueblood's way of expressing it--that when the state goes to war it is perhaps doing all that can be expected of it, in the sense of exercising its moral judgment within the limits of its vision; but that, nonetheless, the objectively right act is not that course of action? Hence it would not be wrong--in the sense of subjective obligation (that of the duty to choose the lesser of two evils, when to do the right thing is not a "live alternative")--for the state to wage war; but, in a different sense--that in which we think of the ideal act that is truly and objectively right--it would most certainly be wrong for the state to wage war. For, if it be true that "obligation has no meaning apart from possibility," it is equally true that its meaning requires reference to <u>more</u> than only what seems, at the time, subjectively possible to either individual or grouped persons. (And if this thesis be denied, how account, then, for men's determined efforts to make the range of their "live alternatives" more inclusive of the ideal possibilities?) That "more" is, of course, the objective possibility in the realm of human action which is, indeed, <u>the</u> objectively right act.

Now Trueblood firmly believes in such an objective moral order, for he says:

> Friends hold that there is a moral order, that there are objective moral truths and that in every concrete situation there is a genuine right,

> however difficult it may be for finite men with their changing social patterns, to discover what it is. A corollary of this position is that entire societies may actually be wrong in what they do or in what they approve. Unless there is a real right, independent of changing cultures, it is not possible to have progress, for progress must be toward a goal. Friends are sure that progress is possible and that, in the moral reforms of which they have been pioneers, such progress has actually been demonstrated.[69]

And he even says that vocational Christian pacifists

> . . . believe that the best purposes of all [in the nation] are served best if some now give complete obedience to a command for which the nation is not ready, and thus not only keep alive something of infinite value, but also provide an antidote to the widespread cry for revenge.[70]

But, if something is to be kept alive, it must first already be alive; and the impression arises that the concept of "live alternatives" can be used in a way which does not serve to sharpen men's awareness of the highest obligation which an admittedly Christian civilization (at least in its vision) knows to be demanded of it. In any case, how can the widespread cry for revenge be curtailed without embarrassing reference to the very ideal which would have ruled out the war in the first place, and to be reminded of which might have the effect of frustrating the war-effort and hence of compromising the compromise already adopted by the vocational Christian pacifist? Why does Trueblood hesitate to call a spade a spade? There is no doubt that, despite all his sense of perplexity, he believes the waging of war to be objectively wrong. Why does he, nevertheless, concern himself almost exclusively with that type of moral judgment which addresses itself to the quality of men's subjective efforts at moral living, and almost not at all with that type which addresses itself to the reading of the objective moral order as applied to the action of the national group?

The answer to these questions appears to be that Trueblood wants, above almost everything else, to avoid the attitude, as well as the act, of condemning or censuring men who are doing their best, even though their best may be wrong. Once war has actually broken out, he is not willing to run the risk of having honest, humble, yet morally incisive criticism of others' actions misunderstood as being a castigation of others' moral character. He is not willing to offend, if need be, for the sake of calling men, in season and out of season, to the moral truth as he sees it to be. Indeed, he states, as noted above, that he will be making no mistake if he encourages "each serious and patriotic group to be loyal to its own vocation."

But it has already been seen that Trueblood does not wish to encourage either non-religious pacifists (e.g., "political pacifists") or even Christian pacifists who constantly seek through "direct action" techniques to implement, socially and politically, their own form of the pacifist position. In what sense, then, can it be considered a legitimate function of the vocation of the separated Christian pacifist to encourage either Christian non-pacifists or non-Christian non-pacifists? This working-out of the principle of vocation, of which Trueblood makes so much, appears to be somewhat one-sided. Does the principle itself entail such an application? What does Trueblood mean by "vocation"? And what by "encourage"?

From the standpoint of religious thought, Trueblood says, the word "vocation" is a theological shorthand for a doctrine "which gives equal emphasis to God's [initiating] grace and to man's responsibility and which stresses equally the [inner] roots and the [outer] fruits of religion, holding both in one context."[71] The context is that of the dedicated Christian life. And

from the standpoint of daily practice, "vocation" involves the old-fashioned idea "that every constructive task can be a divine calling."[72] It also involves the ideas that there is really no place for professionalism in the religious sphere of experience and that every one who feels the call of the Spirit must be no mere observer of life, but rather a missionary--in the sense of one who gives full-time service, whatever may be his way of earning his living, to that call with its divine imperative.[73]

But does the divine imperative call men to arms? And does it call one to encourage those who engage in arms? To the first question, the reply would seem to be that Trueblood initially holds that the spirit of loving respect, requisite to Christian living, is absolutely incompatible with war, as has been seen above. Indeed, one would have supposed that the "supermoral argument" would clearly lead to absolute pacifism, since it is allegedly superior to mere philosophical argument, doomed (as the latter is) to suffer, at the hands of the ethical dialectic, a final catastrophe of irreducibly conflicting duties. Unfortunately, however, it appears that, on further reflection, Trueblood finds that the supermoral way of life itself seems destined to join the moral in having to face essentially the same impasse. For, as it is sometimes popularly expressed, "Jesus would not have us kill our brothers, yet he would not have us unprotecting of them when they are attacked." Or, as one form of the dilemma is expressed by Trueblood, "The precepts of the gospel are infinitely precious, but unless the predatory nations are defeated, there seems little chance of any effective presentation of these teachings."[74]

And so, despite his earlier contention that there are values more important than principles and (one would think) "teachings," and despite the emphasis on the universal presence in men of an Inner Light which may better instruct them in the ways of righteousness than may official theological or evangelical sponsors, Trueblood finds it just as necessary, finally, to use the themes of the forced option and the plurality of vocations in his theory of religious experience as he did to use them in his theory of moral-political experience. Universal pacifism for Christians appears not to be normative, after all. For the supermoral way eventuates, like the philosophical, in a moral dualism, although somewhat mitigated, to be sure, by a sense of perplexity on both sides. After all this is said, however, it must be stated also that Trueblood does seem to be completely clear elsewhere on the question of the universality of pacifism for Christian believers: "The pacifist heritage is a precious one and really belongs to the entire Body of Christ."[75]

But--to return to the second main question last formulated--in what sense is the pacifist to "encourage" every serious and patriotic group in being loyal to its own vocation? In the sense, Trueblood replies, that the perfectionist vocational Christian pacifist is himself too realistic to suffer perfectionist illusions about mankind and, therefore, "frankly encourages an approximation of virtue as being better than nothing at all."[76]

> The right procedure is not the hopeless one of wholesale condemnation, but the modest one of encouraging whatever partial steps in the direction of decency and fair play we may find . . . [It] is to try to encourage whatever suggestions of unselfishness we actually find.[77]

But what does this mean, in actual practice, when the lines are as tightly drawn as they are in war-time? To what extent is it possible, especially under conditions of total war, to make the discriminating judgments entailed by Trueblood's prescription for encouragement? Moreover, does not the encouraging of steps and suggestions, which are integral functions of a loyalty alien to that of the pacifist, practically approximate to lending of moral support to the main purpose inspiring most non-pacifist patriotic groups? By such

questions as these a more absolutist type of pacifist would seek to record his impression that Trueblood is more concerned to accommodate the position of the vocational Christian pacifist to that of either political non-pacifist or religious non-pacifist than he is either to encourage other types of pacifists or to present boldly to a warring nation the high challenge of the divine imperative. And the making of such a discrimination does not seem to be justified by the principles of vocation and encouragement.

It is at this point that Trueblood is perhaps best revealed as being, after all, primarily a Quaker religious thinker rather than a moral philosopher. One cannot help getting the impression that he is basically concerned, throughout almost his entire treatment of the problems of pacifism, to proceed in such a way as, above all, to inspire in adherents of both pacifism and non-pacifism a sense of the urgency of their need to try to maintain a spiritual fellowship--including, perhaps, a political equivalent of "mystical Quaker unity"--which is deeper than that on the level at which the war-participation issue might bitterly divide men of equal good-will. Perhaps this is the reason why he will say, of the nation at war, only that it is not wrong, but will not say that it is right. Perhaps, again, it is the reason why he is concerned more that pacifists, especially in time of actual "hot" war, should avoid the dangers of even an apparent (though, in fact, unreal) self-righteousness, than that they should testify to the evil of a war whose death, destruction, and indulgence of human hatred may far exceed anything comparable known in history.

Fortunately, however, one need not deny the value of such an endeavor in order to hold that its pursuit is more a matter of religious purpose than it is a problem in ethical analysis. And saying this need not imply, in its turn, holding that ethical analysis is "better" than religious aspiration, in the total economy of human experience. All that need be claimed is that, in one's capacity as a sincere moral agent, one may upon occasion make such typical moral judgments as these: "That, your act, is right; and this, my act, is wrong." "Both acts, mine and yours, are right." "My act is relatively better or less evil than your act." "Neither of us knows the right clearly enough to make a judgment as to the rightness of our respective behaviors, but we are sure that there is a right one and we shall continue to try to find it." But the next statement does not seem to come naturally from the lips of the responsible moral agent: "We are all so equally puzzled, though we try to take different ways with conviction, that what we must really do, above all else, is genuinely to recognize each other as co-members in the 'fellowship of the perplexed.'" What the moral agent must say, when the chips are down, is Socratic in character. It will be to this effect: "O, men of Athens, I love you. And I recognize my own moral fallibility. And I honor your moral virtue. But I firmly believe that <u>this</u>, my act, is right. And I firmly believe that <u>that</u>, your act is wrong. And, now, may what is truly right prevail!"

In summary, it would seem to be a fair evaluation to say that the promising first point in Trueblood's defense of pacifism--the decisive distinction between violent and non-violent forms, uses, and effects of force--is finally overshadowed by a principle of compromise, the full implications of which may, indeed, render impossible the pacifist's contribution to the community of the kind of moral service most needed, from the pacifist's standpoint, when persons deal violently with one another's very being and deny in their own lives effectual practice of their fundamental sense of the intrinsic value of every individual person. That service would seem to include the unceasing, clear call to the community to return to proper ways of respecting personality.

Perhaps there are more ways than one whereby certain moral positions

may actually, in their effect on the will of those who seek to apply them, seriously hinder the healthy practice and stunt the normal growth of moral responsibility. It is possible that Trueblood's highly subtle attempt to avoid the ways pointed out by others illustrates at least one of these additional ways. For his position is that of a very delicate balance between moral idealism, based on religious experience, and practical realism, based on the principle of the forced option, in combination with a principle of vocation which, in times of war at least, rules out judgments condemning others' acts for fear of condemning or appearing to condemn their character. But such a delicate balance as all that may succeed in leaving the morally responsible pacifist in a center position, a center position so "dead" that one feels no compelling sense of direction and becomes progressively thwarted in any attempts at exercising, in the interest of the community's good, one's capacity for moral judgment.[78]

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[1]Born in 1900, Trueblood taught philosophy and was dean of men at Guilford College from 1927 to 1930. Over the years since then he has been a frequent visitor and speaker at the College.

(The original of this now somewhat revised essay was written shortly before recent human rights movements made us sensitive to the linguistic use of the masculine to stand for the feminine and for "human" or "humanity" as well. It is hoped that the author will be forgiven for not making the requisite changes on every page, where possible, to rectify this flaw. There has not been time to do so.)

[2]D. Elton Trueblood, Studies in Quaker Pacifism (Philadelphia: Friends' Peace Committee, 1934), p. 22.

[3]Ibid., p. 20.

[4]Trueblood, "Quakerism Challenged," The Friend, CVI (1932-33), 616.

[5]Trueblood, Studies in Quaker Pacifism, p. 12.

[6]Trueblood, Foundations for Reconstruction (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1946), p. 66 (Trueblood's italics).

[7]Trueblood, Studies in Quaker Pacifism, p. 13.

[8]Trueblood, The Life We Prize (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1951), p. 100.

[9]Ibid., p. 107.

[10]Ibid., pp. 107-08.

[11]Ibid., p. 110.

[12]Ibid., p. 111.

[13]Ibid., p. 112.

[14]Ibid., p. 113 (Trueblood's italics).

[15]Ibid., pp. 112-13.

[16]Ibid., p. 113.

[17]Ibid., pp. 115-16.

[18]Ibid., p. 111.

[19]Ibid., p. 115.

[20]Trueblood states: "One does not lightly run bayonets through those who are recognized as living temples of the Spirit of God." And: "Clearly, we cannot easily go to war against our fellow men . . . if we really love them . . . " (Studies in Quaker Pacifism, p. 13, italics mine.)

On first reading, one gets the impression that such linguistic usage is for rhetorical effect only. But further reflection, in the light of extended reading in Trueblood's works, might well lead one to think it should be taken quite literally. Should this be true, it would no doubt be Trueblood's claim that the idea is an expression of his recognition of the infinite complexity of the human personality, for which almost anything is possible, including an act of love aimed at killing its object. Others, however, might claim that the idea is an expression of a fundamental moral ambiguity inherent in Trueblood's attempt to effect a balance between Christian idealism and social-political realism. As an example of what they have in mind, they might point to the rather delicate way in which the Biblical commandment to do no murder is interpreted by Trueblood in his book, Foundations for Reconstruction. The title of the relevant chapter (VI) is "The Cultivation of the Uneasy Conscience" (pp. 61-69).

[21]Trueblood, Studies in Quaker Pacifism, p. 14.

[22]Ibid., pp. 13-14 (Trueblood's italics). Cf. also Trueblood, "The Greatest of These is 'Caring,'" The Friend, CVII (1933-34), 69-70, in which Trueblood seeks to reinterpret New Testament agape with the help of Martin Heidegger's concept of Sorge.

[23]Quoted in Trueblood, Studies in Quaker Pacifism, p. 8.

[24]Quoted in ibid., p. 9.

[25] Trueblood has little use for pacifism as a dogma or a "cause," whether conceived as itself a moral end or as one among many such ends. Cf., e.g., Trueblood, "Sticking to Religion," The Friend, CVII (1933-34), 155-56. By the same token, he has little interest in political pacifism or any other form of the position, including even the religious, for which pacifism is thought of as either itself being or involving a technique or "direct action" method of reform. There are few references in Trueblood's writings, therefore, to Gandhi's non-violent "campaigns."

[26]Trueblood, Studies in Quaker Pacifism, p. 23.

[27]Trueblood, A Radical Experiment, The William Penn Lecture for 1947 (Philadelphia: The Young Friends Movement of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting, 1947), p. 26.

[28]Ibid., p. 24. Cf. also Trueblood, "The Enduring Influence of George Fox," The Friend, CXIV (1940-41), 246-47.

[29]Trueblood, Studies in Quaker Pacifism, p. 14.

[30]Ibid., (Trueblood's italics).

[31]Trueblood, "Vocational Christian Pacifism," Christianity and Crisis, I, No. 19 (November 3, 1941), 2. Cf. also Trueblood, "The Renunciation of Hatred," op. cit., pp. 563-64.

[32]Trueblood, "The Quaker Way," Atlantic Monthly, CLXVI (December, 1940), p. 744.

[33]Trueblood, "The Major Premise of Our Faith," American Friend, XLIX (1942), 535-36 (Trueblood's italics).

[34]Trueblood, The Life We Prize, p. 210.

[35]Trueblood, "Vocational Christian Pacifism," op.cit., p. 5 (Trueblood's italics).

[36]Trueblood, Studies in Quaker Pacifism, pp. 17-18.

[37]Ibid., p. 19.

[38]Trueblood, "Quakerism Challenged," op.cit., p. 617.

[39]Trueblood, "Present Secular Philosophies," The Quaker Approach to Contemporary Problems, ed. by John Kavanaugh (New York: Putnam's Sons, 1953), p. 217.

[40]Ibid.

[41]Ibid.

[42]Ibid.

[43]Ibid., p. 215.

[44]Ibid.

[45]All of these points, here related to the existentialist's doctrine of man's predicament as a moral being, are developed in, especially: (1) many of Trueblood's pre-war and wartime contributions to The Friend; (2) Trueblood, "The Quaker Way," op.cit., pp. 740-46; (3) Trueblood, "Vocational Christian Pacifism," op.cit., pp. 2-5; (4) Trueblood, "The Christian Heritage of Non-Resistance," Religion in Life, XIII (Summer, 1944), 409-17; and (5) Trueblood, "The Fellowship of Christian Perplexity," American Friend, XLIX (March 12, 1942), 108-09.

Of particular relevance among Trueblood's editorials in The Friend are the following:

(a) in Vol. CXIII (July, 1939 - June, 1940): "The Significance of Our Station" (August 10), pp. 35-36; "The Crisis and Pacifism" (September 7), p. 67; "The Third Way" (October 5), pp. 118-19; "The Continuance of Loving Fellowship" (May 2), pp. 391-92; and "Forced Option" (June 13), p. 439;

(b) in Vol. CXIV (July, 1940- June, 1941): "The Work of Mercy" (November 28), pp. 179-80; "The Appeal to Self-Interest" (February 20), pp. 294-95; "The Literature of Crisis" (March 20), pp. 347-48; and "Quaker Realism" (May 29), pp. 438-39;

(c) in Vol. CXV (July, 1941 - June, 1942): "The Task of a Christian Minority" (September 18), pp. 84-85; and "World Tragedy" (December 25), p. 211;

(d) In Vol. CXVI (July 1942 - June, 1943): "On Drawing the Line" (August 20), p. 21; and "The Ties That Bind" (May 27), pp. 379-80;

(e) in Vol. CXVII (July, 1943 - June, 1944): "Four Wartime Tanks for Friends" (February 27), pp. 259-60; and

(f) in Vol. CXVIII (July, 1944 - June, 1945): "Christianity and Politics" (November 9), pp. 146-47.

[46]Trueblood, "Forced Option," op.cit., p. 439 (italics mine).

[47]Ibid.

[48]Trueblood, "Guiding Lines of Quaker Life," Friends Intelligencer, XCVII (1940), 507.

[49]Quoted in Trueblood, "The Quaker Way," op.cit., p. 742.

[50]Ibid., pp. 741-42.

[51]Ibid., p. 743.

[52]Ibid., p. 744.

[53]Ibid.

[54]Ibid., p. 745.

[55]Ibid., p. 744

[56]Ibid., 745.

[57]Ibid. (Trueblood's italics.)

[58]Ibid. (Trueblood's italics.)

[59]Trueblood, "Vocational Christian Pacifism," op.cit., pp. 4-5.

[60]Trueblood, "The Quaker Way," op.cit., p. 746.

[61]Ibid.

[62]Trueblood, "The Christian Heritage of Non-Resistance," op.cit., p. 416.

[63]Cf. ibid., pp. 414-17; and Trueblood, "The Quaker Way," op.cit., pp. 745-46.

[64]Trueblood, "The Christian Heritage of Non-Resistance," op.cit., p. 415.

[65]Ibid.

[66]That Trueblood believes in the possibility of a moral body politic is made abundantly clear in such places as: Trueblood, Alternative to Futility (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1946), p. 78; The Life We Prize, pp. 203-05; "Quakerism Challenged," op.cit., pp. 615-18; "Christianity and Politics," op.cit., pp. 146-47; and "The Faith Which Inspires the [United Nations] Conference," The Friend, CXVIII (1944-45), 355-56.

[67]Trueblood, "The Christian Heritage of Non-Resistance," op.cit., p. 417.

[68]Ibid., p. 415 (Trueblood's italics).

[69]Trueblood, "Present Secular Tendencies," op.cit., p. 214.

[70]Trueblood, "The Fellowship of Christian Perplexity," op.cit., pp. 108-09.

[71]Trueblood, "The Conversion of Quakerism," Friends Quarterly, VI, No. 4 (October, 1952), 210-11.

[72]Trueblood, The Life We Prize, p. 132.

[73]The full meaning of the concept of vocation, especially in the context of contemporary post-war life, is one of the main themes in Trueblood, Alternatives to Futility, especially, pp. 73-76. Detailed application of it to the life of the layman may be found in Trueblood, Your Other Vocation (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1952).

[74]Trueblood, "The Fellowship of Christian Perplexity," op.cit., p. 108.

[75]Trueblood, "The Christian Heritage of Non-Resistance," op.cit., p. 417.

[76]Trueblood, "Quaker Realism," op.cit., p. 439.

[77] Ibid.

[78] After reading this account of his treatment of Quaker Pacifism, Trueblood wrote a short letter, dated 8/9/70, in which he said, among other things of a personal nature: "Your point about 'moral ambiguity' is probably a fair criticism, but I think what it means is that, at this stage of human action and thinking, we must reject all simplistic answers . . . [You] might write to President Landrum Bolling of Earlham. While very active in 'peace-making,' as shown by his editing of the Middle East proposal which you have probably seen, he says he is not a pacifist. He often claims that he was a pacifist until he became a Quaker and has not been one since. Of course, this depends, in large measure, on the definition of pacifism. Dr. Bolling accepts my 'vocational Christian pacifism,' but not the kind which he considers lacking in a sense of moral perplexity."

Upon release from prison in August, 1945, I again returned home to work on the farm, but in October joined an intentional community near Zirconia, North Carolina. This community, although dedicated to peace-making and to creating an environment within which individuals should be able to develop wholly, was not open to Negroes, nor were the leaders of it ready to consider becoming open. Within a few months, I realized that despite my pleasure in many aspects of the life there and deep affection for the family that had sacrificed so much to start the community, I could not remain there because of my determination to contribute to improved relations between blacks and whites in the South. I wrote Dr. Charles S. Johnson, a well-known Negro sociologist, and after an interview, was invited to join him on the staff of the Race Relations Institute housed on the campus of Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee.

As I had promised to stay at Sky Valley through the Music Camp during the summer, I did so. Then I went to be with my parents on the farm for the month of August. While there, another instance occurred which was a true revelation to me, permitting me an insight denied to most white southerners at that time. This involved Tom Jenkins, a black man who worked with my father and then my brother until Tom's death in about 1972.

Tom, or T.J. as he was usually referred to, was a fixture on our farm. He was relatively short, very strong, very dark, not exceptionally bright, but possessing much common sense. He was a member of a large family at least one brother having become a college professor.

When I was quite young, my father took me with him in a buggy to the funeral of Tom's mother, Henrietta, a first experience for me. Anna, my nurse, was Tom's sister. Tom and his wife, Coot lived on "the street" (one of several on the farm) a cluster of a few houses around a central well in a grove about a mile from our farmhouse. During my childhood, Tom had been one of several sharecroppers on the farm.

Tom was known for his strength and his violent temper. I dimly recall that at one time he so badly treated an uncooperative mule or horse that the animal had to be put to death. Later, after I had learned to drive a car, I was awakened one night by loud knocking below my upstairs windown and by hearing my name called. Tom was there in his wagon accompanied by Coot. He had been drinking, had beaten Coot and broken her arm. I dressed and took them to Dr. Carson, our country physician, aroused him from sleep and helped him set the broken bone. But Tom was never violent with any of us although he did enjoy reminding me how he had nursed me when I was little and had spanked me when I disobeyed. Most of us young ones, black and white, learned to keep out of his way when he was in a bad mood.

As time passed, Tom became more and more closely identified with our family and our farm. My father had a small house built for him much closer to our farm home. As share cropping was phased out, Tom stayed on as my father's main-stay. He ate three meals a day in our kitchen. He eventually took over the milking duties from Uncle Sam Lovely who had gotten too old, so he came twice daily seven days a week, whether there was other work to be done or not. When farm work was slack, he worked around the place repairing fences, chopping wood; doing whatever needed to be done. As labor became more scarce during World War II, T. J. literally wore himself out to keep the farm operating. At that time, the farm used only mules and people to supply necessary labor. In fact, Tom became so completely identified with our family that he became a

classic "Uncle Tom." His fellow Negroes teased him about his loyalty to my father making comments such as "T. J. thinks he is going to be buried up there with you white folks."

When I returned to the farm in August, 1946, I again helped in various ways. One rainy day, several black men, including Tom, and I were in one of the barns shucking and shelling corn to be taken to the mill. Most of the men, with the exception of Tom, were about my age. The barn was divided into six stalls, and we were spread over two adjacent ones, but everyone there knew I was in the middle stall.

My younger brother, who had been in service for several years was expected home shortly, and the conversation turned to him, and what would he be like when he returned. He was now married, and was expected to take over the running of the farm. The question was raised by someone, possibly Nokus, who had been my brother's closest companion as a child, how should they address James. . . He was younger than most of them, and growing up we had all called each other by our first names or nicknames. All of the young men expressed strong objection to calling him "Mister James." Tom, patiently and doggedly defended the traditional pattern, pointing out that James would be in charge of the farm and was due such a term of respect. I kept silent. No one seemed to pay attention to my presence. (I actually do not remember what they called me, but I presume that by that time they all knew where I stood.)

After we had completed our work and only Tom and I were left to tie up the bags of corn, Tom suddenly yet quietly spoke: "I've wondered all my life why I had to call all white men mister." I was absolutely stunned to realize that this man who had been so completely subservient and loyal to my family, had such thoughts. I do not recall what response I made to him but I hope I expressed agreement. I never reported this incident to my father or any of my family for I was sure they would think I had made it up. But this striking revelation stimulated further growth.

Before Labor Day, I went to Nashville to work with Dr. Johnson. I was assigned a room on the fourth floor of the Institute Building where a couple of professors and several graduate students lived. One professor was Japanese; the other was a European who had lived in this country for several years. One of the graduate students was a very light, aristocratic Haitian whose native language was French. I ate with a number of fellow workers and students at a small restaurant just off the campus.

My major job during that year was to do staff work, review books, and magazine articles, collect news reports, proofread, etc. for the MONTHLY SUMMARY of EVENTS IN RACE RELATIONS published by the Institute. I worked under the very capable direction of Mrs. Vashti Grayson, an intelligent, sensitive, most tactful person, the wife of a professor in the college's Department of Education, and a good poet in her own right. Not only was she a good boss, she welcomed me to her home and we enjoyed a warm friendship. One day, late in the spring when I returned to my office adjacent to hers, from some meeting I had just attended, she asked my about the meeting and who had been there. I began to name those I had recognized. Then she interrupted me to ask if any white persons had been present. When I replied, "I did not notice," she threw her arms around my neck laughing and shouted: "You've gone color blind." We both wept.

Two young white women also worked on the staff, as well as several black men and women. With the exception of one or two, all of us were taking some courses and performing other duties. Since I was living on the campus of a Negro University and most of my associates were blacks, I lived, in effect, as a black. When I rode up town on the bus, I went to the back seats as did the Negroes. Once, a white woman riding in the front of the bus spoke to the

driver, and he stopped the bus and came back to where I sat and asked if I had colored blood to which I replied honestly "yes." (I did not add that by that I meant it was red.) I occasionally attended the Negro movie house which was near the campus, but the attractions were usually poor. Everyone seemed to accept the fact that since I obviously was part of the community, I must belong there. Of course there were a few other whites on the faculty and staff of Fisk.

During that year I took a seminar with Dr. Johnson but had rather limited direct contact with him. I got to know more closely Dr. and Mrs. Preston Valien, both of whom worked with the Institute, Dr. Herman Long, Dr. Nelson Palmer, and especially Dr. Charles Lawrence, all members of the Fisk Sociology Department with offices in our building.

A number of experiences from that year left an impression with me. When I first arrived, a Dr. Watkins, a black anthropologist was temporarily occupying one of the fourth floor rooms as he was preparing to leave for a year of field study in Guatamala. He was considerably older than I, and sorta took me under his wing, helping me to get settled, find a place to eat and so forth. In return, I helped him pack his books for his trip. We enjoyed each others company. One day as we were walking across campus discussing something, I stopped, stamped my foot and stated emphatically, "I'm free . . .", then I stopped abruptly realizing for the first time the implication of what I was about to say: "white and 21." He laughed heartily, finishing my sentence for me. I missed him greatly when he left shortly thereafter.

When I got to Fisk, I had very few clothes, my only suit being the prison issue I had received the previous year. I was deliberately trying to live simply. (My stipend of $75.00 a month from which room and board had to be paid did not permit much else.) As a part of my adopted code, I usually wore an open shirt and slacks, wearing a tie only on the most formal occasions (and I still think this makes good sense.) Before he left Dr. Watkins very gently explained to me that in my zeal to make a declaration for simplicity, I was being misunderstood by the black community who interpreted it as a declaration that I didn't think they would know the difference. From then on, I wore a tie out of respect for the feelings of those who for their own reasons, deemed it a necessary part of correct attire in polite society.

Two other experiences revealed how difficult it is to break through the barriers that have been created that prevent effective communication between individuals of different race and sex in our culture. Among my associates was a beautiful, young Negro woman with a light, clear complexion, and long dark hair. Although we worked together in the Institute, took at least one course together, and ate at the same restaurant, often sharing a table, it became quite clear to me rather early that she did not relish my company socially. Even when we happened to eat breakfast at the same time, she would always have some excuse that would prevent her from walking across campus to our building together. Late in the spring, when we both happened to be at a dance in the college union, I was amazed when she asked me to dance with her. As we danced, she asked if I would walk to her residence with her. Another suprise. It turned out that a man at the dance was annoying her and she did not want to walk home alone for fear he might insist on accompanying her. As we walked, she told me that when I first arrived, she was sure that my intentions were not sincere, and therefore she had purposefully avoided me. Obviously she had changed her mind, and after that we became good friends.

A second experience involved Dr. Nelson Palmer. I had gotten the task of delivering the Monthly Summary to the post office, and thereby was one of the few persons cleared to drive the station wagon that belonged to the Institute, or possibly Fisk. One day in the fall, Dr. Palmer, a tall, elegant,

handsome man, asked if I would drive him downtown in the station wagon, which I did. We made the rounds of several stores; and I, along with Dr. Palmer, was subjected to the constant reminders of the second-class status of Negroes in Nashville at that time. Dr. Palmer was not allowed to try on a hat; we had to stand and wait at a ten cent store counter until all white persons had been served; there were no rest rooms available to us except a disgusting, unkept public one; there was no place to relax and get a snack. We spent several hours downtown, purchasing little as I recall; and I forgot the incident. Months later, just before I was to leave, a group of us were relaxing in Dr. Palmer's home with drinks, when he reminded me of the earlier experience and confessed that he had done it deliberately to see how I would stand up under the ordeal. Fortunately I had not flinched, for I managed to gain his respect; and also gained considerable insight in the process.

My closest friend during my year at Fisk turned out to be Dr. Charles Lawrence. In addition to being an associate in the Institute, he and I shared a common pacifist orientation as members of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and were both Episcopalians. Very early, he took me to his home where his wife, Margaret, made me feel very much at home. I spent many evenings with them, attended church with them, travelled with them. Occasionally I served as baby-sitter. On one such occasion, when Paula, the baby, less than two, awakened in distress, as I sat rocking her, our tears mingled as I thought of the irony of the picture we created, and of the future that she faced. When, at the end of the year, they told me that they had decided to move to New York where Dr. Lawrence had accepted a position at the New College, I protested that we needed them in the South. Charles' immediate rebuttal was "Then you explain to Chuckie (their five year old) why he cannot sit in the front of the bus."

Sometime during the year, Dr. Johnson told me that if I really wanted to contribute to improved race relations in the South, I should get my Ph.D., then get a job teaching history in a southern, white college. With his encouragement and support, I applied for and received a Rosenwald Fellowship. Also upon his suggestion, I chose to concentrate my research on the Commission of Interracial Cooperation which had existed with headquarters in Atlanta, Ceorgia, from 1919 to 1944. A letter to Dr. Merle Curti of the University of Wisconsin received a warm response and an invitation to work under his direction. After eleven months, at the Race Relations Institute, I returned to South Carolina to prepare to go to Wisconsin.

During the year at Fisk, I had the opportunity to read widely in the field of race relations including books by Linton, Dr. Johnson's Patterns of Segregation and Myrdal's The American Dilemma. Before I left Fisk in the summer of 1947, I participated in the Annual Race Relations Institute, managing the Institute's book room filled with much of the latest material in the field, attending lectures and discussions, getting to know many of the attenders. One of the highlights of that summer was getting to know a talented black poet, who moved into the room next to mine. We became close personal friends; and I was able to share much of my thinking on many subject with him.

During the month that I was at home that summer, the family had the first of what was to become a series of family gatherings. All members of the family for three generations were there. It was a happy time, with a family picture made on my thirtieth birthday to record the event. I felt completely accepted by the entire family despite the different directions that had taken me first to prison and then to Fisk.

The year at the University of Wisconsin was most stimulating, perhaps the most intellectual year of my life. But I become almost completely immersed in my academic studies and had little time for anything else.

Of course the environment was most supportive of my views on race relations. Dr. Curti, George "Shorty" Collins the director of the Baptist student acticities on the University campus, and the members of the Wayland Club, the local Baptist Student Association, with which I affiliated during that year, all provided stimulus to my thinking. There was only one Negro member of Wayland Club that year, but there were a number of Chinese, Indonesian and at least one European among us.

In June, 1948, I went to Atlanta, Georgia to research my dissertation subject, and found housing with a workcamp sponsored by the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen. The workcamp, all male, was housed on the old campus of Gammon Theological Seminary in Southeastern Atlanta, surrounded by a middleclass black community. Our group was interracial but actually included only one Negro. My research was concentrated in the office of the Southern Regional Council where the files of the Commission were stored. The Council had one of the few integrated staffs at that time in the South, headed by George Mitchell, of a distinguished Virginia family. Its offices were located in a large Methodist church building in downtown Atlanta, which also housed the southern headquarters of the Y.W.C.A., which also had an integrated staff. My associations were with the personnel of the two offices and the workcampers.

In the late summer, the Y.W.C.A. staff, several of whom were also members of the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen, decided to have a party for the workcampers. Since the party was to be both interracial and co-ed, after some discussion, it was decided that it might be best not to have the party on the Gammon campus for fear it might provoke unfavorable reaction. Instead, it took place at the office of the Georgia Workers Education Service, a labor union center, near five-points in downtown Atlanta, on a Sunday afternoon. In attendance were most of the workcampers with our director and his wife, several staff members of the Y.W.C.A., a small number of local young women, and at least one young white man from Atlanta.

The party was just getting underway quietly, and a square dance was in progress, when two uniformed policemen entered the room. At first they just watched, and protested that we should proceed with our party. When questioned further why they had come, they then told us that a complaint had been filed against us. We were all then charged with disturbing the peace and disorderly conduct. We were stunned and frightened. The party came to an abrupt end. We were allowed to go home, but the next day an item appeared in the Atlanta Constitution noting our arrest and listing the names and residence of each of us. (I remember that my oldest brother was in Atlanta on business, and I had dinner with him that night under much apprehension that he might have seen the article with my name. If he did, he has never mentioned it.)

Prominent local individuals became involved in handling our case, including a well known white attorney and Dr. Benjamin Mays, President of Morehouse College. The case was finally settled without a court appearance, when we all agreed that we might have been guilty of disturbing the peace (I'm sure we disturbed "the peace" of a number of people by our integrated activity), on condition that we be absolved of the charge of disorderly conduct. Our fines ($10.00) were paid by the Fellowship of

Southern Churchmen, I think.

A sad outcome of this incident was that several of the local young white women who had attended the party lost their jobs because of the "unfavorable publicity." Even more distressing, the local young white man who had been present, a member of a well known family, was killed a few days later when the plane which he was piloting, crashed. There was some conjecture whether the crash was in any way related to his arrest as a part of our group that Sunday. That summer and especially that incident renewed my resolve to do all I could to improve the racial climate of the South.

Almost by accident, I got a position as assistant professor of history at Guilford College in Greensboro, North Carolina, that fall. When I came to Guilford for an interview with Dr. Clyde A. Milner, the president of the college, I informed him that he should know that I was a pacifist; I had been in prison; and I believed in the integration of the races. He smiled, acknowledged that he already knew all that about me, and offered me the position.

The years at Guilford merge into one piece. I had attained my goal of becoming a teacher of history at a white southern college. The environment was ideal for Guilford is a Quaker, coeducational, liberal arts institution with a strong dedication to academic freedom. I have been in no way inhibited in expressing my point of view. The first year at Guilford, when teaching a course in United States History, I required my students to read two texts, one by Hicks, the other by John Hope Franklin: From Slavery to Freedom; and encouraged and and assisted them in comparing the treatment of various aspects of American history. (I only taught the course that year as the regular professor who had been on leave returned the next year.)

I, along with a number of other faculty members constantly strove to get the college to accept black students, especially after the Supreme Court decision of 1954 but some members of the Board of Trustees were adamantly against integration. Not until faced with losing a much hoped for international gathering of Friends scheduled for 1967, did they act. In order to be considered as a location for this world-wide Friends Meeting, they permitted the acceptance of black students in 1962. Four students (I think) attended that year, two of them Friends from Kenya, East Africa.

Through my teaching at Guilford which primarily consisted of a year long course entitled "Western Civilization," required of all students in their junior year, but occasionally included a course on "race relations," I tried to expose my students to the idea of acceptance of all persons as human beings. As extracurricular activity, I was often adviser to the Student Christian Association and made clear my thinking there. About the mid 1950's I began to feel very strongly that we needed to change the focus of our required history course to a more global one, so with Clyde Milner's encouragement, I began to try to prepare such a course. At first the going was difficult because finding concise material was hard as the emphasis was still strongly on specialization not generalization. Finally about 1962 or 1963, I was able to introduce a one semester course called "Non-Western Civilizations" which used paper backs, including one of African history, and which satisfied half of the history requirement.

In 1967-68, I received a year's leave of absence with full salary, through a grant from the Federal government. I spent the summer at an Institute of Asian Studies at Duke University, and the fall quarter in the African Studies Center at U.C.L.A. Then I traveled through Africa and Asia for the remainder of my leave. On my return to Guilford, I felt better prepared and more determined to introduce students to the history of other peoples, so revised my general course, and began offering a semester "Introduction to the History of Africa" which was well received.

In August, 1971, I was asked by a young admissions staff member who was leaving Guilford to take another position, if I would be willing to take an African student into my home for a couple of weeks until the dorms opened in September since "no one else could do it." Bennet Udoto arrive on a hot August evening from East Africa, and stayed with me about three weeks. I became his "American family" and my home continued to be his home as long as he studied in this country. In this way, I became somewhat identified as the unofficial adviser of African students at Guilford.

In 1974, one of the African students, Richard Mumia Shimaka, moved into my spare bedroom thus becoming one of my "sons" - young men who had shared my home while they were students (I also had one "daughter.") Mumia came from a Quaker family in Kenya, and had already lived in this country for three years before he moved into my home. Despite the differences in age and cultural background, we developed a close rapport and lived together without difficulty. Six years later we are still in close contact and share mutual concern for each other although he has not lived with my any great length of time since 1976.

Sometime during the sixties, a local businessman created an award on the Guilford campus for "the persons who had contributed most to understanding between the races" and I was its first recipient. A few years later, about 1970, when a group of black students occupied the lobby of the administrative building with a list of demands, I happened to be on the administrative council, and took an active part in the discussion as to what response should be made to them. I was especially concerned that we, as a Quaker college, find a just solution in keeping with our traditional values of concern for human beings, non-violence, and honest academic standards. But I did not play any special role in solving the sit-in. The students quietly left the building that evening, and the confrontation was resolved through negotiation.

During my years at Guilford, I tried to live according to my convictions off campus as well as on. I was never a crusader or agitator, but tried to work steadily and consistently through such organizations as the Fellowship of Southern Churchmen, the American Friends Service Committee, the United Nations Association, and the A.C.L.U. to bring about social change and fuller equality. Several faculty members from some of the colleges in and near Greensboro began to meet for lunch (which they brought) and discussion of current events at the local AFC office during the fifties. For a time, in the late fifties and early sixties, this group became organized into a slightly more structured "Inter Faculty Forum," which held regular open meetings with invited speakers. Through participation in these various activities, I got to know a number of like-minded persons both black and white. After integration became more generally accepted in the mid-sixties, the structured meetings declined.

Despite the fact that Greensboro became the center of considerable protest activity in 1960 and the years following, I was not an active participant. I was vitally interested in the change taking place, fully supported the non-violent nature of the sit-ins and continued all the activities I'd been a part of that aimed in the same direction, but I did not feel moved to take to the streets.

As a member of the faculty of Guilford College, I am in no way exceptional in my convictions concerning race relations. Despite the fact that we had no black students until the 1960's, many of the faculty and staff were deeply concerned that we should integrate long before that. Although the number of minority students attending Guilford has never become large, and the number of blacks integrated into the faculty and staff has remained very small, I am convinced that Guilford College is genuinely committee to full integration. A special committee created in 1977, The Task Force on Minority Students, has

concerned itself both with identifying and attempting to resolve special problems affecting minority students, and with enunciating specific policies to bring about a more completely integrated community free from all discrimination. As a member of that committee during my last two years on the faculty, I have been impressed with the sincerity and dedication to the task evinced by faculty, staff and students who have served on it.

During my years at Guilford, a major plus in my life has been the relationship I managed to develop with two black women. In the summer of 1952, when I had a large, two-story house to myself, Mrs. Viola McAdoo agreed to come one day a week to help me keep it clean. Viola and her husband, Will, were well known throughout the community. She had been the housekeeper and cook for the college president for several years, and Will worked in one of the two small grocery stores in the neighborhood. Viola was deeply religious, vigorous in mind, body and soul. She was outspoken, and minced no words in expressing herself. She was a natural leader. She had reared two children of a deceased sister, and then, when her foster daughter died in childbirth, adopted her two infants, raised them and saw to their education through college.

The first day Viola arrived, when I came home to lunch, I found she had already prepared something and had two places set, one at the kitchen table, one on the counter. I immediately explained to her that as far as I was concerned, if she preferred that arrangement, I would accept it; but I would prefer that she join me at the table. The next time she came, when I got home to lunch, I found two places at the table. Years later, when my mother was visiting me, I explained to her our eating arrangement and told her that I could arrange for her to be invited out to lunch if she would be uncomfortable with it. To my delight, she replied: "Son, when I am with you, I do what you do." The three of us enjoyed lunch together as if it were an every day occurrence. Later Viola confided to me, "I know your mother is not accustomed to eating with colored people but she treated me just like the lady she is." When she came to help me, Viola made it clear that she was not to be expected to cook. Yet she unfailingly prepared lunch for me when she was there; frequently made delicious apple pies and tarts to satisfy my sweet tooth; and on one occasion when several members of my family were visiting me, she prepared an entire meal at her home and brought it in to me on Sunday morning so I wouldn't have to worry about fixing dinner that day.

In 1954, when I got an apartment on campus after living with the Feagins family for three years, Viola called me up and asked when she could start coming to help me take care of my place. From then, until her death, she was an integral part of my life. Every Wednesday, unless otherwise arranged she would arrive early, voluble and often indignant. As long as I was in the apartment or house, we engaged in a hearty exchange while she went about her duties. She kept well informed and had strong reactions to most events, local and national. As she put it in her characteristic use of the English language, she "lam and basted" on any thing that smacked of injustice or sin.

Viola took her religion quite seriously, and we argued frequently over scriptual interpretation (My two "sons" who lived with me in 1964-65 insisted that I deliberately provoked her into such discussion but she did not need any provoking on my part.) Once, when Mrs. Milner (her former employer) fell and broke her arm, for several weeks Viola went to the Milner home every morning before going elsewhere to work, to comb and brush Mrs. Milner's long hair. She saw that strictly as her Christian duty. She was also ambitious for her family and race, through her industry, for the most part, buying a few acres of land and building a small but nice home, as a sound investment. She took great pride

in the local school for blacks, and was quite concerned that integration might destroy the sense of participation and achievement that the school provided for the Negro community.

Viola worked hard all of her life. She told me that she began to work in the homes of white people at the age of twelve, and never stopped. She came to me only once a week but worked for others on other days. Constantly busy at her home, church or the school, she was looking forward to the time when she could stop working "out" so much and could start enjoying the social security Mrs. Milner had started paying in for her in the forties, long before it had become mandatory. But she never got that chance. In the fall of 1967, before she was sixty-two, she died suddenly of a heart attack just a few hours after she had left the home of the Feagins where she had cleaned house all morning. She was indeed a rare person - a sensitive, outgoing, secure, liberated, marvelous individual - yet a clear example of the tragedy of racial discrimination which had placed so many barriers in her way.

I was away on leave when Mrs. McAdoo died. When I returned almost a year later, I was at a loss how to keep my house clean with all my other activities. Eventually Mrs. Louise Judd came to my rescue. Mrs. Judd and I had become friends in 1949-50 when I occupied the home of Miss Nell Doak for a year during her terminal illness. Mrs. Judd who had been helping Miss Doak, stayed on to help me as part of the arrangement. She was a young mother at that time, the wife of Mr. Carl Judd, a skilled radio and TV technician with his own successful business. Today, they have three children all of whom have graduated from college, the oldest having attended Guilford. She and her husband are active in many local affairs, especially their church and the now-integrated public school. When Mrs. Judd came to help me in 1968, they had a home that is much larger and finer than mine, and I am pretty sure that she did not need to work.

Mrs. Judd is a quiet, soft-spoken lady, also sincerely religious and genuinely family oriented. Quick and efficient, she took over the maintenance of my home, washing walls and curtains, letting me know when I needed things as well as, often, what products were best. She kept a sharp eye out for bargains and freely shared her knowledge with me. She and I discussed everything from our family affairs to national politics. She, her husband and children became friends of mine.

Since I retired in 1979, I've tried to keep house for myself (much less efficiently) both because of the saving involved (Mrs. Judd certainly did not need the money as all her children have graduated and are employed in good jobs.) and because I feel that since I now have more time to do the things I want to do, I should not expect anyone else, especially not a Negro nor a woman, to perform the household tasks that I can and should do for myself. But the Judds and I still keep in touch.

Not only did these two women keep my home clean and more comfortable, they took personal pride in their work and in helping me to have the kind of home in which I could live and entertain with pleasure. Even more important, Mrs. McAdoo and Mrs. Judd added a very necessary ingredient to my life. Each, in turn, provided a durable constant that gave me strength and comfort. They became in reality a part of my family, sharing hopes and concerns with me, evincing their concern for me and my affairs. They brought a different insight into my often solitary, personal world, providing me with stimulation, merriment and a wonderful sense of warm caring.

As I look back at 62 on my growth and thought on race and race relations

throughout my life, I see that aspect of my life closely related to others, especially my religion and my pacifism. Today, I feel strongly that life would probably be easier if we have never developed the concept of race, for I have found that I like individuals and relate to individuals. On the other hand, I have reluctantly come to accept the fact that all individuals are in part shaped or at least affected by their cultural milieu. Because race and ideas about race have played such an important role in the last one hundred years or so, especially in the United States, it is unavoidable that individuals have been affected personally by their experiences.

It has been difficult for me sometimes in recent years to understand the antagonism toward me expressed by some young blacks. I think I can honestly say that I really do not make a distinction between persons on the basis of so-called "race." What I have not been sensitive enough to, I fear, is the hold-over effect that ideas of race have had on these young people. As a black professional woman said to me recently: "White people intimidate black people, just be being white." I am quite aware that there are still real discriminations in our social, political and economic patterns and I cherish the hope that some day they will all be eliminated. I think this will require a more complete revolutionary change than I can now envisage.

Finally as a result of all my studies and experiences, I am convinced that all life forms are part of one basic life-essence. More specifically, I feel that the differences that we humans have called "racial" for the past two hundred years or so, are largely cultural. The physical differences that sometimes distinguish us are products primarily of long-term isolation, and certainly cannot be made the basis for any "racial" generalization. More important, I know that I have found a oneness with many persons from widely scattered parts of the world - the small black child in Africa who trustingly took my hand and called me "Baba"; the slender Indian boy so proud of his new rickshaw who worked so hard to get me to the train station; the intense young Austrian woman so dedicated to peace who shared her vision with me. I am convinced that we humans can learn to live together as one if we keep trying and are willing to grow.

J A C Q U E L I N E L U D E L : BECOMING A JEW AMONG QUAKERS

I have, perhaps, thought less about my Judaism than most. It has been an insistent and constant but very quiet part of my reality. It has, at moments, been a hedgerow that suddenly, unexpectedly appeared in full maturity, cutting me off from others. With equal unanticipation and infrequency, it has occasionally served as a substantial but nearly unidentifiable limb that bore my weight as I sat, among the branches, with others. For the most part, however, my Judaism has been far less salient than my profession or my sex or my atheism.

Four years at a Quaker college can both clarify and obscure a good deal; four years among Quakers who are actively struggling with their own definitions and meanings can be both a torture and a comfort (I have days during which I know that one more round of what-does-it-mean-to-be-a-Quaker-community will leave me screaming that I-do-not-care; I have days during which I feel nothing but kinship and kindness for those who fondle existential questions with such gentleness and patience). I can probably now recite more Quaker than Jewish litany; I suspect I have now read more Quaker than Jewish treatises; a period of silence at the start of a meal is now more familiar than a beracha. I am, also, now more a Jew. The paradox is less mysterious when Adin Steinsaltz tells me: "And Judaism is a matter of questions." The questions have bubbled around, through through, within me for four years.

I've heard endless repetitions of George Fox's admonition to "seek that of God in every person" (read "man" for "person" if you are more sensitive to issues of textual accuracy than of equality). The directive refuses to stand on its own for me and I discover myself adding: "Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God." I cannot answer why Micah mumbles in my ear except to say, with some surprise, I am a Jew.

I ask why so often the Sh'ma hums in my head during what are meant to be Quaker silences. I wonder why Kaddish, painfully familiar yet deeply foreign (I know only the opening phonemes and, thereafter, the cadence), is nearly audible for me in the midst of a Quaker memorial service. I question why discussions of Quaker education lead me to meditate on the meaning of Torah, making me focus on the trilogy of study and learn and teach. When Friends speak in Christological terms, I have no doubt that I have been shut out, but I can only wonder at the ferocity with which the door seems to slam shut.

These four years might well have taught me only to identify what Quakerism is and what I am not. Certainly, I am fully disabused of the notion that Quakers are somehow more monolithic, less diversified (and divergent) than Jews. Surely, I know why Quakers, despite their small numbers, have so often been next to me on protest marches everywhere. And I recognize, with clarity, why I've often known fear and sore legs on those walks but never have I known agape.

The growing recognition that I am a Jew (rather than, simply, a non-Quaker) has occurred primarily because of a few others who have long known themselves to be Jews and who assumed I long knew that of myself. Inevitably, they pose hard questions; inevitably, I have no answers; inevitably, they then feel confirmed in their belief that I am a Jew. I have come (despite years of inattention to be matter; despite periods of utter denial; despite my insistence on other qualities; despite my refusal to obey law or observe ritual; despite my idiosyncratic selectivity of acceptance; despite my sorrowful ignorance) to accept, in a rather startled way but with gladness, their belief.

Switzerland, a country which has managed to weld four different language groups and two major religions into a harmonious unity has long been a major enigma in an age of cultural nationalism. Currently it is one of the few national communities without a shared culture whose overall political unity is not threatened. It is a well-established proposition, reaching back at least as far as Aristotle, that self-governing polities face implicit obstacles in so-called "plural societies" - that is, societies with clearly discernible racial, linguistic, and religious differences. This paper will trace the primary factors making for stability and adjustment within Swiss society.

Before taking an excursion into the Swiss social and political landscape, we shall first turn our attention to the composition and demographic characteristics of the Swiss population. Switzerland combines great linguistic and religious diversity into one small area. There are 6.3 million inhabitants according to the 1970 census who speak four languages, as well as several dialects, and are divided into two major religions and several minor religious sects. If we look at the proportion of Swiss citizens only (excluding the resident foreigners, mostly foreign workers) we find that in 1970 some 74 percent were German-speaking, 20 percent were French-speaking, 4 percent were Italian-speaking, and 1 percent spoke Romansch, a minor language spoken in a few Alpine valleys in the canton of Grisons. Since the Reformation, Switzerland has been fairly evenly divided along religious lines. Fifty-five percent of the Swiss citizens are Protestant and 45 percent are Roman Catholic. (Annuaire Statistique de la Suisse, 1976:28, 30)

Taken together, the linguistic and religious components provide a mosaic of great complexity. It is one of the fortunate accidents of Swiss history that the linguistic and religious boundaries do not coincide, but often serve to offset one another. Thus, there are Protestant majorities in two of the four exclusively French-speaking cantons, Vaud and Neuchatel, Geneva is divided between the two faiths, and the Jura is almost exclusively Catholic. Valais and Fribourg, the two bilingual cantons with French-speaking majorities, are also both strongly Catholic. German Switzerland also reflects a great diversity of religion. Nine German-speaking cantons or half cantons are predominantly Catholic, and seven cantons or half cantons have Protestant majorities, with the canton of Aargau split almost exactly between the two faiths. Ticino, the only Italian-speaking canton is overwhelmingly Catholic, but the Romansch-speakers of the Grisons like the French and German-speaking Swiss are divided into Protestant and Catholic areas.

Because of this cross-cutting of language and religion many social observers are prone to rely heavily on structural factors to explain the apparent Swiss anomaly. This explanation says in essence that cross-cutting cleavages such as religion, language, etc. tend to create cross-pressures among the population that serve to moderate the intensity of political conflict. The fundamental error committed by cross-cutting theorists is to reduce and simplify the complext interaction of groups to certain aspects of social structure. Mayer, for instance, attributes the general civic harmony in Switzerland to its unique social characteristics.[1] Furthermore, he notes that in the one instance, the Jura, where these conditions are absent, conflict occurs. He states (Mayer, 1968:707) that:

> The Swiss "miracle" of unity in diversity rests upon a peculiar equilibrium of cross-cutting cultural divisions which is historically unique

and cannot be duplicated under different conditions. Interestingly, and largely unknown to the outside world, Switzerland itself furnishes proof that if the divisions between the linguistic and religious groups do not overlap, but coincide, the result is conflict instead of harmony.

For Mayer, the conflict situation in the Jura serves as a confirmation of the salience of the cross-cutting hypothesis. While he points out that the purpose of his article is "neither prediction nor advocacy," there are, paradoxically, undertones in his analysis of an almost deterministic belief in the explosive potential of what he terms "cultural divisions." This tendency is evident in his mechanical and abstract manner of applying the cross-cutting hypothesis. Peaceful coexistence is seen primarily as a function of certain characteristics of social structure. Public policy and the political art, as well as other factors such as religious and ideological differences expressed in the party system and the political process, are of secondary importance in Mayer's analysis.

The Jura conflict also illustrates a further limitation of the cross-cutting hypothesis. Even though the Catholic, French-speaking citizens of the Jura occupied a cumulative minority position in the canton of Bern and the Confederation, the Jura district of Bern itself appeared to offer a classic example of cross-cutting cleavages, with almost 24 percent of its residents speaking German and 41 percent of the population adhering to the Protestant faith. Moreover, prior to the formation of the canton of Jura in 1979, three of the six French-speaking districts in the area were mainly Protestant and three were mainly Catholic. The seventh district was overwhelmingly German-speaking and Catholic.

Thus, cross-cutting cleavages do not eliminate polar-opposite groups, but merely reduce their size relative to groups halfway in between, in this case German Catholics and French Protestants. If one assumes that French Catholics are not only the most separatist but also have been the source of most of the violent acts, one can note an interesting limitation of the cross-cutting hypothesis. Keech (1972:404) observes that "Since it does not take more than a handful of people to commit the acts of violence which make ethnic conflict in the Jura 'intense,' cross-cutting cleavages do not help much to reduce violence." Rather, it is the perception of cleavages as congruent which can reinforce the self-consciousness of ethnic groups. This opens up a series of difficult questions about the relative salience and intensity of cleavages and perception of cleavages which is rarely asked by adherents of the cross-cutting hypothesis.

A second attempt to explain Swiss cultural coexistence can be seen in the model of consociational democracy. Basically it argues that the role of the elite is a crucial factor in promoting the political stability of countries that have been characterized by substantial cultural fragmentation. Arend Lijphart who first coined the term "consociational democracy" is perhaps the most widely known among the consociational theorists. According to him, (Lijphart, 1968:21) "The essential characteristic of consociational democracy is not so much any particular institutional arrangement as overarching cooperation at the elite level with the deliberate aim of counteracting disentegrative tendencies in the system." Although contributing to an explanation of Swiss stability, the model of consociational democracy also leaves many issues unsolved. By emphasizing the conscious and deliberate efforts of autonomous elite politics it neglects the role of popular sentiment and public opinion. Elite accommodation does not mean much if a minority is consistently outvoted and forced to bend to the desires of the majority. In fact, elite accommodation seems to be possible only in those societies where there is substantial agreement among the citizenry and its leaders on a common civic culture.

In order to explore the salience of popular sentiment in contributing to Swiss coexistence, my research (Schmid, 1981) has focused on the transmission of values and attitudes in the school curriculum and by the populace itself. An investigation of Swiss history textbooks from French and German, Catholic and Protestant Switzerland was particularly revealing. In contrast to Canada and South Africa, the school curriculum tends to unite rather than to divide the various cultural groups, by deemphasizing those historical themes which feed intergroup resentment. The textbooks instill a sense of national consciousness. Even though the authors present various interpretations of some events, there is an underlying consensus of what the Swiss state should stand for. One may even hypothesize that there has gradually evolved in Switzerland a civic culture comparable to the civil religion in the United States.

Likewise, it appears that Switzerland's linguistic and religious minorities participate in a common "civic culture." This does not mean that all differences among the groups have disappeared. But it does indicate that the various groups have learned to accept their differences by and large, and those differences, be they religious, linguistic, or cultural, are moderated by other things the groups have in common. This interpretation is strengthened when we turn to the results of our survey of French- and German-speaking youth. Political reasons were given considerably more often than any other reasons when Swiss youth were asked why they were proud to be Swiss. Even before they reach adulthood, young people seem to have a "certain Swiss outlook."

Majority opinion also plays a special role in Swiss cultural coexistence. While the French Swiss youth display many indicators of what might be called a typical minority response--such as their greater perception of dissent among different Swiss subgroups, their preference for the cantonal over the federal government, their desire to live in a territory where they predominate, and their reservations about their homeland (almost one-fourth said they were not particularly proud to be Swiss)--the German Swiss do not display a parallel "majoritarian attitude." An interesting indication of the nonmajoritarian attitude of the German Swiss majority can be seen in their approximations of the three Swiss language communities. The German Swiss underestimate their own numbers in the population and overestimate the linguistic minorities, while in general the opposite tendency is true of the French Swiss, who overestimate themselves and underestimate the German-speaking population. Linguistic harmony among the German-, French-, and Italian-language communities is certainly fostered by this balance, which favors the smaller groups.

Other factors influence the Swiss panorama of intergroup relations. Ethnic integration in multicultural states can take a whole range of alternatives, from complete lact of official recognition of ethnic identity by the state to a full-blown official acceptance of the communal principle. In the first case, the state merely recognizes territorial divisions and incorporates its citizens as individuals, without giving ethnic identity any legal status whatsoever. In the latter case, the state incorporates its citizens as members of officially recognized ethnic communities. Thus the recognition of ethnicity is legally built into the structure of representation. Switzerland may be cited as an example of the first type of arrangement, and Belgium and Yugoslavia as examples of the second. As Van den Berghe (1976:253) remarks:

> In practical terms, a Swiss-type solution based on territorial divisions without formal recognition of ethnicity by the state is perferable to, say, a Belgian-type solution. Territoriality allows the application of a simple unambiguous test of membership such as a place of residence. Such a criterion gives every citizen a formally equal place, even when he chooses to live in the territory of another ethnic group. Certain

regions may be de facto the turf of a given ethnic group, but the state gives no de jure recognition to ethnicity as such.

The incorporation of citizens as individuals rather than as members of officially recognized ethnic groups serves to deemphasize ethnicity, as well as to reaffirm the principle of legal equality of individuals so as to offer no points of collision with the foundation of the modern democratic state.

Public policy also favors the linguistic minorities. Von Greyerz (1959:178-179) argues that the Swiss are willing to overrepresent minorities rather than possibly deprive them of representation. This is true of political parties, which attempt to balance ethnic representation, as well as of proportionally staffed government agencies. The process of decision-making, like that of representation, seeks practical compromise solutions to which all parties agree in the end--what is commonly referred to as "Echt eidgenossischer Kompromiss." This attitude, which emphasizes the accommodation of differences, can be observed in such diverse places as Swiss textbooks and government documents. Thus, in Switzerland we find not only acceptance of, but also a commitment to, interethnic equality.

THEORETICAL AND PRACTICAL IMPLICATIONS FOR OTHER COUNTRIES

Are there any matters in which other multicultural nations may profit from the Swiss experience? Bryce (1921:502, 499) warns us that:

> To create the moral and intellectual conditions that have formed the political character of the (Swiss) people would be, if possible at all, a difficult and extremely slow work....Where an institution has succeeded with one particular people and in one set of economic conditions, the presumption that it will suit another people living under different conditions is a weak presumption and affords slight basis for prediction.

Despite the difficulty of transferring attitudes and institutions, and the imperfections in Swiss policy and practice, Switzerland's experience appears to point to a variety of conditions which foster stable and effective democracy in countries with discernible linguistic, religious, and cultural differences.

The prospects for democratic pluralism appear closely related to the degree of consensus about basic values. The existence of a civic culture moderates social conflicts and promotes stability in multicultural societies. However, substantial agreement between cultural groups does not prevent occasional disruptions of hostility, such as is the case in the Jura. Nevertheless, where value consensus exists in heterogeneous societies, the chances for peaceful resolution of differences are considerably improved.

In addition to value consensus, democratic pluralism seems to be greatly aided by an acceptance and commitment to cultural pluralism. Van den Berghe (1971:76) observes that this includes "both more general norms accepting the legitimacy of pluralism and more specific counteracculturative norms ensuring the continued integrity of the group." The overemphasis on assimilation by students of ethnicity in the United States has obscured the distinction between transitory pluralism--where immigrant groups, though they may be sizable, self-conscious, and organized, become assimilated within two or three generations (e.g., the Irish or Italians in the United States)[2]--and stable pluralism, a situation in which groups, especially ethnic groups, preserve their separate identity and resist assimilation for many generations (e.g., the French and Italians in Switzerland, and the French in Quebec).

It appears that in the emerging third-world countries as well as in the first and second worlds, stable pluralism, rather than transitory pluralism, will have to be recognized and addressed in government policies. Recent ethnic

outbreaks throughout the world have testified to the fact that ethnicity is not "withering away," and that it will be a permanent feature of most countries for the foreseeable future. Where ethnic groups are territorially concentrated, cultural and regional autonomy will need to be explored as mechanisms for intergroup-conflict resolution. Other important issues are the use and status of various languages and the control and nature of formal education. These questions are often interconnected with linguistic and/or religious preservation and identity.

In addition to these two factors, the successful operation of democratic pluralism seems to be related to a consensus about procedural norms of the government which result in an equitable division of power between ethnic groups. In Switzerland, this is achieved by a grand coalition of the political leaders of all the communities into which the society is divided, and application of the principle of proportionality both for the election of parliaments and the allocation of civil service and military appointments. Beyond these positive mechanisms which ensure that the distribution of power in the society is roughly proportional to the size of the various groups, the referendum and initiative also provide a check on the majority. Thus, successful democratic pluralism depends on minorities' being continually accommodated within the political system.

Finally, successful ethnic coexistence is dependent on a significant amount of equality between groups. To the extent that the rapid multiplication and intensification of contacts do create interethnic tensions, these tensions are likely to be aggravated by an awareness of significant inequalities among ethnic groups.

Recent decades have shown both the persistence and the resurgence of ethnic politics and confrontation in may societies around the world. Heisler (1977:1) claims that "Ethnic differences are the single most important source of large-scale conflict within states, and they are frequently instrumental in wars between countries as well." Thus it is imperative to explore, with urgency, imagination, and willingness to innovate, just how ethnic differences may be accommodated and reconciled. Neither the United States, with its emphasis on assimilation and majoritarian politics, nor the Soviet Union, which guarantees the right to self-determination of nationalities, including secession, while in practice permitting only formal autonomy and a measure of cultural diversity, currently provide adequate models[3] of ethnic accommodation. Those who set out in the 1980s to reflect upon how ethnic coexistence may be achieved may well find the Swiss experience worthy of study.

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[1]The roots of the Jura problem go back to the confusion left by Napoleon's new order. Before 1789 the Jura districts had belonged to the prince bishop of Basel, who from the tenth century onwards ruled the Jura and other adjacent territories within the framework of the Holy Roman Empire. During the Reformation Basel as well as the south Jura became Protestant while the north Jura remained Catholic. After the fall of Napoleon in 1814, the Congress of Vienna awarded the Jura district to the canton of Bern as compensation for Bernese territorial losses in Vaud and Aargau. Antagonism between the predominantly Protestant canton of Bern and the Catholic portion of the Jura was precipitated by the Kulturkampf, which culminated with Pope Pius IX's declaration of papal infallibility. Another source of friction was the Moeckli affair, in whcih a French-speaking Jurassian was denied appointment to the cantonal post of

Director of Public Works on the grounds that a post of that importance should be headed by a man whose mother-tongue was French. Finally after several decades of intense friction and a series of referendums, the canton of Jura came into existence on January 1, 1979. The southern French-speaking Protestant districts voted to remain with the canton of Bern, leaving the new canton of Jura almost exclusively Catholic and French-speaking. In the final referendum 82 percent of the Swiss people voted to change the constitution to include the new canton in the Confederation.

[2]Most policies concerning ethnic minorities in the United States, such as affirmative action and civil rights, are conceived as aiding the assimilation of oppressed minorities rather than preserving their identity.

[3]Halliday (1979:338-339) observes, "This has been the pattern in the USSR and has been reproduced in Soviet policy towards a number of third world countries where the nationalities issue has come up: in Nigeria, where the Russians backed the suppression of Biafra in the 1960s, in Iraq in 1972-75, where they supported the crushing of the Kurds, and most recently, in Ethiopia, where Russian arms and advisors have been used in the offensive against the Eritreans in 1978."

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PEACE RESEARCH AS A FIELD OF STUDY

Research and writing on the problems of peace and justice have been going on probably since the beginnings of history, but the separate field called "peace research" emerged, mostly within the social sciences, only after the Second World War, and the field of "justice research" or "normative science" is as yet more a set of proposals than a specialty. However, economists, particularly the Quaker economist Kenneth Boulding, have had a hand in the formation of these fields since their start. It is comforting to note that economics, one of the oldest social sciences, has had substantial influence in these newer fields. That contribution has been more in clarifying the conceptualization process than in providing empirical results, but it has nevertheless been important.

Peace research can be defined loosely as the study of the conditions under which war can be abolished as a means of settling international disputes and a more nonviolent method (or methods) substituted in its place. Many peace researchers consider that definition too narrow, preferring to include explicit notions of social justice, economic development, or more general notions of transformations in the world social structure as specific components of peace.[1] Some researchers would include the resolution and management of conflicts at the local or national level as well.[2] There nevertheless is a core of literature in the field dealing with problems of international conflict and its resolution.

This literature is interdisciplinary, cutting across all the social sciences and branching out into biology, mathematics, and philosophy.[3] It is produced by a worldwide network of scholars, heavily concentrated in Europe and North America, but also including scattered researchers in the Second and Third Worlds. In political outlook they vary from rather traditional establishment-oriented types to Gandhian pacifists to Marxist "critical" and "radical" scholars.[4] Not surprisingly, their methodological approaches run the gamut from traditional and philosophical to quantitative and empirical.[5]

One approach which has been associated with the peace research movement since its inception - indeed, they share some of the same founders - is that of general systems theory. The general systems method is to search for theories which have an applicability across disciplines or for similarities ("isomorphisms") between different theories in different disciplines.[6] Though its practitioners have abandoned the attempt to develop a general theory of practically everything, they have managed to enhance our ability to look at social phenomena holistically: the "systems approach" in its quantified form has found its way into computer science curricula and in its qualitative version into nursing programs.

Central to the general-systems mentality is the idea that in real-world situations the whole of a quantity is not necessarily the sum of its parts, that is to say that if we define a "system" as a collection of interrelated elements (they could be electrons in a magnet, cells in an animal, or traders in a market), the behavior of the system as whole cannot be deduced simply by summing the behavior of each of the elements. Though this seems to be the most important principle of general systems theory, there does not seem to be a name for it. Different formulations of the principle go by different names: the level-of-analysis problem in political science, the "tragedy of the commons" in environmental studies; its denial is called the fallacy of composition or the fallacy of division in logic. Perhaps the overall principle could simply be called the

Paradox of Parts and Wholes: what is true for each is not necessarily true for all.[7]

An example may show that this paradox applies to humans. Each spectator at a football game can, by standing up, get a better view of the game. However, if all spectators stand up at once, they do not get a better view. The reason in this case is of course that the action of each spectator has an effect on the other than can be ignored in the individual case, but in the aggregate the effects are large.

It turns out that this principle is fundamental to a wide variety of natural and social phenomena and so is of great interest to peace researchers. It also turns out that the principle lies at the heart of economic analysis - that is, "neoclassical" economic analysis, the type which dominates Western economic theory.

ECONOMIC ANALYSIS AS A METHOD

Neoclassical economics is fundamentally the study of the structure of human choices and the way they fit together. Originally designed for the study of exchange relationships in markets among selfish individuals, the neoclassical model has now been applied to the study of crime,[8] voting behavior,[9] and nonprofit organizations,[10] to name a few areas.

The economist's approach is to construct simple models of choices made at the individual level and then work out their implications for markets and whole economies, taking care to discover applications of the Principle of Parts and Wholes. The fundamental idea is that choice is the result of the interaction of preferences and opportunities. The individual's preferences are at least partly determined endogenously, that is, within each of us ("free will,"), while the opportunity set is exogenous - given to us by our environment (which may include our own bodies, and even, for some purposes, our own neuroses). The central fact is that each individual sees all other individuals as part of his or her environment, while at the same time being part of everyone else's environment. Thus what is exogenous for each individual may be endogenous to the group as a whole.

Neoclassical economic theory has been criticized for apparently assuming that each individual human being behaves rationally at all times and places. Actually, the rationality is in the model, not in the individuals being studied in the real world. When Sherlock Holmes solves a crime of passion, he applies a rational model to explain an "irrational" act. As a matter of fact, the detective's model - "motive" and "opportunity" - is essentially the same as the economist's.

The contribution of economic analysis to the study of human behavior has two very important parts. First, it specifies the different levels at which human behavior - or at least economic behavior - takes place: individual, organizational, market, sectoral, and societal. Second, it provides a set of mutually exclusive and exhaustive categories for classifying the relevant variables (preferences and opportunities, cost and revenue, supply and demand, real and monetary). It is safe to say that it is these two aspects of economic analysis that have enabled it to state and solve several problems of parts and wholes (e.g., the "cobweb theorem," the "paradox of thrift"). Some of those problems have been related to peace studies.

ECONOMISTS' CONTRIBUTIONS TO PEACE STUDIES

Of course economists have always been interested in the international

system, or at least certain aspects of it. The traditional fields of international economics, economic development, and (to some degree) comparative economic systems have dealt more or less explicitly with problems of stability in such a system. In recent years attention has been paid to the role of multinational corporations, the military-industrial complex, the impact of defense spending on the domestic economy, and the draft. All these substantive fields are related in some way to peace studies.

However, there is an important way in which the economic approach itself has affected general systems theory, and through it, peace studies. That is through what is called the theory of games. "Game theory" was developed in a book written by the Austrian economist (a school of thought as well as a nationality) Oskar Morgenstern in collaboration with the great mathematician John von Neumann.[11] A "game" is a formal model of a situation in which two or more rational actors have incentives toward both conflict and cooperation. A situation of pure conflict is a brawl; one of pure cooperation likewise holds no analytical interest. It is the mixed cases which are amenable to the questions asked by game theorists, who ask what are the conditions under which the players will cooperate and under what conditions will they compete or fight. A simple example of a game is the so-called "prisoner's dilemma."[12]

> In the Prisoner's dilemma two men, say Smith and Jones..., are arrested for a crime and interrogated separately. Since the district attorney has limited substantive evidence, she is anxious for both prisoners to confess to the crime. In isolation, each suspect is told: "If you confess and your companion doesn't, I can promise you a short (six-month) sentence, whereas your companion will get ten years. If you both confess, then your sentences will be three years." At the same time both suspects realize that if they both don't confess, the lack of substantive evidence will mean that they will be tried for a lesser crime, and will each receive only a two-year sentence. The question then is: What is the likely outcome of this situation, and will this outcome be a desirable one from among those open to the suspects?

Clearly the best solution from the point of view if the two suspects is for them both not to confess. The trouble is that if Smith suspects that Jones will confess, then it pays Smith to confess, and likewise for Jones. Thus they are led away from the best solution for both (neither confess) to the worst solution for both (both confess).

The prisoner's dilemma game is an example of the Paradox of Parts and Wholes. The individual self-interest of each prisoner leads him in one direction even though the interest of the pair as a whole lies in the other direction. The problem has been worked and reworked in the literature, and its implications for our notions of rationality have been explored.[13] The point here is that the dilemma could be avoided only by changing the structure of the game: knock a hole in the wall between the interrogation rooms, have the head of the gang threaten stool pigeons with a grisly demise, or ask Smith and Jones to sign a solemn and credible promise to die before confessing the crime. In each case an outside institution is set up to make an end run around the constraints set by the rules of the game.

What does game theory have to do with peace research? The arms race can be seen as a prisoner's dilemma game; the US and the Soviet Union are both prisoners, in a sense. The world would clearly be better off with total nuclear disarmament by the two superpowers. However, if the US thinks the USSR is arming, it pays the US to arm, and if the USSR believes the US is arming, it pays the USSR to arm. Thus we are led from the best solution to the worst. This is

the tragedy of nationalism in the nuclear age; recent statements by Carter, Reagan, and Brezhnev bear out the realism of this model.

It would seem that the answer to the dilemma lies in creating some outside institution to make an end run around the arms race, but the job seems very difficult. The "hot-line" and current weapons inspection technology do not seem to be enough to constitute a "hole in the wall" between our cells, the UN certainly has a laughably small influence - much less, power to threaten - and the Salt II treaty (an attempt at a "solemn and credible promise") has been rejected by the US as being unfair to itself. So the game goes on.

One problem with game theory is that it rarely gives answers capable of immediate policy application. However, it can lay out the questions in a way that highlights some important features and thus point us in a direction to seek answers some other way. Thus economic analysis, both through its spin-off game theory, and through other means, can contribute to the framework of peace research.

JUSTICE RESEARCH

Scholars in many fields have concerned themselves with ethical questions, and each of the social-science disciplines has its own concern with the descriptive-vs-prescriptive roles it has to play. Recently Kenneth Boulding has been urging scholars to bring together many different strands of prescriptive, normative approaches into a more systematic study of how individual and social values are formed and how social processes can move groups of people from bad to better instead of from bad to worse.[14]

What would economics have to contribute to such a study? There are several areas, both very old and very new, in which economists have had substantial things to say about normative issues.

As said before, the Paradox of Parts and Wholes is central to neoclassical economic theory. Adam Smith's famous "invisible hand" theorem is an example of just how important this principle is:

> As every individual, therefore, endeavors as much as he can both employ his capital in the support of domestic industry, and so to direct that industry that its produce may be of the greatest value; every individual necessarily labours to render the annual revenue of the society as great as he can. He generally, indeed, neither intends to promote the public interest, nor knows how much he is promoting it...and by directing that industry in such a manner as its produce may be of the greatest value, he intends only his own gain, and he is in this, as in many other case, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention. Nor is it always the worse for the society that is no part of it. By pursuing his own interest he frequently promotes that of the society more effectually than when he really intends to promote it.[15]

The paradox is in a sense the opposite of the prisoner's dilemma: the market is said to be a game in which the incentives to the participants are to move the system toward the best solution. Selfish motives at the individual level lead to achievement of goodness at the level of the entire economy.

It turns out that this "theorem" applies only under very restrictive - and unrealistic - conditions. Much of modern economic analysis, especially in such fields as public finance, environmental economics, and urban economics, consists of a search to find conditions under which the theorem is inapplicable. There are cases in which reliance upon individual self-interest, exchange relations, and market processes lead to worse solutions that if some other method - e.g., government action - were chosen. Thus the contribution of

economic analysis to justice research is again in the application of a method for applying the Paradox of Parts and Wholes.

The neoclassical approach does not have to rely on the assumption that individuals always behave out of selfish motives (even Adam Smith's theorem was qualified by the word "frequently"). Recently a few economists have attempted to develop a theory of altruistic behavior along neoclassical principles. Kenneth Boulding's The Economy of Love and Fear launched a small movement called "grants economics," the study of one-way transfers, which include a mixed bag of phenomena ranging from taxes to monopoly profits to charitable contributions. David Collard's Altruism and Economy makes clear the distinction between pure altruism and altruism which is simple enlightened or higher order self-interest. He then ties the former in with neoclassical theory and game theory and explores the implications for altruism of the Paradox of Parts and Wholes. Here the principle takes the form of the "free-rider problem," which also appears in the growing field of public-choice economics: under certain conditions the actions of one person can benefit others who do not have to pay to get the benefit. If you contribute to charity to help the poor, my conscience may be assuaged by seeing them better off even if I make no contribution myself. Collard suggests several remedies for this free-rider problem among altruists.

Economic analysis is thus a method of analyzing the degree to which a given social process can attain certain results. It can thus be used as a way of helping to determine which mechanisms can help society move toward better conditions rather than heading toward worse ones through a perverse dynamic prisoner's-dilemma process.

CONCLUSION

Economists have figured prominently in the peace-studies movement and in the attempts to define a field of "justice research," and they have made both substantive and analytical contributions all along. It may, however, be in their methodology that their greatest contribution lies. To date economists seem to have been quite successful in conceptualizing various forms of the Paradox of Parts and Wholes, which lies at the very heart of many of the problems of peace and justice, and in making some progress toward their resolution.

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[1] Dedring (1976), pp. 19-21.

[2] E. Boulding (1979), contains references to family and ethnic conflict.

[3] K. Boulding (1977), p. 602.

[4] Dedring (1976), pp. 15-19.

[5] Ibid., pp. 18-19.

[6] Buckley (1968), contains several introductory articles in the field.

[7] Ibid., Part II.

[8] Becker (1976), ch. 4.

[9] Arrow (1951).

[10]Weisbrod (1977).

[11]von Neumann and Morgenstern (1947); a popular introduction is provided by Schelling (1963).

[12]Nicholson, pp. 164-166.

[13]Buckley, p. 481.

[14]K. Boulding (1974).

[15]Smith, ii, p. 477-478.

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K E N N E T H E. B O U L D I N G: FRIENDS AND THE ECONOMY

(Presented to the Friends Committee on National Legislation Dialogue, Guilford College, Greensboro, North Carolina, October 31, 1980)

I have been asked to deal with three questions. The first: what unique contributions have Friends made to economic life in the past? The second: are Friends making unique contributions today? The third: what are the successes and failures of the American economy?

In regard to the first question, it can certainly be said that in the past the contribution which members of the Society of Friends made to economic life was very large and far out of proportion to their numbers. The first generation of Friends in the 17th century were mainly yeoman farmers, craftsmen, and small traders, coming mostly from the less developed parts of England, and for the most part from what might be called the middle and upper working class, with a few from the upper class like Penn and Penington. At the time of George Fox, England, to a lesser extent Scotland and Wales, and to a much lesser extent Ireland, had been enjoying a slow but fairly persistent economic and technical development for several centuries, especially under the relative internal peace of the Tudors. Improved transportation, especially by sea, led to the development of worldwide trade and a rising mercantile class. The long inflation which resulted from Spanish gold hit England about the time of Shakespeare, and shifted incomes out of the landlord class into the merchant, the manufacturer, and craftsman class. The mobility of the society is attested to by the travels of the early "publishers of truth," and it is important to remember that George Fox was a contemporary of John Newton.

In the 17th century, Friends were mainly concerned with spreading the Word and developing a new form of religious society. Nevertheless, two very significant economic contributions can be noted. One is the pioneering work of Friends in developing the custom of the "fixed price" in business dealings as an alternative to "higgling and bargaining." This was an expression of the testimony for veracity, for one could not bargain without starting off with a lie. Veracity, that is, not telling lies, has always been a very important part of the Quaker ethic, as it is indeed of the scientific ethic. Scrupulous honestly in all business dealings, the avoidance of all war-related trades as far as possible, and what might be called a family-centered economy were characteristic of the early Quakers. They were not tempted into communal living like the Hutterites, although there was precedent for this in the church in Jerusalem in the New Testament. Friends did not feel, however, that the call to perfection drove them into communal property, and I am not aware of any example of this in early Quaker history. Nevertheless, the Meeting community was a very active and loving "grants economy." Friends contributed large sums for poor relief, for the relief of sufferings due to persecution, and for the financial liberation of Friends for the travelling ministry. Friends practiced the principle of stewardship and combined the efficiencies which were derived from the private administration of property with a strong sense of the claims on property for the welfare of all.

By the first years of the 18th century, persecution had virtually ceased, although Friends, like other non-conformists, were not allowed to go to English universities, which may not have been a great disadvantage. A few of them entered the professions through the Scottish universities. It may have been partly because the professions were mainly closed to them that

they made a quite extraordinary contribution to technological advance. The great work on this subject is Arthur Raistrick, Quakers in Science and Industry (New York: Augustus Kelley, 1968). Their contributions to the so-called "Industrial Revolution" of the 18th century were very large. William Darby of Coalbrookdale opened up a whole new energy source by developing the smelting of iron and steel from coal, and may well be regarded as the father of the whole industrial-technical revolution. Friends pioneered in porcelain; they were important in the development of the Sheffield steel industry. Robert Ransome, who made agricultural implements and machinery, is reputed to have invented spare parts--an enormous contribution. Friends largely built the first railroad from Stockton to Darlington. They pioneered in banking and insurance. Three of the big five English banks were founded by Quakers, as was Lloyd's of London. We have, indeed, something of a paradox in economics and technology. Friends were pioneering in inventions and institutions which had enormous impacts on the world, but within the Society itself there was a turning inward and a withdrawal from the world. The introduction of membership in the middle of the 18th century was mainly a device to limit the grants economy of the Meeting and poor relief to people who were officially members.

In the United States, of course, the great name is John Woolman, and the great economic contribution was the abolition of slavery within the Society of Friends, which certainly showed that it could be done. Woolman was well aware of the spiritual dangers of wealth, but Friends did not take his advice on this subject quite as seriously as they took his advice on slavery. Perhaps this is because the moral issue of slavery was much simpler. Either a fellow human being was a slave or was not. At what point the increase in riches, however, becomes injurious to spiritual development is hard to say, and it is very easy for wealth to creep up almost unnoticed without ever reaching a point of crisis.

In the 19th century perhaps the greatest contribution of the Society of Friends to economic life was in banking and finance. Joseph John Gurney, of course, was the archetype of this period. This too, perhaps, stems ultimately from the testimony of veracity and honesty. Any complex system of finance depends on an elaborate network of trust. The role of Friends in promoting trust is something, as far as I know, that has never been explored, but is a subject of great potential interest, especially in our own day as we see the appalling costs of the destruction of trust. There is no question, also also, that banking, when done creatively, fosters development. The banker has a kind of pastoral function in economic life, particularly in assisting the development of new enterprises. Nevertheless, it also has spiritual costs. Money is abstract and there is always the danger of losing the direct human contact that lies behind monetary transactions.

The 19th century in England also represented a certain move of Quakers into politics. One thinks particularly of the name of John Bright, who played a significant role not only in the abolition of the corn laws and the establishment of free trade but also seems to have played some role in preventing Britain giving military support to the southern states in the American Civil War. Friends also contributed to the abolition of the slave trade. Clarkson, who played an important role in this, was not a Quaker, but was so impressed by the support which he received from Quakers that he wrote a delightful "Portraiture of Quakerism," perhaps the best source on what the early 19th century of Society of Friends was like in England. I recall a delightful passage in which he says that the only recreation of the Quakers is domestic bliss, testifying to the intensely family-centered economy and society which the Society of Friends cherished.

The missionary enterprise which gathered steam in the middle of the 19th century also had a very substantial economic effect all around the world, but this was not peculiar to the Society of Friends. In the United States, of course, the 19th century was largely occupied by separations and by the capture of a large part of the Society of Friends by evangelical revivalism. Friends certainly continued to play an important role in economic life but it is hard to think of much in the way of innovation. The anti-slavery movement and concern for more just treatment of American Indians are, however, a constantly recurring theme.

In the 20th century, the pattern become extremely diverse and complex. We get what might be called paternalistic enterprise, especially in England in the Cadburys and the Rowntrees. It might almost be called the chocolate syndrome, as almost all the chocolates in England seemed to be made by Quakers. Cadbury poineered in Bourneville, a "model suburb" for his employees. Rowntree in York pioneered in social surveys. About the beginning of the 20th century, the "social gospel" movement influenced the Society of Friends, both in England and the United States, particularly in the non-evangelical groups. Part of this came as a response to the challenge of secular socialist ideologies, part out of a concern for the failure of capitalist societies to deal with problems of depression, poverty, and a highly unequal distribution of income.

The American Friends Service Committee, founded in 1917 as a result of the First World War, originated as an expression of the peace testimony but soon became involved in problems of the economy and the social order. By this time, working-class Friends were mostly found in the evangelical branches, and non-evangelical Friends tended to be lower middle or even upper middle class. There were one or two Quaker experiments with what might be called "participatory enterprise," such as the Scott-Bader Company in England, which re-organized itself somewhat along the lines of a workers' cooperative. In some quarters, there has been sympathy with Marxism as a political creed though not as a religious one, and with liberationism, environmentalism, and the anti-nuclear movement, though none of these are peculiar to Friends. There has not been very much participation of the labor movement, though some Friends have found a congenial role as mediators and conciliators. A striking phenomenon in the 20th century has been the movement of the Society of Friends into universities and university towns, where most of the new Meetings of non-evangelical Friends have developed. A few individual Friends have made important contributions to the social sciences, but on the whole the Society of Friends has not had close contact with social science research and has only given very meager support to the movement for peace research.

This brings us to the second question: are Friends making a unique contribution today to economic life? I think one would almost have to answer this by saying much less so than in the past. On the whole, the social concerns of the Society of Friends reflect those of a secular left-wing liberalism and are not closely tied into a distinctive religious experience and message. An exception to this would be the work of the Friends Committee on National Legislation, which does try to maintain contacts with the local Meetings. Outside the central issues of war, peace, and disarmament, it has not been easy to come to more than a very general consensus. Most of the "new Meetings" usually encompass a wide variety of political as well as theological views among the membership. What holds the Meeting together is a common "liturgical taste," as one Friend put it, in the silent Meeting and the cultivation of mutual respect and affection among those who have diverse views. Love rather than unity is perhaps characteristic of 20th century Quakerism. A few individual Friends have been making some unique economic witness in terms of simple

living, small communities, living under taxable income, tax refusal, and so on. These cases, however, are rather rare, and most Meetings shy away from any suggestion that the economic decisions of individual members or attenders should in some sense be under the concern or care of the Meeting. It would not be far from the truth to say that economic matters are seldom a major concern for 20th-century Friends Meetings.

Up to this point, I have confined this very sketchy account to Britain and North America. There are Friends groups scattered around the world, in Alaska, Central America, Bolivia, a very large group in Kenya, small groups in India and Japan, and in Western Europe, which are partly the result of evangelical missionary activity, partly the result of service activity. In the poor countries, Friends are playing a role in education, in training for business, in government, in bring people towards the modern world, but the groups are widely scattered and diverse. The Friends World Committee, however, does act as a network of communication among them and does have concerns about the right use of world resources and the gap between rich and poor.

My third question: what are the successes and the failures of the American economy?--is a very large one and can only be treated very sketchily. What is counted as a success and what is counted as a failure, of course, depends upon our values, and these may differ from person to person. Certainly, however, the American economy has been an expanding one in both population and riches. People mostly of European cultural and genetic descent have expanded into what was for them a very large empty niche, which is now fairly full, thereby, however, severely constricting and destroying earlier cultures. The American economy has participated in a worldwide explosion of knowledge, know-how, and technological change, especially since the mid-19th century, which is in considerable part the result of the application of the "knowledge explosion" of science to the production of human artifacts. At least since the early 19th century, we have approximately doubled our per capita real income every generation. This has been accompanied by a steady rise in the proportion of national income going to labor, 40% in the 19th century and 80% today.

Offsetting this has been the failure to control depression and unemployment, particularly in the Great Depression of the 1930's, when unemployment went up to 25%. There has been a failure to change the proportional distribution of income since the 1930's. The poorest 20% have continued to get about 5% of national income, although, of course, the fact that the per capital incomes have doubled in the last generation means that we about halved the amount of poverty. Since the 1970's, the failure to solve the inflation-unemployment dilemma is a serious one. Economic discrimination by race and by sex continues in spite of some honest and conscious efforts to improve this.

The civilian government has been remarkably decentralized to the state and local levels. This brings a sense of participation and has probably led to a high public investment in education to the point now where almost 50% of each age group goes to college. The principal changes of the last 50 years have been the very sharp rise in the proportion of GNP going to the war industry, from about 0.6% in the 1930's to about 6 or 7% today, and a very striking rise in the public grants economy, now something like 10% of the GNP. This, however, is not very well coordinated and guided. A good deal of redistribution goes to the rich for agricultural and educational subsidies, and the like. The overall tax system is not very progressive except at the top 5% or bottom 10%. In the last 10 years or so, the rate of increase in productivity has markedly declined. The causes for this are not wholly clear, but the internal brain drain into the war industry accounts for some of it. An explosion in federal and state regulation may also account for some of it,

or it may just be that we are running out of new ideas.

Since 1870, the rise of the corporation has transformed the organizational structure of the American economy. This has been the result of what I have called the "organizational revolution," largely as a result of improved means of communication and transportation, such as the telephone, the typewriter, and now the computer, railroads, the automobile, airplanes, and so on. This has pushed back the point at which diminishing returns to scale of organization set in. The same movement that created General Motors also created the Soviet Union and socialist states, which are, after all, large corporations with a monopoly of political power and operating in an environment in which threats and persuasion are more important than exchange. Large-scale organization has been insensitive to the values of participation, although Japan has done better than most societies on this. There is a great variety of corporate subcultures. The rise of the labor movement is also part of the organizational revolution and has developed some "countervailing power," to use a phrase of Galbraith, for the corporations. In the United States, however, it is stagnant, and indeed, a declining proportion of the labor force.

An important element in the development of the United States is the banking system, which unlike most developed societies, has been highly decentralized. This probably has fostered local initiative and ingenuity, though with some cost in bank failures in the past. The Federal Reserve System, on the whole, has operated poorly, especially in the Great Depression, and at present seems to be quite incapable of contributing to the control of inflation. Monopoly has been a serious problem in some cases, as in drugs, the medical profession, and a few craft unions in the cities. On the whole, though, it has not severely interfered with economic development. A unique American invention was the anti-trust acts and particularly their use to break up large corporations. This was done in 1911, but has not been done since, which perhaps is a pity. One of the great dilemmas or organizations is that it is much easier to grow than not to grow. Hence, there is continual pressure for growth. It is impossible to grow for long, however, without getting big. This can be a disadvantage. One possible answer to this is the occasional break-up of large organizations, even in their own interests.

Perhaps the greatest weakness of economic policy in the United States has been in relative price policy and in the redistribution of income. We have manipulated the price system, for instance, for agricultural price supports, rent control, and so on. This has had some favorable effects in reducing uncertainty, especially in agriculture, and it would be argued that the tremendous technological advance in agriculture since the 1930's was in part the result of this. However, the distributional impacts have been unfavorable. If we try to redistribute income through the relative price structure, we will always end up subsidizing the rich, as we do in agricultural subsidies and educational subsidies. The whole relation of the price and wage structures to income distribution and inflation needs much further study. If our society has an Achilles heel, this is probably it.

Whether Friends could make any unique contributions to these problems is a question for the future. There is a considerable reservoir of skill within the Society of Friends, particularly in the social sciences, but this reservoir is very rarely tapped. There is a latent anti-intellectualism in the Society of Friends which perhaps goes back to George Fox's revelation that one did not have to be bred at Oxford and Cambridge to be a minister of the gospel! The Society was late coming to higher education. It has still not come to organized research. Proposals for a Quaker research institute have been made from time to time, and so far they have not come to anything. This, again, is a question for the future.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of *The Guilford Review* has as its theme "The Inward Journey": an examination of our progress toward self-understanding through a variety of modes, from scholarly essay to informal dialogue. The life experience of the writers here is varied, yet common motifs arise. Three--Walter Blass, Ted Benfey, and Wolf Mendl--fled from Nazi Cermany; for several others--Bill Burris, Paul Campbell, Mary Feagins--time spent in Cermany has shaped their perceptions in important ways. Others--Jane Caris, Ann Deagon--focus on journeys closer to home. Some--Jackie Ludel, Donald Millholland, Jeff Minick--discuss their interior searching directly; others present themselves to us in self portraits in art or poetry. It is our hope that this issue will serve not only to reveal the inward journey of the writers, but also to call up in the readers their own memories, dreams, and reflections.

--Ann Deagon, Editor

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C O N T E N T S

SELF PORTRAIT	*Jim McMillan*	1
THE INWARD JOURNEY AND THE OUTWARD FORM	*Samuel Schuman*	2
EASTERN DIVIDE	*Jane Godard Caris*	8
ONE RELIGIOUS JOURNEY	*Walter P. Blass*	10
SEVENTH DAY EVENT 1967	*Charity James*	14
PASSION FLOWER	*Adele Wayman*	15
TWO STUDIES	*Jacqueline Ludel*	16
THE MYSTIC WAY	*Donald Millholland*	18
ENCLOSURES	*Ann Deagon*	22
ON TURNING THIRTY	*Jeffrey Minick*	24
SELF PORTRAIT: MIXED EMOTIONS	*Roy Nydorf*	29
IN OUR TIME	*Paul Campbell*	30
TRAVELS BETWEEN TWO TONGUES	*Mary Feagins*	31
GUIDANCE, CHANCE, AND FATE	*Theodor Benfey* *Wolf Mendl*	36
TWO POEMS	*William Burris*	46
CONTRIBUTORS		48



SELF-PORTRAIT

--Jim McMillan

THE INWARD JOURNEY AND THE OUTER FORM: ART AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN THE WORKS OF VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Samuel Schuman

The "inward journey," is, of course, a pivotal element of the theory and practice of the Society of Friends. The examination of the self is also, though, the axis around which revolves an enormous, complex and often bewildering portion of our Western literary heritage. For example, the masterpiece of the first great English poet, Geoffrey Chaucer (The Canterbury Tales, c. 1400) includes dimensions of hilarious self-parody and simultaneously raises probing and horribly final questions about the direction and the end of human life as emblematized in the life of the poet himself. Two hundred years later, Shakespeare, probably our greatest language author, asks in his most important plays essential questions about human nature, often with an overpowering intensity. If ever there was a literary character obsessed by his own inward journey, it is Hamlet, whom we see in his justly famous soliloquies peeling away successive strata of his own personality as if they were the layers of an onion. Three and a half centuries after the instrospective agonies of Hamlet, contemporary authors revert to this theme with a regularity which would be boring, were not the subject so fascinating. I wish to focus my discussion upon such a contemporary literary inward journey--autobiographical elements in the works of Vladimar Nabokov.

I.

Since my enthusiasm for this writer and his works rather clearly exceeds the bounds of normalcy, I should preface my remarks with a general note introducing this fascinating author and his works to readers who may be unfamiliar with either.

Vladimir Nabokov (the first name rhymes with "redeemer"; the surname is pronounced "na-BOH-cough") was born in pre-revolutionary, Czarist Russia just before the turn of the Twentieth Century. His family, denying at least my stereotypes of pre-Communist Russia, was both extraordinarily wealthy and vigorously liberal. Nabokov's father was a noted legal theorist and a crusading anti-antiSemite, who was jailed by the last Czarist regime for his constitutional and democratic labors. But the Nabokovs were as far to the right of the Bolsheviks as they were to the left of the Czars, and the family fled Russia after the revolution, abandoning a vast fortune and beginning some two decades of European exile for Vladimir which correspond, roughly, to the period between the two world wars. During this time he furthered his education at Cambridge University; his father was cruelly assassinated in Berlin by right-wing thugs (later employed by the Nazis); he met and married the woman who would remain his wife for the rest of his days, Vera; and became a father.

Early in the 40's, Nabokov and his family fled from Europe (Mrs. Nabokov is Jewish), and came to the United States, where the author initiated a teaching career,

mainly at Cornell University. He simultaneously made important contributions as a practicing professional scientist in the field of entomology--specifically in the microscopic differentiation of butterfly species. First in Europe, then in America, Nabokov created a modest body of fiction (initially in his native Russian, then, roughly coinciding with his second migration, in his adopted English language) which slowly developed a small, quiet, but loyal readership. This rather sleepy life of teacher, scientist, and minor author was shattered in the mid 1950's by the publication of Lolita ("hurricane Lolita" as Nabokov called it), a work which created a scandal and was branded pornographic and shocking by self-proclaimed censorious types who, unfortunately, did not or could not actually read the book: I have never met anyone who truly finished the novel who considered it prurient. The predictable fiscal boon occasioned by this scandalous best-seller enabled Nabokov to retire from teaching and devote his full energies to authorship. He moved back to Europe in 1960, although he retained American citizenship and an almost fanatical loyalty to his adopted country. He died in Switzerland in 1977.

Nabokov is primarily and rightly remembered as a novelist, although he did write some amusing, generally old-fashioned poetry and a number of excellent short stories. He is also the author of Speak, Memory, an autobiography, which we shall be considering at greater length later. His novels fall into two not-very-distinct groups: those first written in Russian and those composed in English. The reason that this border is not as clear as it might appear is that Nabokov played a very large part in translating his own works, to the extent that many of his "Russian" novels were virtually rewritten when "translated" (often several decades after initial publication) into English. His major English language novels include The Real Life of Sebastian Knight (in which the narrator seeks to discover the "real" identity of his brother, a writer with several superficial resemblances to Nabokov); Bend Sinister (about an absurd dictatorship); Lolita (narrated by a middle-aged European man with a passion for a teen-aged American girl); Pale Fire (a poem, followed by a commentary and index, all by fictional characters); Ada (a complex fantasy in which the narrator describes his 92-year life and incestuous love affair with his sister); Transparent Things (about an American publisher and his relationship with an idiosyncratic Russian novelist); and Look at the Harlequins (a parody autobiography of an author strikingly similar to Nabokov himself). It need hardly be appended that these are difficult, highly unusual, and quite original creations.

II.

Nabokov utilizes autobiographical material in three distinct ways in his works, which I shall examine in ascending rank of complexity and interest.

First, and most commonly, many of Nabokov's novels are fictionally autobiographical: that is, they are told by an "I," a first person narrator invented by the author to tell a fictional story. What makes this device less ordinary in the works of this particular writer is that his fictive narrators are never very reliable, and are often the poorest of informants, being either lunatics or liars, or both. In other words, several of Nabokov's novels present us with stories told by storytellers we cannot begin to trust. This device, in turn, asks that the reader judge what parts of the narration, if any, are "true," even within the fictional confines of the imaginative work. Further, it forces us to examine, with extra care, the character of the narrator himself, since it is only by our knowledge of the narrative lens that we can reconstruct with any accurary the picture which we are seeing filtered through that lens: it is only by understanding the cracks and distortions of the lens that (to beat an already dead metaphor into the ground) an undistorted orginal can be recreated. One example of Nabokov's use of the fictive autobiographical device may illustrate the cleverness with which he manipulates this technique.

The novel Despair (recently made into a movie, incidentally) is narrated by a character named Hermann. The book begins as a fairly conventional and familiar mystery/crime story: the narrator attempts to claim his own life insurance by killing a tramp who is his mirror image, changing clothes with his victim, and substituting the tramp's body for his own. What makes this story unique and somewhat bizarre in Nabokov's masterly treatment is that we--the readers--come very gradually to the realization that Hermann is not a clever criminal but a raving lunatic. Particularly, he is totally mistaken in his very essential perception that the tramp he kills is his physical double--obviously

the key to the entire criminal undertaking. In fact, the body never fools anyone, and the novel ends with Hermann raving about his own cleverness...as the police close in.

In addition to being an amusing twist of the plot, Hermann's insanity (his distorted inward journey) is thematically vital. Through this device, Nabokov is making a favorite idea of his clear: that the line between fiction and fact is far more elusive than we usually think. He demonstrates that (to use his own figure of speech) "reality" must always wear its crown of quotation of marks. Hermann's "reality" is real only to his disfigured perception. But, Nabokov gleefully reminds us, it could not be "real" anyway since he--Nabokov--invented Hermann, and any "reality" which Hermann occupies is therefore going to be fictional (that is, a "lie") anyway. A literary character can, within the world of the literary work, tell the truth or lie about his or her own life, but in relation to our own world, both that truth and that falsehood are equally (?) untrue. Nabokov, in other words, creates a singularly unreliable narrator in order to show how all narration, and in a sense, therefore all autobiography, is inherently unreliable--or at least "fictional."

Hermann is only one striking example of Nabokov's first method of utilizing autobiographical material, the fictional autobiography. Equally striking, and equally odd, examples are found in Lolita, Ada, Transparent Things, The Eye (in which the narrator is killed half-way through the book!), Bend Sinister, and several other novels and short stories. In all these cases, it is made abundantly clear that the pathways of "inward journeys" can be (in the words of the Jacobean dramatist John Webster) "winding and indirect."

III.

A second technique involves the utilization of "real" autobiographical material in works of fiction. Nabokov himself, parts of his life, or people and places of especial personal significance appear, Hitchcock-like, within the artificial worlds of the novels. I have already noted how the main character in Look at the Harlequins is a parody version of Nabokov, including his authorship of several works which are obviously parallels to actual works by Nabokov. This is also the case of Sebastian Knight in The Real Life of Sebastian Knight. In Pnin, one character says to another:

> 'Pity Vladimir Vladimirovich is not here," remarked Chateau. 'He would have told us all about these enchanting insects.'
>
> 'I have always had the impression that his entomology was merely a pose.'
>
> 'O no,' said Chateau.
>
> (Pnin, p. 127)

This self-referential technique could be amply illustrated from the entire panoply of Nabokov's works: Lolita shows up in Pale Fire; the Russian pseudonym "Sirin" under which Nabokov first wrote is assigned to a character in the fiction of Ada; and in that novel, too, we see a "*Lolita*" as a previously unheard-of style of little girls' dress!

In Speak, Memory, Nabokov describes the process by which bits and pieces of himself and his life are transmuted into literature:

> I have often noticed that after I had bestowed on the characters of my novels some treasured item of my past, it would pine away in the artificial world where I had so abruptly placed it. Although it lingered on in my mind, its personal warmth, its retrospective appeal had gone, and presently, it became more closely identified with my novel than with my former self, where it had seemed to be so safe from the intrusion of the artist. Houses have crumbled in my memory as soundlessly as they did in the mute films of yore, and the portrait of my old French governess, whom I once lent to a boy in one of my books, is fading fast, now that it is engulfed in the description of a childhood entirely unrelated to my own. The man in me revolts against the fictionalist....
>
> (Speak, Memory, p. 95)

Some such method is probably part of every novelist's repertoire--it is hard to imagine a writer of fiction not inserting him or herself into that world of fiction. But rarely is this technique utilized so pervasively, so self-consciously and so explicitly as in Nabokov. It is as if he perpetually teases and dares the reader to guess which details

of his works are imaginary, and which are pilfered autobiographical tidbits.

Again, the thematic thrust seems to be one which weakens, perhaps even erases, the boundaries between fact and fiction, between "reality" and artifice.

IV.

The final autobiographical trait in Nabokov's works is perhaps the most surprising twist of all. We have seen already how this author constructs his novels as fictive autobiographies, and how "real" autobiographical elements are transmuted into his fictional worlds. I would now like to turn to Speak, Memory, Nabokov's autobiography which I have already cited in passing. This work is a stylistic and structural masterpiece--a point which I consider vital and to which I shall shortly return. But, fascinatingly, it is not the one thing we usually expect an autobiography to be: accurate. In fact, a close reading of the work reveals several moments which are quite clever fictional intrusions into what we--perhaps naively--presumed to be a literal and photographically true account of Nabokov's life. In effect, just as Nabokov has smuggled autobiographical facts into his works of fiction, so too he has imported creativity and imagination into a study which we would have imagined to be purely reporting.

As an example, consider the following account of a mysteriously disappearing author (Nabokov had been running through a list of his fellow èmigré writers in Paris and Berlin in the 20's):

> But the author that interested me most was naturally Sirin. He belonged to my generation. Among the young writers produced in exile he was the loneliest and most arrogant one. Beginning with the appearance of his first novel in 1925 and throughout the next fifteen years, until he vanished as strangely as he had come, his work kept provoking an acute and rather morbid interest on the part of critics. Just as Marxist publicists of the eighties in old Russia would have denounced his lack of concern with the economic structure of society, so the mystagogues of èmigré letters deplored his lack of religious insight and of moral preoccupation. . .Conversely, Sirin's admirers made much, perhaps too much, of his unusual style, brilliant precision, functional imagery, and that sort of thing. Russian readers who had been raised on the sturdy straightforwardness of Russian realism and had called the bluff of decadent cheats, were impressed by the mirror-like angles of his clear but weirdly misleading sentences and by the fact that the real life of his books flowed in his figures of speech, which one critic has compared to 'windows giving upon a contiguous world...a rolling corollary, the shadow of a train of thought.' Across the dark sky of exile, Sirin passed, to use a simile of a more conservative nature, like a meteor, and disappeared, leaving nothing much else behind him than a vague sense of uneasiness.
>
> (Speak, Memory, p. 288)

What makes this portrait (one of several in a paragraph beginning "I met many other èmigré Russian authors...") odd, to say the least, is that "Sirin" is, as mentioned above, Nabokov's own pseudonym: he is here discussing himself, in the midst of his own autobiography, as a character of his acquaintance.

In another place in the same work, Nabokov describes himself chasing butterflies in July, 1910, through "the vast marshland beyond Oredezh" (a Russian river). He presses forward through a bog:

> At last I saw I had come to the end of the marsh. The rising ground beyond was a paradise of lupines, columbines, and penstemons. Mariposa lilies bloomed under Ponderosa pines. In the distance, fleeting cloud shadows dappled the dull green slopes above timber line, and the gray and white of Longs Peak.
>
> (Speak, Memory, p. 139)

Longs Peak is in Colorado: Nabokov chased a butterfly into a marsh in Russia and emerged from the other side of that marsh half-way around the world!

Other examples of this trait abound, in Speak, Memory and in other autobiographical writings, such as the prefaces, supposedly factual, to various novels, collections, and the like. But I will assume that Nabokov's unconventional blend of imagination and autobiography has been sufficiently demonstrated.

There are, then, three quite distinct and distinctive ways in which Vladimir Nabokov utilizes the autobiographical mode in his writings: the creation of fictive autobiographical narratives; the utilization of autobiographical elements in fiction; and the creation of an autobiography which turns out to be at least in part fictional itself. It remains now only to ask why Nabokov persisted in this pervasive, unremitting, almost obsessive habit of blurring autobiographical fact with imaginative fiction.

Actually, Nabokov himself gives the answer to this literary puzzle, both in his fictional and his factual writings. It is necessary to try the patience of my readers here, if any have persisted this long, with just a few more citations.

Just after the strange narration of the butterfly-hunting expedition which begins in Russia and ends in Colorado, Nabokov "explains,"

> I confess I do not believe in time. I like to fold my magic carpet, after use, in such a way as to superimpose one part of the pattern upon another. Let visitors trip.
>
> (Speak, Memory, p. 139)

He makes a similar point earlier in the same book. He has told how in his childhood he remembered playing a puzzle-game with a distinguished Russian general, involving the rearrangement of a series of matches, and how, fifteen years later, the same general had disguised himself as a peasant to escape the Communists, and Nabokov had spotted him begging for a match. He comments:

> What pleases me is the evolution of the match theme: those magic ones he had shown me had been trifled with and mislaid, and his armies had also vanished, and everything had fallen through...*The following of such thematic designs through one's life should be, I think, the true purpose of autobiography.*
>
> (Speak, Memory, p. 27, italics mine)

A final citation from Speak, Memory: at the very conclusion of this book, Nabokov notes the "blissful shock" in life and in art, of discovering, as in the child's "scrambled picture--Find What the Sailor Has Hidden--" a pattern of meaning which had previously been invisible. The reference here is to those picture puzzles in which, for example, 10 kinds of fruit are disguised as leaves of a tree, or various farm animals are hidden in a picture of a house, or some such. The point is that to Nabokov there is a kind of ecstasy in the discovery of such hidden emblems, spied in what has before seemed a purely random design. The delight he seeks and finds is that of the discovery of pattern, of order, of signs of artifice, making, art, in what had previously been perceived as random, chaotic, and unplanned. That is why the true purpose of autobiography is the discovery of thematic patterns in one's own life; and that is why Nabokov is willing to import fact into fiction and fiction into fact. He believes that life itself, in particular his life, can be grasped as either patterned or chaotic, as either art or meaninglessness. He turns the story of his own life into a work of imagination because he believes that it is only when life is understood to be a kind of fiction that it can be believed to have a kind of meaning. Pattern is a sign of art and artifice. Without design, life and art are simply chaotic. When the pattern has been found and one has seen what the sailor had hidden, the result is an epiphany, a vision "the finder cannot unsee once it has been seen." These are the final words of Speak, Memory.

Perhaps the clearest expression of this concept is found in the poem which is part of the novel Pale Fire. The poet, who is not Nabokov, but a man named "Shade" who seems a shadow of his creator in many ways, says:

> Not flimsy nonsense, but a web of sense.
> Yes! It sufficed that I in life could find
> Some kind of link-and-bobolink, some kind
> Of correlated pattern in the game,
> Plexed artistry, and something of the same
> Pleasure in it as they who played it found.
>
> It did not matter who they were. No sound,
> No furtive light came from their involute

Abode, but there they were, aloof and mute,
Playing a game of worlds...
Coordinating these
Events and objects with remote events
And vanished objects. Making ornaments
Of accidents and possibilties.

(Pale Fire, pp. 44-45)

Vladimir Nabokov poured his life into fiction and made of his autobiography a work of art. His inward journey leads to the discovery of a "correlated pattern in the game," to the pleasure of artistry. The last step, a shockingly simple one fortunately, in this already overlong and complex analysis is to note overtly the implied theology of this stance. Nabokov is an artist who (in Shakespeare's phrase) "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name." He seeks to find in his own life thematic patterns and the evidence of art, because that discovery will carry with it the implication that the writer himself is the creation of a greater Artist, whose work of creative imagination encompasses Vladimir Nabokov, and us all.

EASTERN DIVIDE

(for Gretchen)

Jane Godard Caris

An evening storm was on its way.
Approaching the mass of mountains
from rising and falling plain,
we saw a wind-brushed horse in cirrus clouds.
The steed filled the northeast,
mane flamed back, drawn toward sky,
tail sweeping upward.

From an elder field of battle it came
where the first horse mounted the hill,
streamers flying, ragged edges in the wind,
silken announcement of majesty.
Here, then, would be a ride of the wildest sort,
death and life the stakes.

So the horse of power and passion,
of the lightest dance of wind,
beyond our knowing of good and evil,
flew over the mountains.
The birthing fires
seemed quietly to explode.
The beast, now horizon to horizon,
settled down, down,
like a mother's bosom, father's belly,
to warm and hatch us,
to put it all to sleep and bring the snows.

II: HAMMER DOWN UP OLD FORT MOUNTAIN

The mountain lies
a sleeping Mesozoic reptile,
hunkered down gathering
power these long years,
granite spine cracks the sky,
confounds season,
steals from clouds,
divides the spoils,
to ocean or gulf.

The dog smells a cubic acre
to our thimble full
of nose;
when it comes to power
the Cherokee knows
in about the same portion,
walks Pisgah dome
with cautious feet, foretold
the builder of the tower
and road before the men began
to fall,
the truckers lose
control.

One friday night coming home
apricot clouds blazoned
warning
over driving faces blank
as bone.

Like a Cherokee I pared
my mind past distractions,
gave proper respect.
A break
in cloud, peach
light dreamed through,
Austrian Baroque, no higher than
the dome where Bruckner played,
chubby angels grinning
down, all heaven
a strolling park where
we provide amusement
for an afternoon.

Through a crack
in the concrete
world, I sensed a friend,
long dead, not flesh enough
for touch, too brief, a thimble full.

Shifting gears up Old Fort Mountain,
a trucker honked,
grinned down, hot
for friday night and
cold Schlitz beer.
We descended into plateau,
each having caught a scent
of the beast.

ONE RELIGIOUS JOURNEY

From A Talk at Meredith College

Walter P. Blass

I was born in Germany fifty years ago of a father who had violently rejected Judaism and a mother who was still very much attached to it. I have a birth certificate written in Hebrew as well as one in very officious bureaucratic German. Yet my formal education in the religion of my forefathers was non-existent. I did not set foot in a shul until I was twelve and then rejected it.

Yet something happened. I went to kindergarten in Cologne and found myself playing alone, sometimes ostracized just because I was Jewish. The time was 1934; Hitler had just come to power and the cry of anti-semitism was officially blessed in Nazi Germany. One evening as my father walked me home, we passed a synagogue and went inside. I asked what the eight candles were all about and my father explained the Feast of Hannukah and its origins in the Apocrypha.

He also told me then of the Kristallnacht, the night the Nazi hoodlums smashed every window of the synagogues they could locate all over Germany.

By the age of five, I was a refugee for the first time--to Belgium, where we moved because my father could no longer pursue his profession openly in Germany. A new language, a new set of customs, different everything except my family unit, which remained intact.

Was there a religious influence in my home? Not overtly. We shared the house with an older couple, a Hungarian married to a German woman, and her 90-year-old mother. They were not practicing "anythings" but those of us who have lived among the European generation raised at the turn of the century were certainly exposed to a definite set of don't's and do's (in that order). I can still reel off a host of German sayings that I learned from the old lady from "Actions speak louder than words" (I always made too much noise around the house!) to "Apples fall close to the tree" (whatever good or bad apple I was, I suppose!).

But Hitler did not remain chancellor of Germany alone; in 1938 he annexed Austria, then part of Czechoslovakia, in 1939 invaded Poland, and when I was ten, he marched into Belgium.

Again we were refugees, but this time without my father. He was interned the first day of the war by the Belgians, who were afraid of German spies in their midst.

So the couple who lived with us--the mother having moved in the meantime--my mother and I started driving west and then

south into France. If the story of Mary and Joseph means something to me personally it is because of that experience: sleeping in fields, barns, and almost never in hotels; finding myself in jail two months later because the local gendarme decided we were enemy aliens; now my mother disappeared, interned in a camp on the Spanish frontier. For two months, I lived in a home for delinquent children--since the jail keeper didn't have a budget for extra juvenile refugees! Fortunately the home was next door to a veteran's hospital and across the road from a gypsy camp, so I had a lot of opportunity to meet Senegalese soldiers and swarthy gypsies. Since the place was southeastern France, I would regularly be taken to Mass in the local Catholic Church, but not to the Sacrament.

By the time I was released, and we came together as a family, my father was in touch with the Quakers in Marseilles. By the way, if any of you wonder whether all you saw in the movie "Julia" or read in the book War and Remembrance by Herman Wouk is true, you're looking at an eyewitness. Wouk describes the Quaker office in Southern France, its resident sage and the crowd of refugees sitting on the stairs and in the halls, to perfection. Through the help of the Quakers, my father got a U.S. visa and seven months before Pearl Harbor, I sailed up the Hudson, an eleven-year-old with widened eyes.

My contact with Quakers became more regular when I was 13 and we started attending Meeting in New Haven. Held in the common room of one of the oldest Yale buildings in huge leather chairs with the sun streaming through stained glass windows, it made a big impression on me. The service took place without music, but with a large variety of individuals testifying to their perception of God and his creation. But the biggest impression was of the radiant face of an 18-year-old young woman--the daughter of a Yale professor of religion--whose whole being seemed possessed of what Quakers call the Inner Light. I had never seen someone so happy and yet so natural and friendly. Her whole family took us into their circle, and if generosity was ever exemplified, this was it.

Through contacts in the Meeting, my father got me accepted at the Choate School. All week long, I was indoctrinated in High Church Episcopalianism but on Sundays, the son of the Headmaster took me to Quaker Meeting--which may explain why I like my Bach and Handel all week, and my silences on Sunday! Seriously though, that three years exposure to two such divergent strands of American Protestantism was a major factor in my "Americanization."

I went to a Quaker college, Swarthmore; started to speak in Meeting, go to American Friends Service Committee work camps, and at 24 was married to a Quaker in Cambridge Meeting "in the presence of these our friends"---that's part of the service you have to say aloud as groom, and as a bride, too.

In my thirties I started to become involved in the running of the Meeting we were attending. I became clerk of Ministry and Counsel, the committee that is in charge of that most difficult aspect of Quakerism: the quality of worship. Already then I can recall being critical of the tendency of Friends to repress the negative side of their personalities, the weeds among the flowers, death and sex in the midst of children and loving couples. My wife and I taught in the Sunday School and picked the minor prophets Amos, Hosea, Daniel as being particularly relevant to the High School group we were teaching. Remember this was 1964--the revolt of the Sixties was just about to get underway, President Kennedy had been assassinated, the Vietnam War accelerating; indeed it seemed a time of troubles as it was for the Jewish people in Hosea's time.

Let me tell you a dream I had at that time. Perhaps it will give you another insight into what was happening to me and to the country. My wife and I were on the Queen Mary in the middle of the Hudson River. Suddenly a fire broke out and spread across the ship; here we were within sight of land, with all the help out of reach, and yet in the middle of the water that couldn't put the fire out. But at the moment of despair, I found that we had moved on to a small barge carrying bricks and were successfully maneuvering it to shore.

Shortly after that dream, I received an invitation to serve as an administrator in the Peace Corps. Both my wife and I were delighted. We had been talking of working in a developing country since we had met 14 years earlier. I was bored and restless at work, typical of the 35-year-old who wants to strike out on his own; what an opportunity--what a dream realized!

Well, the realities were tougher than the dream. Afghanistan is a tough

country to live out a dream of helping one's fellow man, especially for a foreigner. For the man-in-the-street, Xhoragi--foreigner--is a swearword. Foreign women seem brazen, incredibly attractive and dangerous sex symbols. The contrast in values between the Peace Corps volunteers and the Afghans was so sharp, you kept getting caught on the edges.

One of our female volunteers was a liberated woman from Washington. She was shocked and disgusted at the requirement that Afghan women had to wear the chadoor any time they were out of doors. When her Afghan counterpart insisted that her husband would divorce her if she set the chadoor aside, the volunteer poohpoohed that notion. Chadoor was put aside, the husband did divorce the woman and then the volunteer went home early, leaving one Afghan woman without honor, without visible means of support and feeling utterly betrayed by the Americans.

Well, you can imagine the impact of all this on me. I discovered that I had gone overseas for a purpose that was hidden in the dream: to save the world, or at least a piece of it. Instead, it didn't want to be saved; and instead of success and admiration, I got administrative hassles and constant counseling problems.

Even the whole Peace Corps experience seemed eclipsed by the one event that had nothing to do with it. As my family and I walked into the swim club one Sunday, I saw a very small child in the pool, "blowing bubbles soft and fine." Since she was far too young to be doing it deliberately I jumped in and pulled her out. With a few minutes of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation she came to, no worse for the ordeal. But I found myself inundated with feelings.

The youngster was a child of a German Embassy staff member. And suddenly I felt as if I had earned my right to survival from Hitler and the Holocaust: I had saved the life of another child, just as I had been saved. I felt both exhilarated and terribly let down. A part of my life had been lived out, a guilt exorcized.

What next? The typical mid-life crisis hit me with a vengeance as we came home to America. The Quaker Meeting seemed stale in comparison to where we had been. American society seemed on the verge of coming apart in 1968 with yet two more assassinations and a riot at the Democratic National Convention. If the American people were confused, so was I. Worse, I felt near despair, so lost and separated was I from what seemed ennobling and good.

That winter was the bottom, but as so frequently happens, that's when the light of the dawn started to creep in. I changed jobs and met the man who was to be my mentor for the next five years. The following summer my wife and I were invited to a Quaker group which provided new life and friends for the years ahead. My oldest and closest friend from college helped me to discover Jungian analysis and through it, an insight into the darkness of the soul that Friends were so reluctant to look at.

My mentor allowed me to actualize my new dream, that of bringing a new discipline of management, corporate planning, into the nation's largest private corporation and to follow him as he made his way to the post of Chief Executive Officer of the subsidiary company.

Jungian analysis liberated me from fears of a part of myself that I refused to look at and gave me a set of keys to the door of the unconscious, my own and others'.

As one brought up in a European and fairly straight-laced home, then educated in a discipline--economics--that assumes the human dimension away, how did I get turned around to these views? Credit must go to these friends whom I encountered so intensely then and still do. They taught me that there was "more in Heaven and Earth than is dreamt of in your philosophy."

If I have to name one insight that is particularly germane to this group, it is the immense complexity of what Jung calls the Feminine in all of us, men and women. Our Judeo-Christian culture is a patriarchal one--it favors men, puts down women in worth, in roles, even in the very language we speak. Ironically, the unconscious oppressor--man--suffers as much: just look at death rates for example. The breakthrough we need to cultivate is specifically the liberation of all of us, men and women, from these cultural, not biological roles and patterns of thought and feeling.

What then can I say to you about that very mixed religious journey--part Jewish, part Quaker, tossed about in the currents of 20th Century wars and social crises, trying to find a meaningful life? As far as the formal religious identification is concerned, I find that I am still

most comfortable in the theology of Quakerism, and rather uncomfortable in that of mainstream Judaism. If I have learned something from these struggles with the dark side of myself and others, it is precisely the validity of the recognition of "that of God in everyone" and not of the Chosen People. I am tempted almost to advocate a return to the multitheism of the Greeks, the celebration of the Feminine and the Masculine, the Apollonian and the Dionysian.

At the same time, I find myself drawn, like an iron filing to a magnet, by the prophetic vision of the early Jews and the early Quakers. Yes, I have problems with the masculine imagery, the thou-shalt-nots, the "thy God is a jealous God," yet I respect and admire the willingness of these men and women to name that which they found wrong in their society. An early Quaker, Mary Fischer, went by herself to the Sultan of Turkey and told him to get rid of his female slaves, the harem. Do you know political or religious leaders who would do that today? Further, I've become very much of a cultural relativist. No one religion, no one guru, no one individual, seems perfect, whole, pure or unwounded; yet all seem to have something of the truth. At the same time, the notion that each one must have a dream, reach beyond one's grasp, cultivate one's own garden--this too seems part of a meaningful life.

Speaking of what makes life meaningful, I'm very attracted to what seems like a secular book on a secular topic: Intellectual and Ethical Development in the College Years by William G. Perry. Dr. Perry was the head of the Bureau of Student Counseling at Harvard and wrote this book on the basis of his observations over twenty years. College students, he observed, come with the idea that teachers have the right answers and all they, as students, have to do is learn them. Gradually they discover that there are many, many answers to life's basic questions.

In time, the successful college student discovers that the questions are eternal, the answers ambiguous and changing and the task infinite; the unsuccessful student gets scared by all this ambiguity and retreats into the security of a neo-religion of all the answers or escapes into a nihilism of drugs, alcohol, or violence. To Perry, one must find within all that ambiguity those values and goals that are worthy of commitment and live that commitment out. To me that captures in very plain and simple language what Life is really about, and religion too, although it leaves the issue of theology very much as an open choice.

Let me close with two quotations. One is from the Talmud, a set of commentaries on the Old Testament: "Thine is not to finish the task, but neither is it to neglect it."

The second is a Hasidic story from the oral tradition of 18th Century Jews in Russia, as retold by Elie Wiesel in Gates of the Forest. When the great Rabbi Israel Baal Shem-Tov saw misfortune threatening the Jews it was his custom to go into a certain part of the forest to meditate. There he would light a fire, say a special prayer, and the miracle would be accomplished and the misfortune averted.

Later, when his disciple, the celebrated Magid of Mezritch, had occasion, for the same reason, to intercede with heaven, he would go to the same place in the forest and say: "Master of the Universe, listen! I do not know how to light the fire, but I am still able to say the prayer," and again the miracle would be accomplished.

Still later, Rabbi Moshe-Leib of Sasov, in order to save his people once more, would go into the forest and say: "I do not know how to light the fire, I do not know the prayer, but I know the place and this must be sufficient." It was sufficient and the miracle was accomplished.

Then it fell to Rabbi Israel of Rizhyn to overcome misfortune. Sitting in his armchair, his head in his hands, he spoke to God: "I am unable to light the fire and I do not know the prayer; I cannot even find the place in the forest. All I can do is to tell the story, and this must be sufficient." And it was sufficient.

SEVENTH DAY EVENT 1967

Charity James

It is monstrous
those black shining beetles riding high on the rim
of the world's cheese
cake

where is the simple thing I once knew
the little look in the puddle
under the arc of the rainbow?

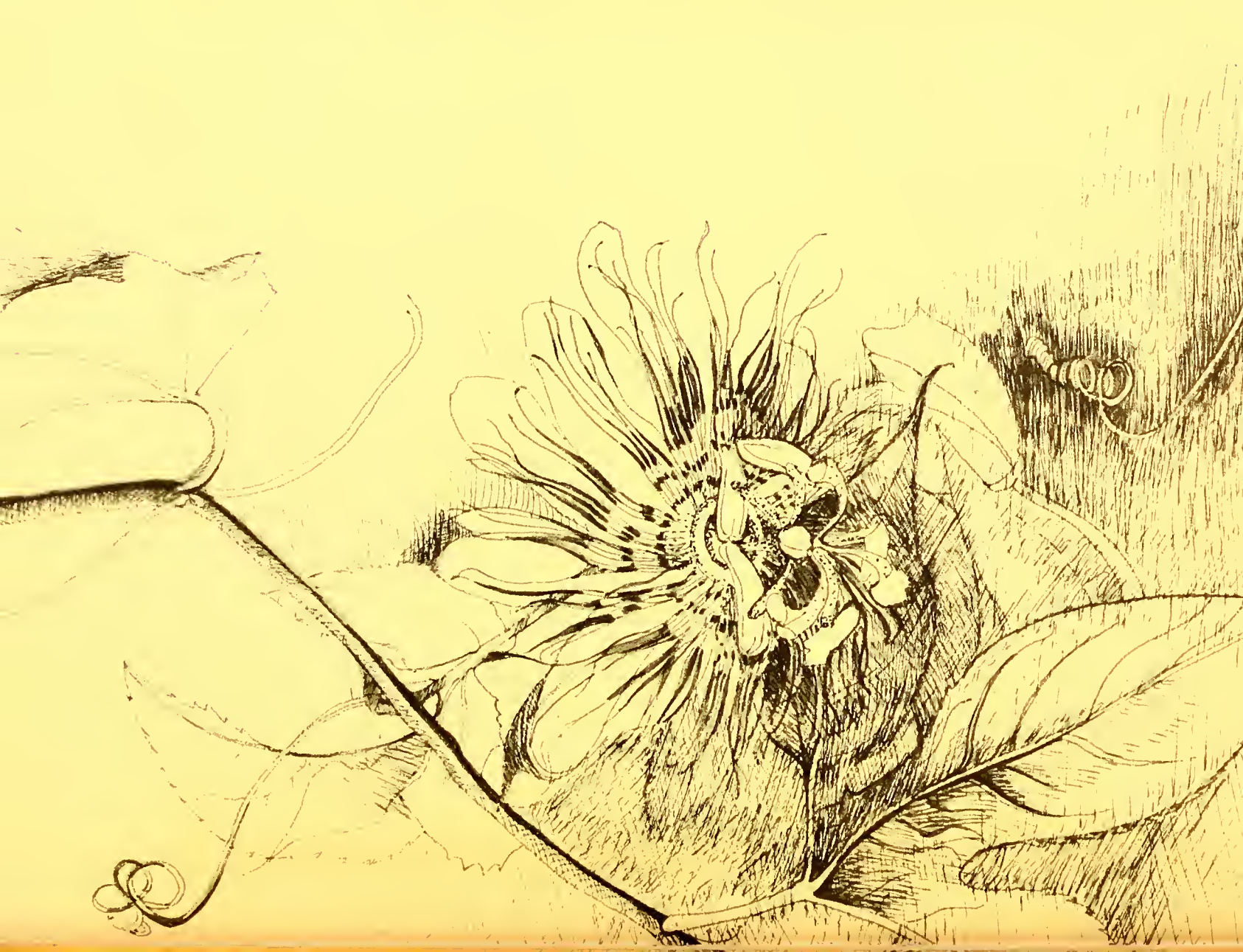
how did they dry up the dew?
it's your penis for a peepshow now
and wipe yourself off
on your grandmother's antimacassar
the neoliths are marching
roundheaded into the hill

while my breasts sag with the world's implenitude
And the father of it all has gone away for the day
bullheaded hefty rump in black stuff suit and the chalkstripes
on a cheap day ticket that he may not even take the trouble to come back by.
it's the wednesdays are the worst the chafing
cheek to cheek of two meaningless cycles

The gun carriages turn slowly slowly
move across the concourse
and the young men stand four one to a corner
looking away from one another
it is the peace that is missing that comes from looking
very carefully at something that is quite small
and has something to say to you that only you understand
for to others its message is different
when we all try to receive an identical signal
it's zerozerozerozerozero

And here drawn up bandwagon to bandwagon
in rectitudinal oblongs are the world's ciphers
in columns
no place here for crabs to sidle
or scallops with their dangerous chinks
through which their ichor might slide

IT WAS THE SEVENTH MOURNING OF THE MAKING OF THE WORLD
and we had discovered order and the lash
The sentinels stood by the catafalque landbankly sober
seeing nothing
and our white entrails slashed across the oblong
honouring the sky silent king.



PASSION FLOWER

This drawing is a self-portrait in the sense that for me all flowers seem to express human feeling in my paintings and that for me--this summer--this passion flower is an appropriate expression.

--*Adele Wayman*

TWO STUDIES

Jacqueline Ludel

LIFE ALONE

Living alone is not synonymous with life alone. The former is something transitory, a series of days (however long, however short) marked off from the remainder by oneness. But life alone is persistent, relentless, and unforgiving. There is no past, no future of multiplicity. The kernel of each day, of all days, is a simple dictum: I am solely unto myself. And that hard little nut, resistant to hydrochloric acid, sits in the belly, refusing to come up or go down.

Living alone is sometimes praised; life alone is forever endured. There is no way to tend a mid-back wound; nothing simple about securing a package with twine; no echoing laughter; no riding of seesaws, literal or otherwise. And never was there; never shall there be. For Ms. Didion there may be yogic discipline to a migraine and intimations of nirvana when the siege ends. But she has a husband- a migrainous one, praise lord. In life alone, migraines are pulsating, vicious highlights of isolation, with writhings unchecked and moans unsoftened because no other is present. Ten paces to the icebag; twelve to the freezer; another dozen to find the bed again; and always it is the same twitching, sweating, shivering, confused, pained self who must march. Twenty steps, back and forth, teetering for the aspirin, groaning for the Seconal, hurrying for the toilet; watching the hour and thinking of those whose lives un-alone may have to be disrupted for ferrying to the emergency room. When it ends, yes there is relief but, Dear Joan, there is also such anger.

Sex is a sham- not even a remembrance or a rehearsal. Pale and faded, affection is just enough of love to be a reminder of what is not. Letters and rings of the phone are startling and joyous, and precisely because they are, there are winces no less than those evoked by empty mailboxes and silences. Islands of companionship are layered with quicksand, promising sustenance but delivering treachery; after the party, the film, the concert, all the comments and questions and wonderments come in dialogues scored for solo voice; there is no continuity, no constancy, no assurance and, illusory or not, the appearance of moorings does give heart's ease.

I have watched a man, newly widowed, suck so hard on his cigarettes that he consumed each in two, three drafts. Suddenly living alone, he was gulping for comfort, drawing deeply upon recollections. In life alone, however, there is nothing to inhale except the scents and signs of solitariness. I have heard a friend, during his dying, speak of connectedness and sense a something that would both outlast and memorialize him. In life alone, the present is all there is and it is thoroughly discon-

nected, unrelated. I have listened to myself whimper "no more" and known there is yet more, so much more, still waiting.

SPRING PSALM

Snow a week ago. It wasn't a tender storm with doily-flakes that cling, but a pelting, wind-driven, grained downfall that leaves limbs bare and the earth unexpectedly, unpredictably recontoured. Against the tattoo of kosher-salt-granules blown against the roof and windows, I held close a quilt of stubbornness. It would end.

Sickness came and stayed, stayed and grew worse. The symptoms: hunger that became nausea even when answered only by crackers and watery tea; legs that ached no matter where or how they rested; relentless head pains that would not ease despite all the gimmicks desperately acquired over the years. Coiled position was no better, no worse, than shuckling (empty of davening, it was, alas, autistic) but in combination, it was more possible than anything else. I did not believe I could see myself through. I considered an ambulance but how could I explain a call to come through the storm, along roads that disappeared and reappeared with the oscillating drifts? The fact that sirens were screaming (and ought to be screaming) inside my head made it no simpler to face bedraggled, would-be rescuers; the emergency was not going to yield to their armamentarium.

Medical Report

Patient: female, age 35.
BP: 120/80.
Pulse: 70.
Temperature: 98.6.
Pupils: equal and responsive.
EKG: normal.
Injuries: none.
Complaints: angst, agony, failure of spirit and hope. Not a single lighting of the fireplace throughout the winter. Rage when close and brittle loneliness when distant.

I held fast to stubbornness, grabbing at the thought that I was simultaneously parent and child. There was no one to call. There were no bargains to strike. There was the storm, and the sickness, and the stubbornness.

Snow a week ago, but spring now. A solitary pied-billed grebe dives often in the pond, feasting well. With premature zest, there are joggers and cyclists and frisbee tossers and encased buds everywhere. But the sirens have not stopped. The exuberant voices of the celebrants come through open windows and are no less than bamboo shoots under the fingernails.

I sit here, rocking and wincing, gray hairs growing, flesh turning mushy, and wonder what the week has meant. Perhaps it would now be possible to phone for the ambulance; fewer explanations are needed when the sun is warm. A call might give the rescuers something to savor; an excuse to get outside but nothing momentous or tragic at the end of the drive.

I sit here, writing with a wooden Exacta No. 2, refusing to use my father's Sheaffer. It saw me through a book not long ago but now it seems impossible: no eraser, the need for lead replacements, the gold is slippery. Wally he was, a work wallah, dead at 38. The pencil, memento mori, is a relic. I shun the reminders. I sit at my own brink.

There is a borderline between winter and spring. It was crossed this week. But there are other borderlines that are straddled forever.

THE MYSTIC WAY

Donald Millholland

My earliest religious memories stem from the liberal protestant background in which I was raised. I knew at a very early age that religion was something to be inwardly experienced. Religious experience was the term I understood at the time but the experience of religion I had and subsequently developed was what I later came to understand as mysticism.

During my undergraduate days at Duke I read the works of Rufus Jones and I liked his definition of mysticism

> I shall use the word mysticism to express the type of religion which puts the emphasis on immediate awareness of a relation with God, on direct and intimate consciousness of the Divine Presence. It is religion in its most acute intense and living stage.[1]

I found friends at Duke who shared my interest in mysticism and we formed a small group which met from time to time to share an experience of worship. We understood ourselves as Christian Mystics and we also knew that we were pacifists.

Our moral concern about peace in the world was all the more intense as a result of our shared mystical awareness. Rufus Jones distinguished between positive mystics and negative mystics. Negative mysticism involved a "flight of the alone to the alone." This referred to the isolated mystic whose only concern is to escape from this world. Positive mysticism involved a deep concern to work in the world. We liked to think of ourselves as positive in our mystical outlook and were an ecumenical group who were theologically and politically liberal. Our religious vocabulary was brought to our experience from our various religious traditions. Although none of us were Quakers, I think we were very much like Quakers in our beliefs and practices. I remember, however, that when I was reading Rufus Jones I was not concerned about whether or not I was a Quaker but I was concerned to understand mysticism and pacifism. I believe these early experiences of mine made me happy to teach at a Friends College and I know it was inevitable that I was to become a member of the Society of Friends.

Jones was careful to confine his mysticism to what he described as sane experience. This type of experience is vital and a very real sense of Divine Presence, "but it does not lead to visions, or voices or trances." What it did was to give him strength to work for good in the world. Jones did not want others to think his advocacy of mysticism had anything pathological about it, nor would I.

However positive and sane mysticism affects one, it does involve some negation. First of all mystics believe that one must disentangle oneself from any preoccupation with the world. According to Jones it requires "purity of heart." This means a cleansing away of prejudice, hate, envy; and having an intense desire for God. I remember that concentration played a distinct role in opening up for me the possibility of mystical experience. Evelyn Underhill speaks about detachment as a prelude to the mystical life. This meant one thing to the great saints of the church and other things to Quakers. For the traditional Catholic mystic, poverty, chastity and obedience are the basic qualities of purity. Poverty involved a detachment from all finite things, chastity meant a soul cleansed from personal desire, and obedience meant surrender to God's Will.[2] Quakers speak of simplicity.

Some mystics take this to an extreme and deny themselves everything. The ideal would seem to be to arrive at a state where one would not have to be without anything in order to be pure and would not have to have everything in order to be happy. This would be a modest, simple life. It would also include a desire to know God's presence and a willingness to respond to his leadership.

Mystic contemplation requires concentration. I remember at first finding it difficult to concentrate, to put away the sounds and smells and feelings around me. I also remember that it became easier, and at that deepest point of concentration I was filled with a great sense of Divine presence. Quakers refer to this as centering down into silence.

Knowing Divine presence in mystic contemplation is knowing in the personal and intimate sense as opposed to knowing in the intellectual or objective sense of that term. There is in this experience a great energy that is felt.

I remember reading Brother Lawrence's "Practicing the Presence of God" and realizing that this experience could accompany all the daily tasks of life. This was an important development for me. Now I know that whenever I turn my thoughts in that direction I can at any moment be overwhelmed by a sense of awe at the wonder of it all. I find now that all of this makes the most sense in the midst of a Friends meeting for worship.

It is the group experience of worship that keeps mysticism from being a "flight of the alone to the alone." At least that is a check on any tendency in that direction. However, each individual has the possibility of finding his own mystic way.

George Fox appeared to have many experiences characteristic of great mystics of the past. Here is an example:

> Now was I come up in spirit through the flaming sword into the paradise of God. All things were new and all the creation gave another smell unto me than before beyond what words can utter. I knew nothing but pureness and innocency, and righteousness being renewed up into the image of God by Jesus Christ, so that I say I was come up to the state of Adam before he fell.[3]

He comes as close as he ever did to the ultimate mystical experience. His "openings" were great visions of eternity, and his descriptions of them approach the ecstasy of classical, mystical utterance. But they did not come to him at first as he wandered in darkness and struggled against temptations.

John Woolman describes an incredible experience in his Journal. He was very ill and in a visionary state he believed he was near death. Then he forgot his name.

> Being then desirous to know who I was, I saw a mass of matter of a dull, gloomy color between the south and east, and was informed that this mass was human beings in as great misery as they could be, and live, and that I was mixed with them, and that henceforth I might not consider myself as a distinct or separate being. In this state I remained several hours. I then heard a soft melodious voice more pure and harmonious than any I had heard with my ears before; I believed it was the voice of an angel who spoke to other angels....the words were, "John Woolman is dead." I soon remembered that I was once John Woolman and being assured I was alive in the body, I wondered what that heavenly voice could mean. I believed without doubting that it was the voice of an Holy Angel, but as yet it was a mystery to me.[4]

This was much like the experience of mystic death that is the last step toward a pure relationship to God when the rebellious ego is transcended and true harmony is established. This is the mystic unity which mystics have always said was the highest

one could reach.

Fox and Woolman may have reached the height of mysticism but they were rooted in the company of other Friends and as a result of their experience had tremendous energy to work in the world. Fox founded and organized a religious movement and Woolman put his energies into the anti-slavery movement.

All Christian mystics, Catholic or Protestant, observed two limits which mark them off from other forms of mysticism. One is that even at the supreme mystical experience they are not absorbed into the Being of God, but retain the difference between themselves and God. The other is that all the great mystics have returned from their ascent up the mountain to work even harder in the world than ever before.

True mystical experience is so simple. It is unencumbered with any outward props. It really needs no unusual method. It requires a willingness to change one's attitude, if need be, in order to be open to Divine Transcendence. This requires a willingness to concentrate upon inwardness and a faith that with this attitude illumination will come. Sometimes this is not easy for some people. Many cannot trust in knowledge that is not objectively experienced or intellectually perceived.

Many people long for that peace which passes all understanding. They want to reach that state described by St. John of the Cross, when he felt the hand of God.

> and all my senses were in bliss suspended.
>
> Forgetful of myself my head reclined on my
> Beloved
> The world was gone and all my cares at rest
> Forgotten all my grief among the lilies.[5]

If even for a moment we can abandon the world with its cares and grief we know we must return to work in the world fulfilling our obligations to those we love and care about.

The mystic experience emphasizes the Transcendence of God because it contains the claim that it is possible to experience God when one has turned away from the world our senses perceive. The approach to mystic experience is inward and introspective whereas the approach to the world is to look outwards.

Mystical experience has been the inspiration for religious reforms, concerns for social justice, great works of poetry, music, and literature, art, and science. All these works celebrate transcendence.

When the mystic returns to the world he wants to make it as beautiful, loving, simple, true, just, and good as his vision of Divine Transcendence, but the world often resists his efforts. The world as it is constituted allows for the possibility of this transformation as if there were a natural grace inherent within it. It would seem that given the forces arrayed against him, human effort alone would not be enough to bring his vision into reality. The mystic should know better than to identify anything finite as anything more than an approximation of the Divine. There is always a danger of identifying any work of man with the Divine Will. This can lead to the utmost in pride, intolerance, and self-righteousness.

Those with mystic vision are not only accused of being self-righteous but also of being impractical and unable to deal with the "real" world. Often mystics have retreated to religious communities separated from the world. Others have tried to transform society, to work for peace and justice, for example.

Mystics are accused of failing to understand the stubborness of sin, and of failing to be willing to dirty their hands in dealing with it. They may fail to understand the difficulties and the pressures of life in the world which keep others from realizing the good. They may fail to realize they are as human as their fellow human beings. Nevertheless the mystic must keep faith with his vision and do what he believes to be right.

A good example of this is pacifism. For Friends this Peace testimony came from their experience of Divine Transcendence. Many accuse Quakers of being impractical. They would want to argue that we must sometimes use evil means to combat evil, that war may be an evil but a necessary evil committed to bring about a greater good, and that we must dirty our hands if we are to do battle with the forces of evil. It is at times like these that those with mystic vision must take their stand. Today with the threat of nuclear destruction before us we might wonder if it is practical to use nuclear weapons as a means

of protection or as an instrument of national policy. Pacifists must do what they believe to be right and we may hope they will do this with humility.

I believe everyone has the possibility of experiencing Divine Transcendence and that the way of positive mysticism is not restricted to a select few. Each of us has enough light to be able to know this type of vital religious consciousness. We will find it within and that is what I understand Friends to mean when they say there is "that of God in everyone."

* * * * * * * * * * *

[1] Rufus Jones, Studies in Mysticism, p. XV.

[2] Evelyn Underhill, Mysticism (1930), p. 205

[3] George Fox, Journal (J.L. Nickalls, Rev. edition, 1975), p. 27.

[4] John Woolman, Journal, (John Greenleaf Whittier, ed., 1961), p. 214.

[5] St. John of the Cross, The Dark Night of the Soul (Kurt Reinhardt, trans. and ed., 1957.)

E N C L O S U R E S

Ann Deagon

L'Arte nel suo mistero
le diverse bellezze insiem confonde...
--La Tosca

Tu, Cavaradossi!
In your Third Act cell with only
three sides wait for dawn's
trill of bullets. Winged notes
spatter the staff. They enter me.
You at the brink of death, tenor,
cry your blond cry. It fills
the cab of the van where I follow
the interstate like a score.
Tears blur the airport exit,
wash traffic down the ramp.
Coming into Douglas dawn
breaks me.

Water comes up the marble stairs and leaves its salt stain.
Water comes up the marble stairs and then goes down again.

Icarus salutes the airborne sun.
The cockpit is afloat with light.
Icarus at the console runs through
landing procedures, plots his cadenza
falling away to earth.
In the empty
hangar he and the woman
arms belted to his belly, white-
helmeted cycle the square
reverberating shell, hunt down
their deaths full cry.
The high whine rising inside her
she thinks a dictionary--
nenia soricina:
the cry of the shrewmouse
when pierced through.

Water comes up the marble stairs and leaves its salt stain.
Water comes up the marble stairs and then goes down again.

The man in the houseboat remembers land.
He remembers wife and dog and children,
building the carport--ten-penny nails
each stroke the nail sings upward
shorter higher then hard home.
The woman adrift between his arms
arrived and will depart by air.
But by what act or what refraining
has he come to water to hear
slow waves slap and his dumb heart
hammer on the tight walls
of his chest?

Water comes up the marble stairs and leaves its salt stain.
Water comes up the marble stairs and then goes down again.

The practice room is eight by eight
and has four walls. He is singing *Tosca*.
In forests trees fall unheard. Here
notes fall, implode. His whole
skull is resonating. Her body's chambers
fill. The maximum capacity
of the human skull is sixteen hundred
cc's. The human heart
holds more. She is the measure:
of things that are, that they are;
of things that are not, that they are
not. The room is closing
around them. It will not happen but once.

Water comes up the marble stairs and leaves its salt stain.
Water comes up the marble stairs and then goes down again.

There are places one arrives at
only by water. And only
in the last act. They are palaces
built on water and in them water
is always rising. I close with you,
because I cannot close with you.
Your life runs through my fingers.
Water is blond. It has blue eyes.
This is a poem of transportation.
And transport. These are the grace-notes,
the coup de grace.
I cannot bring
the poem to closure ever. It runs
on past the page. It rises over
the bed, the table where I write,
over my tall head and I am under
water drowning with open eyes.
I at the brink of life, lover,
cry my dark cry.

Water comes up the marble stairs and leaves its salt stain.
Water comes up the marble stairs and then goes down again.

E non ho amato mai tanto la vita.

And I have never loved life so much.

ON TURNING THIRTY

Jeffrey Minick

Of course it is Sunday--that one day of seven with a face and a temperament so intrinsically its own that I could recognize it anytime or anywhere without recourse to a calendar. Then a plump Methodist minister whispers at my ear if I sleep past nine and an earnest chorus of church-bells can quite literally jacket my mouth with a dry taste from boyhood, a phlegm seemingly composed of lilacs, hymnals, dusty pews, and powdered women. Still, it should be all right: Sundays offer the marginal benefits of peace, stillness, quietude, and these seem fitting today.

My wife has gone for the weekend to a convention in Philadelphia and will not return until evening, but she has arranged in her absence a surprise breakfast for me with friends. We drive westward on Route 250 through the brown winter countryside to the Boar's Head Inn, an old and exclusive resort hotel which boasts the best brunch in the country. Ten years ago we might have celebrated this birthday breakfast at a pancake house or at one of the greasy spoon cafes down the block. But that was ten years ago. We have a little more money now, and our tastes--so we like to tell ourselves--have improved. Bloody Marys and champagne are obligatory, and we want our steaks and eggs served up on real china.

During breakfast there are the expected jokes about canes and crutches, rest homes and warm milk. In the afternoon my brother, who is almost twenty-nine, telephones to ask how it feels "to be over the hill". My sister has mailed a card with the caption--"According to the new math, you are no longer with us"; and I can smile as I read the card to my brother. Later in the evening my wife returns and we join some more friends for a drink in the tavern on Court Square. Ten years ago we would have done our drinking in one of the university pubs--TJ's, Graffiti's, the Mine Shaft. But we feel conspicuous there these days, as out of fashion as bell-bottom jeans and tie-dye shirts, and so it is Court Square. The joking resumes as soon as we order our drinks and rolls on through the evening. No one has brought along any gag gifts tonight, though we have all heard of some good ones--bottles of geritol, tubes of facial cream guaranteed to remove wrinkles and the other unsightly blemishes of age, foley bags, fake subscriptions to magazines for the elderly.

But it is all right. I can still laugh at the jokes, though they have sat out on the counter all day and are going stale now, and I could have accepted the gag gifts--has someone proffered them--with perfect equanimity. Forty, I tell anyone who can hear me above the noise of the bar--forty is <u>really</u> the wicked age. Forty is male menopause. It is white buck shoes and pink trousers, thinning hair and a thickening paunch. It is the two-martini lunch and the four-martini nightcap. Forty is when you pack your bags, kiss the wife goodbye, and fly off to the West Coast with your nineteen-year-old secretary. Forty. It even sounds ugly.

Then the party is over. Everyone goes home, and it is still all right. Monday arrives, then Tuesday and Wednesday, and nothing changes, nothing much happens, nothing shouts for recognition. In fact, several weeks slip by before the news strikes home that yes, I am thirty. The wire services were slow and the papers were late hitting the streets, but the headlines nonetheless jolt. It is eleven o'clock of a Thursday night when I finally understand. My twenties are gone away. Youth has fled. I am thirty.

Suddenly it is not all right anymore.

The instinct is to fight back. Don't worry, kid, I tell myself, working on my vanity like a trainer over a battered, sapped-out welterweight. You've still got it, kid. What's a few years, huh? You can still run five miles. You've got your health. You stay on top of things. Of course you aren't as quick on the uptake as you used to be. You don't particularly like alligator shirts or New Wave music or crowded parties. You don't care about people in quite the same way, and your ideals are tarnished--no, kid, you won't be marching in the streets for one side or the other in the next war. But hey, don't worry. Don't sweat it, kid. You can still throw the old punch. Yeah, you still got it. . . .

My trainer--he has a Hollywood face, the predictable gravel voice, and his breath smells of beer--maintains this ludicrous chatter for about three rounds before I am knocked cold to the canvas. On regaining my senses, I console myself with the dressing-room philosophy of every punch-drunk loser, which is a sort of fox-and-grapes variety of stoicism. Couldn't have my twenties back again? Fine. They were probably sour anyway. I was better off without them. Why would I want to be twenty-two and sitting out my senior year in college wondering when--not whether, mind you, but when--the draft board was going to impound me? And did I really want a return to that spring of '73, when a girl I cared about sliced up my affection and left it for dead? Or that February in Connecticut, when my world blew apart like a house on a hill in a high wind, nail by nail, plank by rotting plank? And what of the people I had wounded, the ones I had left hurt and bleeding on the grass alongside the road? What about them? Think, remember, try to remember--they were not really such golden years. There were bad times and broken promises, petty deceits, amateurish murders, senseless prides, anxious nights and terrible grey dawns; and I should be happy to have it all behind me, happy to face my future and take one giant step forward without a backward glance.

And yet. . .and yet. . . .

It was after midnight and I was in bed, fully awake, when I renewed my analysis. So. Why this sudden aversion to thirty? Why the despair? What did it mean to be thirty anyway? Well, for one, it meant that I had become a statistic--a dot on a graph, if you will. Shortly after my birthday, the Census Bureau declared thirty to be the median age of the American citizen. Possibly that landmark figure should have comforted me--safety in numbers and all that. Possibly, too, I should have been pleased to have played a part, however small, in bringing about so monumental a demographic shift. But statistics only afford solace until you become one yourself, and being a dot on a government graph brought me no pleasure. My reaction was closer to that of a patient in a cancer ward: I wanted a cure, a miracle drug, an answer to my sickness, and I cared not a whit for the poor devil in the next alcove. What was so terrible about thirty?

When this demonstration of high mathematics failed to ease my mind, I left my bed and sleeping wife and went into the bathroom for a more direct confrontation with my problems. The twenty-year-old was a grand believer in direct confrontation, and I was hopeful of finding some clue here in the mirror. The initial encounter was encouraging. That face which stared back at me from the glass seemed not so different, not so greatly changed from the face I remembered wearing somewhere back in my vanished twenties. It was slightly more gaunt perhaps, a trifle harder about the edges; but the lighting was poor and it was, after all, nearly one o'clock in the morning. Surely the twenty-year-old could have donned this mask--this broad forehead, these high cheeks--without too much adjustment or undue strain. Of course that smile needed some time in the repair shop; it kept slipping and refused to stand up without some effort on my part. And those eyes--but no, I didn't like the look of those eyes, and I switched off the light and beat a quiet retreat into the living room.

When in doubt, make a list. It went easily enough at first. I wrote:

Thirty means

1. Shorter summers
2. Colder winters
3. Friends with children
4. Friends with mortgages
5. Friends who vote Republican
6. Friends who like voting Republican
7. Fewer friends
8. Conversations about stocks
9. Conversations about real estate
10.

But this was silly, useless stuff. One might as well have listed the basketball scores from last Sunday's paper, and after committing my effort to the waste basket I wandered aimlessly about the room, drifting from the deacon's bench to the piano to the dying potted fern as if they might take it upon themselves to enlighten me. Thirty, thirty--why did it shock? Why did it appear so precipitously, so appallingly bleak? I had always held a fair portion of my pity in reserve for those people who could not grow old with dignity and grace--the manikins who sought to hide from Time behind their cosmetics--and a voice from a faraway corner of my mind soon mocked my despair as over-blown, melodramatic, as preposterous in its own light as my list-making. But if my despair was exaggerated--if it seemed a product more fit for television than for life--it was also real, and now that I had stepped into the ranks of those I had once pitied, I could not understand how or why I had come to be there.

And then it came to me. I remembered the eyes in the mirror, those eyes I hadn't liked very much, and I had my answer in an instant. I stood on the carpet like the man in the cartoon with the electric bulb glowing over his head.

Desperation. My mood was one of desperation, and yet it was desperation--the desperation of turning thirty--which had created the mood. (I am tempted at this point to haul myself erect, throw a forefinger to the equation on the blackboard, and shout--Do you see? Do you really see? But I needn't bother. If you are past thirty, then most likely you understand the equation. If you are not yet thirty, then you will understand it soon enough.)

Now the man of twenty and twenty-five had had his hours of desperation too, his bottomless nights of melancholy, fear, and uncertainty. But the temperature of his fever was not the same as my own, and it is this difference in degree which has so inflamed my present mood that I shall risk throwing my metaphors into a stew that would have repulsed my younger self.

For what I saw in my electric bulb that night was that the difference between the man in his twenties and the man who was embarking on his thirties is the difference between the recruit and the veteran. The man in his twenties is the recruit. He is fresh and young and new to the war, brash, eager, a boy full of gambles and risks. He enjoys the hard drill of the parade ground, the fancy uniforms, the silver trumpets, the bright flags. He is desperate, but mostly to prove himself, to measure up to those standards of courage and intelligence which he has staked out as his guidons. He is ready to close with the enemy, to storm the mountain at any cost, for he is confident of final victory. He still believes in final victories. And he has his flags and his trumpets and his ideals to boost his courage and carry him forward--ah, those splendid, dearly-held ideals. The boy would lay down his life for ideals.

The veteran knows better. He has marched down many roads. His uniform is not what it was, the flag is tattered and dirty, and the silver trumpets do not ring out across the morning as fine and as clear as they once did. The veteran has stormed the mountain, has closed with the enemy--not once, not twice, but many times. The veteran knows that he will storm the mountain today and tomorrow and the day after tomorrow; and that if he captures this mountain, there is another one exactly like it on the horizon. The war is long and the enemy is clever, and the veteran digs his trench deep and cleans his weapon for the next assault. He does not care much for the recruit. The recruit is too zealous, too fierce for battle, and the veteran resents him for drawing fire. For the veteran has discovered that he wants to live--not necessarily for ideals as much as for himself.

My wife and I live among the recruits. We are the house directors for a sorority on a Virginia campus, and every day I hear the recruits talking, the dreams and ambitions of twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, hear them as if they were being played back on a tape from my own past. The

dreams are all the same, and the ambitions vary only in specifics. Graduation comes first, followed by professional training (law and medicine still spring neck and neck, with business a close third); then a vague period of employment and the single life; then marriage, a home, and a family, all by the age of--God help us!--thirty. No one has yet said "And we'll all live happily ever after," but it would not surprise me to hear it. They are bright young women, some of them extraordinarily bright, but they do not see that they carry their lamps through a perilous fog. They do not see that even if they find the path, it may not take them where they want to go. Someone ought to guide them or warn them, but it won't be me--I am still too muddled myself by the fog to be of any use to anyone. Or maybe warning and guidance are impossible. Maybe the caution flags and the flashing lights are visible only to those who know the path.

"Just imagine," one of the brightest of these creatures says at a law school party, "some of the best minds in the country are right here in this room." No doubt about it, Kimberly. But I want to tell her about Philip, who found the actual practice of law so disillusioning that he opened a wine shop. Or Lucy, who won a doctoral degree in modern philosophy but who works in a bakery from a disgust with the academic world. Or Richard, who showed such promise until that girl left him and married someone else. Or Katherine, who died one night on the mountain. I want to tell her about myself, how my own dreams once glittered through the fog and what became of them. I want to take her aside, off to that quiet corner of the room left vacant by the best minds in the country, and hold her hand and break the news to her gently that only the very good or the very fortunate ever walk down the path without stumbling. But this is presumptuous. It is to substitute my experience for hers, and she has undoubtedly heard the news elsewhere. Besides, I have already decided to hoard such spontaneous sermons for my seventies, when my listener may choose whether to set down my mutterings as the gemstones of wisdom or the ravings of drooling senility.

By now it should be clear that it was not thirty alone which distressed me, that what I have addressed here is something more than the natural process of aging. Thirty is a number, a cold fact; it is, at one level, simply another birthday. But what burned--the acid that hissed through nerve and marrow--was that I had turned thirty and still could not count myself a success. Years earlier I had pledged myself to certain dreams. I made certain promises with myself which I meant to keep. Alexander had swept away a world by his thirtieth year, Einstein a universe. Set next to their achievements, the appetite of my own ambitions seemed modest indeed.

And so I began. The recruit stormed the mountain, flags a-flutter and trumpets, under the belief that if he were skilled and disciplined and gave his heart to the cause, then he would win. He would plant his flag on the peak of the mountain. But the battle was fought in the fog, and the recruit, who was inexperienced and confused by the chaotic skirmishing, managed several times to stand Clausewitz on his head and snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. When I was nineteen, I was training in that grim academy on the Hudson to become a professional warrior. But there was an ugly little war in progress whose issues not only puzzled but proved increasingly disconcerting, and I soon transferred my allegiance to a small Quaker college in the South, where I seemed slated for a career in medicine. Physics and I quarreled badly one semester, however, and I tossed my thwarted ambitions toward law. Here I might have excelled, for I met all the necessary prerequisites. But as the distinction between justice and law manifested itself more explicitly, I saw that the legal trade would not suit after all. Circumstance and a love for books then nudged me toward the sanctuary of the university. By the ripe old age of twenty-three, I was reading Gibbon in Storrs, Connecticut, and teaching English Constitutional Law to thirty students only a year or two younger than myself. Life was calm and solemn, reassuringly so, and I was again advancing up the mountain. But I forgot to protect my flanks, and one day the girl I married came home with a new face and packed her bags and walked out again with a determined clicking of the lock on the door.

Things fell apart quickly this time. There were the first weeks of grief--hours when the mind flitted across treacherous bogs of self-destruction and entire days when I seriously questioned my sanity. There were memories--the guided tours through the gardens of the past, gardens which looked so much greener now that it was permanently winter. There was a night when I first deliberately put myself to sleep with alcohol,

a morning when I had to leave the lectern of my classroom for fear that I was about to embarrass myself with tears. Then the slow healing, the extended convalescence of despair and flattened hope. These were the months of indecision and regret, when I had done with my past and wanted nothing to do with my future. I accomplished a reconciliation with the empty rooms by walking through them day after day, but everything else looked equally as empty and the smallest act--opening a letter, answering the telephone--required an enormous summoning-up of the will. And so I convalesced. I put food in my mouth, lay down on my bed at night, smiled for the nurses and listened politely to my visitors--and the emptiness stretched through the spring and into the summer. Then came a day in August when I declared myself fit enough to rejoin the troops on the mountain. Shaky, and still somewhat pale, I left my self-imposed confinement, piled my belongings into a rented van, and drove into Boston to try and become a writer.

I was then that the top of the mountain, always so clearly discernable before to the recruit, became shrouded in clouds.

To chase any dream is a fine and glorious pursuit in the beginning. It is an adventure when you are twenty-four to cut away your past and declare yourself a new man. It seems romantic to your friends that you will clerk in a bookstore or wait tables while you knock out the first best-seller. It even seems romantic to you, though you quickly tire of surly customers and don't really believe in writing best-sellers. But romance is a rose, and whatever else a rose may do, it inevitably fades, slowly, then more and more swiftly. You can see progress in your work, and others see it too, but you had hoped that the progress would come more easily, the recognition more rapidly and not so freighted by qualifications. Your family, previously so supportive, now wonders aloud over the Christmas dinners when you will find a real job. Friends who expected something more substantial from you shy away when you meet them in the street, as though you might beg a quarter from them. Or perhaps they don't--for isn't it failure, after all, that breathes life into the paranoid? But rightly or wrongly, if you have reached thirty without attaining a measure of that success which you dreamed of at twenty, then quite likely you feel among people what I have felt--like the kitchen boy who has bumbled into the New Year's party at the country club.

But this sounds bitter where I would intend self-awareness. You see, there are compensations. Failure, like success, is a teacher, and the attentive student takes notes. He learns to put a value on people and things. He learns what he is willing to fight for and what he can afford to shrug off, what he should keep and what he can throw away. He learns not to trust too many people over thirty or too many people under thirty, and not always to trust himself. If he is a gambler, he learns that the stakes are high, the money long, and that the odds are always with the house. It is clear now what the brisk man in the polyester suit meant when he said, "Don't call us, son, we'll call you." Or that girl in Connecticut who murmured, "I still care about you, but..." Or that other woman who said, "It doesn't matter. It's all right." It did matter and it wasn't all right.

Such lessons come hard. They have their price, and like everything else in the supermarket, that price gets higher every day. We barter off innocence for experience, dreams for realities, and our perceptions are fundamentally altered in the exchange. Life isn't a song played on a radio on the beach anymore. It is cocktail music in a piano bar at four o'clock on a humid summer afternoon. The drinks are watered, the ashtrays are full, and the bartender doesn't like small talk. But it is quiet here, and dark, and the music is not too bad if you don't listen closely, and you will be left alone. "I'm thirty," Nick Carroway says in Gatsby. "I'm five years too old to lie to myself and call it honor." Good old Nick. He would have known the price of a drink in the piano bar.

But this is again misleadingly bitter. I am no defeatist. I have not given up. The mountain looms above me and I will stay here hunkered deep in my trench until I hear the signal for the next assault. Only this time it will be different. This time I won't be leading any troops. There won't be any flags, and I won't give a sweet damn for the blowing of the silver trumpets. No--if you would look for me among the attackers, then look for the solitary man who has his flanks well-protected, a bowie knife in each boot, and his weapon cleaned and at the ready. He will hold himself close to the ground, and he will be moving very slowly up the face of the mountain.



ARTIST PROOF MIXED EMOTIONS Ray Nydam 81

SELF-PORTRAIT: MIXED EMOTIONS

I am primarily concerned with the emotional drama of the human figure.

--Roy Nydorf

IN OUR TIME

Paul Campbell

"Le Paradis n'est pas artificiel
States of mind are inexplicable to us"

--POUND

Predicable, that the preposterous is most common
In our time; intuitable, tactile, often palatable.
Concede. The Daily News compels one to concede this point.
It is, then, only a greater uncommon desire
Before which the anointment with mere preposterousness pales.
Ecstasy and agony that conspire but not to consummate, projections
Not plotted to eventuate, these are commonplace.
This the blue illusion of French cinemascope
This is potential half-scripted, B-grade
This is the vortical curl floor waste of cutting room hope
Grimm imaginings that sail when
Thin lights go up in thick theatres of the absurd.
(Where
How
Am I to be released, and to whom?)

In this time of Maybe
In this time of flux whose digits fly
One must presume too much
Of what one cannot verify; or
As it ends, in retrospect
There is only the ravaged silence and the magic reply
In vague retrospect.

In retrospect, I
Recall her mouth; I recall her
Sound; and I recall the diverted
Image in her golden eye.

In order after impossible union, the inbound leaves
Of the universe again scattered toward their doom.

TRAVELS BETWEEN TWO TONGUES

Mary Feagins

Someone has said that to express oneself is to know oneself. It should be noted that these verbs are reflexive. To the extent that reflection is entailed, this statement can take the form of an equation, whose terms may be reversed: to know oneself is to express oneself. In order to express myself, therefore, I make my self an object of my knowing: I undertake a journey inward, backing into my self, so to speak; for I am constantly turned to the gates of entry, to the senses, which are addicted to the journey outward. Furthermore, this is a scary journey, downright dangerous according to Carl Jung, and it would be better for me not to see where I am going. I would also prefer to face the ready exit.

The ancient art of rope-making comes to mind here. Once in a cave I watched a contemporary rope-maker in Siracusa, who was continuing his backward-moving occupation into the 20th Century, probably for the edification of the tourists. What better way is there, in any case, to know where one has come from, what one has created and maybe even what one has been, during the process?

It is possible to select the gates at which I start my journey (there are, as you know, five or six); but, more often, chance plays its part, at the outset and later. Other selves may be involved, providing a send-off, perhaps appearing along the way. Provisions for the journey present themselves and are uniquely shaped by the gates of entry. They are also augmented by an inner cache, at times inexplicably appearing or reappearing. As I get acquainted or reacquainted with these othernesses within my boundaries, my mode of expression is affected. The paths I follow may evoke drawings, paintings, sculptures or even musical ideas. But if my imagination is producing words, I frequently find myself in dialogue with the companions of my journey, both animate and inanimate, and the language that comes to mind tends to be appropriate to the conversation.

The language that comes to my mind does not always come at my command, but it can be encouraged to come. I can deliberately choose some of my traveling companions and certain paths for my journey, if I wish to uncover familiar materials for expression. At the same time, I can look for and discover new sources for my ideas. No matter how many times I set out on a chosen path, I find the journey novel, exciting and also complicated. Occasionally, I find myself with one foot on a stated path (or in a stream of consciousness) while the other is groping along, coming down on another path (or in another stream). My mind, meanwhile, is hovering expectantly between languages. Suddenly, I stumble over a verbal gem that fits, and I know it. And I am delighted.

All this I am writing in order to prepare you for a few expressions of myself that result from my spending a good many years between two languages, English and German. (Think what it must be like for some of our multi-lingual friends! They would have to

have octopus-appendages to follow the paths of my figure of speech.) Moving between even two languages presents interesting challenges. I have rediscovered this as I have tried to translate a few of my own poems.

A verbal gem in one stream of conscious expression does not always have its counterpart in the other. When I was moved to reflect, for example, upon a statement from Schopenhauer, calling attention to the uncreative nature of reading, the image of a vacuum cleaner appeared to me to describe amusingly the unselective process of filling a perpetually vacuous and insatiable mind, without time or inclination for the critical appraisal which should come with proper rumination. Now the German word for vacuum cleaner evokes a slightly different set of impressions or ideas. The very sound of the word "Staubsauger," with its repeated "s" and diphthong "au," may suggest a noisy ingestion of materials in a happier way than the pronunciation of "vacuum cleaner." But the meaning of its component parts, "dust sucker," presents quite a different clutch of eggs to be hatched by the poet. Attention seems to be drawn more to the materials being sucked in than to the empty mind of the reader. In the same poem, the double connotation of the word "rumination" is not already inherent in the German word "wiederkauen" (re-chewing). On the other hand, there is nothing in English quite so apt as the word "auslesend," with its double meaning of "being selective" and "reading to the end."

Not all of my poems have been written, like the one described, first in my native language. Two of the following initially came forth in German, as I was addressing the persons who inspired them, Dr. Faustus and Günter Grass. The language of my inward journey is, like that of my dreams, evoked by the companions I find there.

When I look at what has been braided and drawn out in the wake of my rope-walk inward, when I observe what has hatched out of the eggs dropped along the way, when I admire the verbal gems paving by chance parts of a path, I believe it to be obvious that these journeys have been mostly for fun. Nevertheless, I hope that you detect some gravity beneath the humor.

THE BOOKWORM TURNED

When we read, some one else is thinking for us: we are simply repeating his mental process.

-- Schopenhauer

She read like a vacuum cleaner
avidly, indiscriminately
and no good intentions could wean her
from the gluttonous habit.
If she
only had a disposable bag
whose contents could be quickly tested
for junk to be discarded -- a tag
on each pearl to be reingested
for future rumination.
But no!
Her vacuum seemed endless; to cull
for digestion might impede the flow
of fare and her intellect might dull.

Then she read Schopenhauer,
was at first offended
by what his words intended
but saw the light
and suddenly began to write!

VERWANDLUNGSSZENE

Wenn wir lesen, denkt ein Anderer für uns: wir wiederholen bloss seinen mentalen Prozess.

-- Schopenhauer

Wie ein Staubsauger las sie,
unaufhörend, gierig and wahllos;
sich der Schlemmerei zu entwöhnen
war sie vergebens entschlossen:
nie ging sie Mahl-los.
Hätt' sie bloss
eine ersetzbare Tüte im Magen!
In deren Kram, leicht ausgegossen,
könnte sie Perlen ans Licht bringen
und wählerisch wieder verschlingen,
um später wiederzukauen.
Aber nein!
Ihre Gefrässigkeit
liess sie kaum auslesend sein.

Dann las sie Schopenhauers Wort,
das ihre Lieblingssache steuert
gleichzeitig war sie angefeuert,
das Schreiben
zu treiben!

KOMMENTAR ZUR MUSE

"Immer nahm sie mich mit, wenn es galt, ...eine neue Trommel zu kaufen. In jener Zeit...schaffte ich eine Trommel in glatt vierzehn Tagen. Vom zehnten bis vierzehnten Jahr bedurfte es keiner Woche, um ein Blech durchzuschlagen...."

--Oskar

Eine Blechtrommel? Nein --
nicht die meine!
sondern fleischiges Pulsieren
innerhalb der Haut;
kein spröder Laut,
sondern frech beim Schlagen;
und die Wellen ragen
aus dem Herzen,
das sie nicht tragen kann.

Der Trommler schläft
zum Wachen bereit,
der kleinste Gedanke
breitet die Flügel aus,
bunte Farben zeigend,
und wird alsbald gefangen,
da, wo keine Abwehr ist,
tobsüchtigen Pulsschlages
im Rhythmus steigend.

Die Trommel gehört mir,
lässt sich mir nicht nehmen,
lässt sich aber nicht allein
von mir beherrschen.
Der Trommler bin ich nicht:
ein Schmetterling
oder die zarteste Liebkosung
weckt in mir die Muse,
zum Lied zu hetzen;
und das, Günter Grass, muss sein,
denn meine Trommel kann ich
nie ersetzen.

COMMENT ON THE MUSE

"She always took me along when it was time to buy a new drum. At that time...I managed to get a drum in only two weeks time. When I was from ten to fourteen years of age, it took less than a week for me to beat through a tin...."

--Oskar

No tin drum mine,
but fleshy throbbing
within the skin;
no brittle sound,
but full pulsating
of beat within --
a breaking on the senses
of waves pursued by waves
my heart surging.

The drummer sleeps
on edge of waking,
the slightest thought
may spread its wings
flashing its color,
and then is caught
behind my defenses,
where soon its rhythm raves,
tempos urging.

The drum is mine,
not for the taking,
still not controlled
by me alone;
I am not the drummer:
a butterfly
or the gentlest of caresses
arouse in me a muse
I cannot smother,
and, alas, Günter Grass,
I can never turn my drum in
for another.

STREITENDE GENE

Zwei Seelen wohnen denn in Ihrer Brust,
Herr Doktor Faustus! Weiter sagen Sie,
die eine hat bestimmt die grosse Lust,
sich von der andern ganz und irgendwie
zu trennen! Solches Klagen muss Mitleid
erwecken. Schwierig muss Ihr Los sein, da
Sie immer und vergebens streben. Neid
kann niemand gegen Sie nun hegen. Ja,
Ihr Los ist hart, das geb' ich zu; jedoch
ein Lächeln überstrahlt mir das Gesicht,
wenn ich an meine Lage denke: noch
bevölkerter ist meine Brust -- ganz dicht
mit Vorfahren; und wenn Holländer dort
mit Schotten-Iren kämpfen, welch ein Ort!

WARRING GENES

Two souls, you say, are dwelling in your breast,
O Faustus. And the one would separate
itself from its companion, you attest.
So you bewail duplicity of fate?
You have my sympathy: your lot is hard --
to be forever striving, shunning ease
in search of life's fulfillment, while regard
for one soul must the other soul displease.
And yet I smile when I contrast your plight
with the mad turmoil which some mischief locks
in my well-populated breast -- packed tight
with souls as incompatible as cocks!
When Scottish-Irish ancestry compete
with Dutch in me, the chaos is complete!



ANDROGYNY

carved @1958 from a remnant
of our fireplace mantlepiece
(Honduran mahogany)

verses written and translated
twenty years later:

Beide(s) war ich,
erst durch ein Kind
und die Geburt ist mir
das Andere offenbart.
Im Schatten bleiben doch
die Grenzen.

I was both
until a child
until its birth
disclosed my otherness.
And still
the boundaries remain
unclear.

GUIDANCE, CHANCE, AND FATE

From a Dialogue at Guilford College

Wolf Mendl and Ted Benfey

BENFEY:

Wolf, we're meant to share with each other in front of all these people something of our lives. I think we'll start at age 10--being a scientist, I guess I like the decimal system.

Well, a long time ago, in 1936, I found myself on a transatlantic liner going from Hamburg to Southhampton with my mother, who was delivering me into the kind hands of your family to go to school. I came to England because I was of Jewish ancestry; my father had been a judge, and as soon as Hitler came to power he was told that he wasn't to work any more, although he'd still draw a pension, which was later cut off. He thought that because he had been a veteran in the first World War and even gotten the Iron Cross he would be personally safe and his family would be also. But conditions at the school, the antisemitism was getting somewhat unpleasant. I remember one day I was walking home with a friend of mine who was not Jewish and we found ourselves followed by a whole gang of our fellow students who we thought were our friends and they were just shouting Jew, "Jude, Jude." My friend stayed with me, went all the way up to my apartment for safety, waited till the gang had left and then safely got home. I wonder what happened to him.

After a while, Jewish children or children of Jewish background had to go to separate schools that started at a different time so that everybody in Berlin knew which were the non-Jewish and which the Jewish children. And so we received this invitation from England, suggesting that I join the Mendls because they had a son with the rather impressive name, Wolfgang Marco Louis Mendl, which later was softened and shortened to become the much more friendly Wolf. Here he is. And the thing that always puzzled me--I left my sister and brother behind in Germany, I came alone--what puzzled me was how the Mendls managed to get to England before me. Can you enlighten me?

MENDL:

Well, our problem was very much the same as that of your family, as you know. We are a Jewish family. It was pretty obvious that things were going to get more and more difficult if we stayed in Germany. My father wasn't in fact German; he was Austrian by birth, born in Rumania, and the ancestors, the Mendl ancestors, came from Bohemia. So when, in 1919, the Treaty of Versailles established the independent state of Czechoslovakia, my father, who was then studying after the war in Berlin, found himself a Czech national instead of an Austrian. He served in the imperial Austrian army, unlike your father; therefore, although Hitler came from Austria, I suppose my father didn't have great expectations that the Nazis would take account of that. Anyway he found himself a Czech, then he became a naturalized German before Hitler came to power, and of course once Hitler came into power, being Jewish, he lost his privileged status and soon lost status altogether as a citizen. Then came this move to England.

The family has considerable English connections because both of these branches of the family are well established in England. So it was relatively easy for both my parents to come there because they knew the country--they'd been there in their childhood, they spoke fluent English, and I had to speak English with my grandmother. The very first words I learned were "Good morgeling"--at least that's how I said it, and so on. So it was easier for us to make the transition. Also my father had in his firm--he was an engineer--friends who although they were members of the Nazi party counselled him urgently to think of emigrating because they feared that things would get very much worse for Jews who stayed in Germany. So his firm sent him to London to open a branch of the firm in 1935; and the rest of us--my mother and my older sister, Elizabeth, and myself --followed. I think we must have been perhaps the only refugees who were met at Liverpool St. Station by a Rolls Royce. It belonged to a great-uncle of mine who was rather a wealthy English bachelor. So, that's how we came to England.

But we were friends before we went to England. I remember you in Berlin, of course, and I stayed a few days with your family before we went to England because there was an awful lot of packing up to do. But there's a family relationship that goes rather further back. So it wasn't just chance, I think, that they said "Ah, here's a nice boy called Otto Theodor Benfey whom we'd like to have." There was a much deeper relationship, and perhaps you could enlighten us.

BENFEY:

Well, I remember your grandmother, "Granny," extremely well. She was a most lovable old lady, who was extremely deaf and had a big ear trumpet we shouted into, and then we would converse; and as she grew older, her recent memory faded and her childhood memories blossomed. Some of these were of the times she spent in Goettingen, near, or even with my grandparents who were living there. There was this close link between the state of Hanover and England. The kings of England, for generations, came from Hanover. The Hanoverians, high society, talked English with each other when they didn't want their children to understand them, whereas the Prussians talked French with each other under those conditions. It was through your grandmother that I learned about my ancestors. My grandparents, my father's parents I never knew, and she told me about them. And she had wonderful tales to tell about Goettingen. She told us about the meteorologist there, the weather prophet. The children would come up to him and say, "What's the weather going to be like tomorrow?" and he always said, "veranderlich," meaning changeable. But you were hinting to me that you remember quite different stories of your grandmother, about her English years.

MENDL:

That's a very interesting point. You see, I have to turn to Ted to find out this Goettingen-Hanoverian connection. My grandmother--my English grandmother from my mother's side--she was one of four, and her father, in the sort of mid-Victorian period, went off to America and disappeared, and my "Granny" would never talk about him. The speculation in the family was that he was involved in the early days of the trade union movement in England, which was thought a bit risky, and this perhaps explains somewhat the radical streak in my Granny and my mother and perhaps in me. But my Granny was always talking to me about her days in Victorian London, with day nurseries and night nurseries and carriages and all that sort of thing that fired my imagination.

BENFEY:

Well, it was my one English grandmother, from Manchester, who knew that branch of your family. When your great-grandmother found herself husbandless, the invitation came to come to Goettingen and stay there. So the family friendship is very long, which explains the invitation to me and also the fact that my family accepted it. And the thing that has worried me--not always, but occasionally there have been twinges of worry--is what sort of impact this sudden invasion of an outside child into this close-knit family must have had on you. Can you enlighten me?

MENDL:

Well, this is a rather embarrassing subject. The impact of Ted on me was a mixed blessing. Ted is a pretty able person and he obviously had a very promising career in front of him, whatever career he chose--and that was the major reason why it was thought advisable to get him out to get him started, especially in schooling. My parents settled in a town called Watford,

near London, and there were two very good grammar schools to which we were sent--my sister to the girls' grammar school and Ted and I to the boys'--and these schools had a very fine academic reputation. Now, I was very, very poor at school. The reasons for this are complicated. One is that because of my eyesight, which is a hereditary thing, my parents were very worried, and in Germany I went to a series of tiny little private schools where I was the one-eyed king among the blind, so to speak. And of course I did all right. But the last year, as a kind of preparation for going to a big school, I was sent to the elementary school where Ted was already and had his unpleasant experiences.

I hated that school. Not because I had unpleasant experiences--you mentioned your experience of "Jew"--I was totally unconscious of it. I really didn't know what was happening. Now it was partly because my parents sheltered us. I remember on the great National Socialist festivals you had to hang out the flag, and of course a swastika flag was hung out a great deal, but also the old imperial German flag. My father always put out the imperial German flag--never the swastika flag. I couldn't understand it--Why not? Why don't we have a swastika flag out? I loved the parades. I'd make a marvelous little Nazi. Quite honestly, I remember walking past an S. A. man near where we lived, and seeing him in his brown-shirt uniform and jack boots, I said, "Heil Hitler," and he greeted me "Heil Hitler." Oh, he didn't know who I was. I was too sheltered. I hated the school because I was no good at it. I got marks of 4 and 5, which are the lowest: 1 - excellent; 2 - good; 3 - satisfactory; 4 - unsatisfactory; 5 - very unsatisfactory. I had to draw swastika flags in art. Do you remember that? Mine were always like rugby, your footballs, and I got 5's.

Well, at any rate, I came to England and we went to the grammar school and unfortunately their educational system was very competitive and within no time this boy, Ted, who didn't have the advantage of speaking and knowing English as I had through my Granny--he was soon top of the class. Exam results at the end of the second and third terms were handed out in lists, first, second, third, fourth, down to twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, thirtieth. Invariably Ted--first, second, third. Wolf Mendl--twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth, thirtieth. And this is no exaggeration! Now, this of course led people to make comparisons, and it greatly undermined my self-confidence.

There was another problem which was psychological, perhaps. I'd been very much pampered and sheltered because of my eyesight. Obviously everybody was clucking around, making sure I couldn't cross the main road without somebody taking me by the hand until I was 11. Ted and I got on very well in many ways, but was I being slightly displaced? Because my parents naturally, taking him in, wanted him to feel very much as part of the family. Obviously, they were very anxious to show that their parental love extended to you. And I think that might have had an effect, and I took refuge in dreaming and in talking endlessly to myself and living in fantasies. I'd talk aloud to myself for hours. People were very worried because I have an uncle who is a little "dotty" and my mother kept on thinking that I was very much like my uncle. But I suspect that although it didn't seem so to me, you, too, must have had problems in this situation, taken out of your family the way you were.

BENFEY:

My stay with the Mendl family went on for ten years although it was never intended that way. I was meant to go to school for a few years there until the Nazi madness disappeared. Of course it didn't disappear. November 1938 was the Krystallnacht, the smashing of the Jewish stores, the rounding up of lots of Jews, including some of my relatives. Then my sister and brother were shipped over and became charges of the Mendl family for a while also, and about five months before the war started my parents managed to get out. My mother stayed in London and had a job there; my father went to Manchester, the ancestral home, to stay with his sister. But they only had transit visas. They did not have permits to stay long, so by January , 1940, they left for the U.S. and the question was: "Should I go with them or should I stay?" I was in the middle of school; I was comfortable; they were penniless; they had to make their way in the U.S. with very little idea of how it might develop. The suggestion was that I wait until the end of the year and join them next summer. This was the phony war--nothing was happening. War had been declared, but except for the Eastern front, Poland and so on, nothing was occurring in Western Europe. But then came the "Blitz," the invasion of Belgium,

Holland, France, submarine warfare in the Atlantic; it wasn't terribly safe for me to go by boat, and there weren't planes in those days taking passengers to the U.S. So it was postponed: maybe next year... maybe next year...and that went on and on. I went not only to high school, but also to college and university.

I was not unaware that my presence caused some problems. My drive for excellence was probably in part due to my insecurity. When you're in your own family, you feel accepted--you don't question it--you feel that you belong. I was aware that no matter how much love I was having showered on me by the Mendls to make me feel at home, it was by choice; and so this drive for excelling is part, probably, of the drive for acceptance, and this sense of loneliness, of being apart, came to me probably somewhat earlier than for the average boy and girl.

I've often reflected on this question of the impact of my being plopped down among the Mendls. One time my family, my wife and I were at a summer institute at Vassar College where the parents were told to talk with some distinguished psychoanalysts to be helped in their dealings with each other and with their children. Mrs. Mary Fisher-Essex immediately said to me, "All your interpersonal problems are due to the fact that you were separated too early from your parents." I've always wondered if everything could be explained that way. That would be too simple--but it obviously had something to do with it. There have been studies of children who were evacuated by their parents from London to safety, compared with the children who lived through the bombing in London, and psychologically the one who lived with their parents seemed, according to psychological criteria, to be in better shape.

My years in England were idyllic. I had a superb education. The relations with Wolf's parents could not have been better, particularly with his mother, who slowly drifted through her religious interests into a spiritual orientation--drifted toward the Quakers. I had long conversations with her, and through her I started reading the Mystics, the Catholics, the Quakers, and about the spiritual journey. There was one summer, I remember, when I was nervously exhausted. I thought it was due to breathing cyanide in the lab at college, but it probably was an emotional thing. But anyway I was told just to rest and I spent the time reading and talking with Aunty Babs. It was an enormous influence.

MENDL:

Well, let me add one more thing about your impact. I talked about the problem of my lack of self-confidence, which is still a very real problem for me. Now you may not think so if you hear me talk--and some people say, "You talk, talk, talk; you know, it's marvelous, you're never short of words." Well, that's true, but I had lots of practice, talking to myself. I lived in a fantasy world. I was going to be prime minister. I formed and peopled a whole world around me which had no existence in reality but was a kind of reflection of what I'd read and experienced. But leave that on one side. The thing is this. Why have our lives, so to speak, continued to be intertwined, even after this separation in '46? A big physical separation.

Here I want to say something about this relationship while we were together. Ted was one of the very first people in my experience who understood the problem of his presence for me and who did what he could to encourage and support me. By the time we reached about fourteen, there was a parting of the ways. He was doing so well at school that the school advised my parents he should skip a form, go up two steps in one year. In that year my parents were advised and fully agreed that I should repeat my class. So there was a considerable gap, and from that moment on, Ted did everything he could to support me and particularly channel my energies, my gifts, whatever they were, into those areas where I could employ them without this frightfully competitive impact of examination systems and formal education: in the Scout movement of which we were both members, or in the debating society, or in various other activities like founding the historical society. It was Ted who encouraged me, who understood.

There were other people, some aunts of mine, one of whom criticized my mother for taking Ted at all, saying, "Well, you know, it's bound to have a bad effect." And she went on with a German saying, which goes something like: "If you don't do good, nothing bad will happen." Now my parents, I think, understood that there were problems, but they also saw the problems were more with me, not with Ted. My father was very disappointed that I turned out to be very poor in his areas of interest. My mother did her best to encourage me, but on

the other hand they were right. They said, "He's got to learn to stand on his own feet. We can't protect him all the time." Maybe they had protected me too much early on. Sorry, Ted, for this digression, but I think it's got to be said, and the reason why it has to be said is because, from my point of view, my relationship to you, which is a very warm one, and a very intimate one, has been possible because I began to see in you a real support and strength when I was much younger.

BENFEY:

We probably have talked enough about this. These were early experiences and our job in life is to get away from them. Lots of people are together when they are young and then they drift apart. The thing that really fascinates me is that our lives have certain parallels. You have a Japanese wife; I have a Japanese daughter-in-law. How come? Nothing, it seems, over in Europe should have made us move to that particular country in the Orient. How did you get involved in the Orient, Wolf?

MENDL:

How did I get to the Orient? Well that was very simple--it was a matter of chance, I suppose. I was in the States at Pendle Hill and I decided I wanted to give a couple of years of service or so to the American Friends Service Committee. I was a bachelor--I'd been doing school teaching for three years--so I was footloose and I thought they could use my particular abilities, perhaps in Europe--Germany or something with language. When I was out on the west coast at a seminar I had a cable: "When you come back to Philadelphia, want to talk to you about an opening for service with us." Got back to Philadelphia, opened the letter in Ted's home where I was staying when I came back, and what did it say? "We have an interesting opening in Japan." Well, I'd never thought of Japan. It was never on my horizon. I knew roughly where it was, but when I arrived in Japan I still only knew one word--"sayonara"--and I used it to welcome somebody! So you can see that my knowledge and understanding of the Orient--at least of Japan--was still minimal. And here was something from chance. It sometimes happens like that.

BENFEY:

But I don't think that's your first contact with the Orient because I remember that even when you were talking to yourself--maybe before you decided you were prime minister--you were viceroy of India.

MENDL:

Well, I was brought up from ten years on in a country which was still an empire, and you may remember George VI's coronation--you were there, weren't you?--1937.

BENFEY:

Right.

MENDL:

That was the last great imperial festival of Britain. You know, The Empire. It was dinned into us, we were given books, the world map was colored pink all over, and so on. And I was caught up with this because my interest in history, which was my first serious academic interest, was stimulated by romanticism. I read the books by G. A. Henty, "With Clive in India," "With Buller in Natal," "On the Irrawady," all swashbuckling empire builders with romantic stories where the hero goes through incredible adventures and ends up on top of the world. Well, viceroy of India fit in with my fantasies. Now I must honestly say that was a fascination with the Orient, but of a very spurious kind. It was, we would say now, quite frivolous, merely because I was a little British imperialist. Well now, let's get back, shall we, to what is more important, as to how <u>you</u> came into the Orient.

BENFEY:

My contact with Japan was maybe fate more than chance. I was at Haverford and I would never have gotten there to my first Quaker college (this one's my third) had I not become a Quaker in England because I had lived with the Mendls who had moved toward Quakerism. At Haverford I had some idyllic years until a new chairman of the department was appointed, who fundamentally suspected me. I finally decided to get out rather than spend my years fighting, and spent a year looking for jobs. Luckily I had a sabbatical that wasn't cancelled even though I had resigned, and I had this wonderful invitation from Earlham College by some people who believed in me. So I went to Earlham and discovered there, my wife and I, that they had a Japan program, and more and more of my colleagues were sent off to Japan to get themselves deprovincialized, to have them stop presenting their subject as peculiar to a Western, Atlantic

region, European, middle eastern, Greek, Roman, that sort of thing, area, but to recognize that literature and music and the arts and so on all have a very significant story to tell from the Orient also.

My wife got very interested in Oriental art and sat in on some lectures and courses in that, and one day said, "Ted, if we don't get to Japan together, I'm going there by myself." Well, my insecurity immediately took the better of me. I couldn't stand for her to be away from me, so from then on, I was open to the suggestion that maybe some way I could get to Japan. And, luckily, in addition to chemistry, which is not any different in Japan than here (modern chemistry is pretty universal) I had started teaching history of science also and I was teaching it as if science was a western product, maybe starting in the Middle East, but no further east. I had misled my students for years and years and years in thinking that science was a western invention, but through this Japanese contact and those pin pricks from my wife's interest in Japan, I started becoming aware that maybe Japan and China and the Orient had made a contribution to science also. After a while I discovered a multi-volume work by Joseph Needham on science and civilization in China, and then I was aware there was something I had to learn, to be deprovincialized.

I had the opportunity to go to Japan; and there I went with my wife and two of my three sons. One of them got so fascinated with Japan (and discovered Friends World College, another Quaker college which has a campus in Japan) that he stayed on there and then came back and majored in Japanese. He never finished his American degree because he had to take a science course as a distribution requirement, and didn't see why he should. Then he went to Japan to seek his fortune with little luck for a while, but finally landed a reasonably secure job and found a wonderful wife, my daughter-in-law. So that's how I drifted to Japan. Now let's get back to your experience.

MENDL:

I was a bachelor, I was free, it was exciting, and so I went. And for the first few months in Japan, I was extremely homesick. I comforted myself by reading Wuthering Heights by Emily Bronte and a very good biography of Charles Dickens. And here I was in Japan! I mean, a peculiar reaction. But after I'd organized the first international student seminar for the AFSC, I began to develop a circle of friends among the students. They were very interested in developing the contact, and as soon as I developed these kinds of personal relationships in Japan, I went--whoops!--right to the opposite extreme. I fell in love with Japan. I tried to become more Japanese than the Japanese--a totally impossible thing, but I steeped myself in Japan. And of course with my family connections my association with Japan has continued; but when in 1957 I had an invitation from the Friends Service Council in London to work for them and for AFSC together in Paris, as an internation affairs representative, I went to Paris. You know, this would be an interesting thing to do. I thought it might be worthwhile, but I was also attracted again by the idea of being in France, and for a time Japan was a phase, finished. But I have returned to it since. And I have often found that when I look back I can see a pattern, although I certainly saw nothing at all when it happened.

BENFEY:

Again, my life has just been too simple. I was shipped to England for a wonderful, peaceful education there. During the war my college was evacuated to Wales to a seaside resort. So here was I, a student of the University of London, in Aberystwyth, where no bombs ever came. One day in a physics class, the professor was talking about impact and a mine went off at the end of the pier, and that's as close as we got to the war, except during vacations when we went back to London. I came to America with a scholarship a few years after my parents had immigrated the proper way. The only way to understand America is to come in penniless and to know what an immigrant's life is like. I've never had that experience. Similarly, I went to Japan with absolutely no duties except to absorb, soak in whatever I could. Wolf was sent there to organize student seminars from the different countries of Asia and had an enormous task. I'm afraid my life has just been too planned out; somehow it was too easy, except for those crises, like the one at Haverford that I talked about.

Maybe I should mention that I also have one earlier link to the Orient. When the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, I was a graduate student in London in chemistry and had been taught about nuclear reactions and about the possibility of a nuclear bomb before it was totally classified. And when

that bomb fell, I just walked in a daze through London, wondering what I was doing among scientists and doing science and preparing myself for it. I almost dropped science completely and went into something quite different. But I stayed with it, partly out of the Albert Schweitzer feeling that I'd stay with it for a while and then devote myself to the direct service of humanity. And when I was in Japan, I went to Hiroshima, as a sort of pilgrimage, and also to Nagasaki, and a very moving experience occurred there. I happened to be in Hiroshima on a very special day--it was the 25th anniversary of the Hiroshima bomb--and for the very first time the Japanese Emperor had come to Hiroshima. They had just completed their celebration at the site of the bombing and were streaming back across the bridge while I was walking over. I didn't know what was going on, not being able to read Japanese. I was walking on one side of the bridge and the Japanese were coming back on the other. And a Japanese lady saw me, came over to me, shook my hand and bowed and walked on. It was something that I'll never forget--the beautiful expression--that they were not hating me, they were forgiving the white man for doing that to them.

MENDL:

I should say, perhaps, that the A-bomb on Hiroshima hit me also. I didn't think about it like Ted. I heard the news when I was in the Scout camp and I was about to get on my bike and go back to the station to go home. We were packing up. And the news was so horrifying that I was reduced to a sort of quivering jelly, almost. I could hardly keep straight on my bicycle, I was so horrified to hear about it. That was the immediate impact. I just wanted to compare it with your, if I may say so, slightly more cerebral reaction.

BENFEY:

You know, now that we're reminiscing, I started remembering there was an even earlier "toying" with the Orient. You remember we saw Lost Horizon with Ronald Coleman. Here is this character flying into some valley in Tibet, Shangri La, which was a Utopia where everything was wonderful, and we got absolutely fascinated with that. So we decided that we were going to set up an international university, and we would be the leaders and organize the program, and all our friends would be professors there. But it had to be in the Orient and that's puzzling. Do you have some insight why this international university had to be there?

MENDL:

I remember that vividly. We used to lie in bed, when we were in our mid-teens, talking about this international university. It was going to be a really new place. Neither of us, I think, had any experience of university at that time, of course. But you're right--it was a place for jobs for our friends as well as for ourselves, and we were going to run it on a sort of co-operative principle--no examination system and no competition. I hated, you see, this competitive atmosphere, and yet--the trouble is that I'm extremely competitive! If people do well in an area where I'm working, I'm envious and jealous. I'm against competition, but it is a sort of selfish motive to be against competition because I don't do so well in it.

Now, to go back to the international university. I think I saw this as a new way in which I could flourish in the rather more formal academic system we were in at the time. But there was another aspect to it, and that is, that you and I were very much internationalists. This was towards the end of the war, and we were both, I suspect, moving toward what one would call pacifist positions. We just refused to accept that here was an enemy, totally inhuman and vicious and a fiend of the devil incarnate, almost.

BENFEY:

Let me break in there because that was very much your mother's influence, since she loved Germany and the Germans, and she could understand how the Germans had come to accept Naziism. So all the clichés during the war about the Huns and the devils and so on just had to be fitted against Auntie Bab's love and concern for what we were doing to them in the bombing. That was the matrix out of which our pacificism grew, no doubt.

MENDL:

Yes, and our internationalism, too. Why we chose Tibet I don't know--perhaps because it was exotic, you know, this business of taking this beautiful girl away and then she becomes a 150-year-old hag after they had crossed the mountain range.

BENFEY:

We were quite confident that we could

export our educational system, even though Ronald Coleman could not bring out the beautiful girl and keep her beautiful.

MENDL:

Let me put it this way. My mother loved Germany and she never forgave England for what England did to Germany, especially the hunger blockade, in the First World War. And therefore, in spite of her English mother, her English relatives, and the fact that she knew England very well before she became a refugee in England, this, I believe, played a very big part in her horror and revulsion at the war. She wasn't pro-Nazi--she was very much against Hitler--but deep down she felt that war was not going to be the answer at the basic human level. Something more was needed. During the war and before the war she worked on refugee problems with English people, and she got in touch with Quaker people who were on these committees. A headmistress of a local girls' school on Quaker lines introduced her to the Society of Friends and so she began to go to meeting.

We were Lutheran by baptism, we were confirmed in the Church of England, Episcopalian church, that is; but I think I drifted away from the Church of England. I didn't find much meaning in the services and so I rather naturally attached myself to my mother and drifted with her to Quaker meeting. And I enjoyed it. Sitting in silence wasn't so easy, but what was so important to me, was that people accepted me as somebody....They really felt that I was an individual who had his own value. This made an enormous impact on me, I think. I don't know whether you had the same experience because, of course, you came to Quakers more or less at the same time, didn't you?

BENFEY:

I think what drew me to Quakerism was the spiritual journey, the mysticism, the belief in the inner light, and so on. But perhaps we should talk about the military-industrial complex a little?

MENDL:

I think it's an interesting point, that although both of us are Friends, we are working in areas which are not specifically and solely Quaker areas. In my case it's pretty obvious. I associate with people quite opposite to me in basic philosophy, and I must say that I envy Ted, being in an institution such as this, where people are accepted for what they are themselves, and every effort is made to help them blossom forth as individuals and find their place and make their contribution to society. Now I find that I miss that an awful lot, where I am now, and I'm not altogether happy in such a situation, and I don't think I do very much to transform it. But the funny thing is that I enjoy the military. Now this is a terrible thing to say, isn't it? But they're interesting people, and I have a feeling I've got to break through the crust of their profession--their professional outlook, their idée fixe, and get them to think in more human terms. And many of them are willing to do so. There's another thing--I find that many of them have thought through things for themselves very carefully, and come to quite different conclusions from my own, but they respect people who may have diametrically opposed views. But they do find it difficult to find a pacifist studying military affairs because they're always afraid I'm looking for ways for making them redundant.

BENFEY:

This term, the military-industrial complex, I find amusing, with Wolf doing war studies and me training chemists to go into industry. My professional life is spent quite often with industrialists, who are very much caught in the war making mentality, and preparing for eventualities of that kind. And, like Wolf, I find the industrialists very human. I get upset with fellow academics--chemistry teachers--who just assume that industry people are interested only in profit or war making or whatever. That's partly again the Quaker influence, that we tend to hold back from generalizing because we do believe--sometimes it's hard--that there is something of God in every person. And we find it. In the midst of this we have very good relations with people in industry, in the military.

But along with that one Quaker strand, the second might be again my passion for acceptance and testing my acceptance. I always have an urge to challenge and an enormous fear of stepping even slightly outside the norm. But something drives me to do it, and I think that's a psychological characteristic of people who want to be sure that they really are accepted, so they keep on testing the limit. That's what happens to insecure children--what makes them so hard to cope with. So it may be

in part that Jewish experience of rejection and the need for acceptance. But on the other side is the Quaker push to stay in the world and not to get out of the world, not to do things that are nice and secure and peaceful, away from the mainstream. Our call is to be in the world and to transform it from within. And that, I think, has driven us into the world, even when the temptations were strong to get out. I've gotten out much further than Wolf has by spending my academic life in Quaker institutions which are very accepting and warm and give me a sense that I'm doing all right, even if I do get involved in this larger problem.

MENDL:

Let me bring our discussion to the title of this session: "Guidance, Chance, Fate." What is the meaning of this in relation to what we've just been talking about? Take this business of chance. Lots of things happen by chance. By chance the AFSC had an opening in Japan at the time I was opting for an opening and by chance I knew some of the people at AFSC who thought I might be good for this opening.

Fate, yes, all right. Being of Jewish families, fate, in a way, shifted us out of Germany. I don't know what we would have been like if we'd stayed in Germany, if Germany hadn't gone through Hitler. It would be interesting to speculate. I think you would have been a very, very distinguished German professor, but a bit dry. And I think I wouldn't have amounted to much. I must say, my mother always said, in spite of her prejudices, England was the best place for me to grow up in. And I must give it to England because when I was in school, I was already a pacifist when I was seventeen, and yet I was made a prefect, prefect being a senior student with responsibilities and privileges in the school--there were only 18 of them in a school of 750. And they made me a prefect! I was German, a friendly enemy alien, as they were called--people who were Jewish, but German. I was a pacifist and therefore wouldn't help the war effort, and the headmaster was very keen on the war effort. And they made me a prefect. Now that is a tribute to the British system. But let's go back.

Yes, fate. But guidance--I can't say honestly that I see some almighty being up there manipulating things with strings and moving me along on a predestined course. That just doesn't quite make sense to me. But what I do have a feeling about, is the guidance of a person through the love and friendship of people. You are one of the people who have guided me without knowing it, I'm sure--without intending it even. After all, it was you who persuaded me to come to Pendle Hill and that led from one step to another. And it was you who guided me in the sense of helping me to find the meaning and worth of what I can do--a feeling of being able to do something when I was really floundering pretty badly.

There was an aunt, I mentioned, who did a lot to boost my morale as a little boy, and there was your mother, the brief time she was with us. I have a very, very warm feeling for your mother because I remember so vividly, as a child, when she was with us, always cheerfully taking great interest in me and playing with my toes, which I enjoyed very much. All these people--there's a whole army of these people--through my life, and it goes on to my wife and all the experiences I have had. Always this feeling of being supported, encouraged--we're cheering you on the sidelines. Like you, I've had some pretty severe downs in life, and sometime one wonders what the point of it all is, you know, what's the point? It may be the point is to give other people an opportunity to help you along.

BENFEY:

You've been awfully kind to me, Wolf, and it really wasn't difficult to have faith in you and to give you confidence. After all, I was the one presumably who was closest to you during all those years, and I knew that the evaluations at school just missed the whole point of who you were. They were a product of the technique used to evaluate you, and I knew from your fantasies, your lecturing to yourself, and so on, and all these revelations of what was in you, the endless wealth inside of skills and contributions that still were to come out. That was so obvious to me, and I'm glad it helped a little, but I wasn't doing anything in particular.

The thing that's missing in those three words, "guidance, chance and fate," that Wolf already alluded to and that I'm terribly much aware of is that my survival, the fact that I wasn't ended rather early in the gas chambers in Auschwitz was purely due to the love and care and concern of my family in finding the best way of getting me out of there and Wolf's family in

taking me in and giving me that sense of assurance and protection and warmth, and all the others--so many others--Wolf and his sister and his aunts and the grandmother and so on, who nurtured me to the point where I could more or less navigate on my own.

In addition to the guidance from others--which, of course, we have to choose to accept or reject--there's also the enormous value in being taught through the Quaker experience, or other experiences, when you are close to despair and don't understand things any more, just to sit still, without planning your life and just see what thoughts come. And then some insights come--the most unexpected ones, often--that suggest a way out that you have never thought of.

MENDL:

This guidance business about other people is very important to me because it also links to my Quaker convictions, and that is that I don't like everybody. There are quite a number of people I dislike for one reason or another. I know that the disliking of people comes from within me and there's not necessarily an objective reason for it, but there are so-called personality clashes. But I have found in my experience that the guidance can come from the people I'm not particularly fond of. I remember vividly an instance in New York with somebody I didn't like at all because she seemed to me to embody the kind of values which I reject, which I don't admire; and perhaps I reacted solely because I saw some of these blemishes in myself--I didn't want to admit it. She once made a simple remark to me to the effect, "Be yourself; never try to be anything else. Don't posture. Don't pretend you're somebody else or can do something else. Be yourself--that's terribly important, whatever you do." It's such an obvious, such a simple comment, but it was very important to me at that time. I very much like this person now, if I may say so. This also led me to think that when you're dealing with people, you get an impression of people, but it is not the whole picture. It is a bit like eternal truth, isn't it? No one can grasp it completely. And with individuals, there's always something hidden. I find that if I have that faith, even the most unpleasant people somehow become interesting and human to me....

T W O P O E M S

William Burris

GLANCES

Little things slip away,
leaving a residue, a scent
that clings to my consciousness
like eyes that only meet
 but never touch.
And then the dreams come,
making real what is never real
except in twisted visions,
 twisted hopes,
for things I lack the courage
 to pursue.

I expected all of this to pass,
this dreaming of school-boy
 dreams,
this thirsting for sylvan
 springs
where all is beautiful in its
 place.
But one year dies, and then
 another;
still it does not pass,
leaving me suspended, apart
 from myself--
looking at things
that I must have to live
but cannot touch or hold or claim
 or give.

NOW WHEN THINGS LONG LOST

Now when things long lost
Crowd my mind again, they throw my senses off
In terrible disarray.
Why must this be so? Who speaks to me
demanding
The return of faces best forgot?
Let them stay dead; give me fresh faces,
Fresh thoughts, fresh loves and newly-minted pain;
Give me bold wine in green skins,
But make it red, strong and lusty--with heavy dregs
To lie upon my tongue
Like the tang of passion well spent.

I want no more of old things
To remind my heart of deeds undone, or done wrong;
Of sins that plague my soul, of other loves
Who let me pass them by. Let them die
And bother me no longer,
So I can rise tomorrow
And face another day,
And love again in bright morning
With loins untroubled by memories best forgot.

C O N T R I B U T O R S

THEODOR BENFEY teaches chemistry and history of science at Guilford College, and served as editor of Chemistry 1963-1978. His books include Classics in the Theory of Chemical Combination, Introduction to Organic Reaction Mechanism, and a translation of E. Cassirer's Determinism and Indeterminism in Modern Physics.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of *The Guilford Review* examines the image of childhood and children's experience. As usual, it employs a variety of modes--art, poetry, fiction, reminiscence, and scholarly research--to reveal the child's world and its impact on ourselves as adults. Childhood is presented as a literary theme, as a stage of perceptual and spiritual development, as a legal and social status. We are encouraged to recognize, especially as educators, what obligations the condition of children lays upon us as adults. We see the faces of children through the eyes of artists and in the recollections of perceptive adults. It is ironic, however, that the issue includes very little direct testimony from children--only the group of poems written by children in Fayetteville during a poetry-in-the-schools session. This is a lack we must each supply out of our own life-stories. We have all lived in a world of giants. We must choose to remember.

---Ann Deagon, Editor

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C O N T E N T S

YOUNC MAN IN WILDERNESS	*James McMillan*	
RETURN TO THE GARDEN: The Child, Myth, and Curriculum	*Sara M. Stohler*	1
CHILD LIFE: Poems	*Fayetteville Children*	9
PORTRAIT: Woodrow Parker	*James McMillan*	10
THE FIRST TIME	*Robert Williams*	11
SHE TELLS SHE WAS A VERY VERBAL COUNTRY CHILD	*Claire Helgeson*	13
PORTRAIT: Dawn Harrell	*James McMillan*	14
EARLY BECOMINCS	*Mary Ellen Brown*	15
GIRL AND SPY	*Paul Campbell*	21
BOY IN SHADOW	*Roy Nydorf*	24
CAMES FOR THE ROOT-HOUSE CHILDREN	*Ann Deagon*	25
TWO POEMS	*James Gutsell*	26
FOUR STUDIES: Jared and Schuyler Corry	*Roy Nydorf*	28
"IN A BOOK THAT ALL MAY READ"	*Carter Delafield*	29
METAMORPHOSIS OF A CHILD	*James McMillan*	34
"AND FORBID THEM NOT": An Introduction to the Imagery of Childhood in English Literature	*Jane Bengel*	35
STUDIES FOR A SELF-PORTRAIT	*Ann Deagon*	41
CONSTITUTIONAL RICHTS OF CHILDREN	*William Carroll*	44
CONTRIBUTORS		48


"Young Man of Wilderness"

RETURN TO THE GARDEN:
The Child, Myth, and Curriculum

Sara M. Stohler

What is the pedagogical function of myth? Is there a form or content in myths that meets the learning needs of the child? From diverse disciplines and points of view come theories which support the idea that myth represents knowledge and a way of knowing useful to the child.

In discovering that myths are more than the interesting but inaccurate ways that pre-scientific peoples explained natural phenomena, anthropologists, psychologists, theologians and literary critics have developed new theories about the place of myth in human consciousness and its role in human society. Jacques Ellul (1975) observes that the attention being given to myth in our time appears to be an anachronism but, in fact, is the result of a deeper understanding of the significance of myth:

> By a strange reversal, what now seems childish is not the imaginary myth but the rationalistic philosophy which called it in question through a failure to understand it. Cicero is seen to be more simplistic than Homer.[1]

This attention being given to myth has not yet influenced education in any significant way. Most of the literature about myth and education deals with ways to teach Greek myths at the secondary or college level, emphasizing such benefits as knowing our cultural heritage, recognizing literary allusions, and preparing for classical studies. While these reasons are significant, they nonetheless tend to relegate myth to an isolated place in the curriculum, e.g., an elective or an enrichment, and rarely make any connections between the younger child and myth (Rudolf Steiner being a notable exception). What is outlined below is a conceptual framework for curriculum development that is based on the correspondence between the world of myth and the child's cognitive and emotional developmental needs. This framework is developed from the writings of four persons from different disciplines.

Literary critic Northrop Frye writes about the role of myth in educating the imagination. From Frye's perspective educating the imagination is more than offering opportunities to be creative; it is the central task of education, for it is through the imagination that the individual recreates culture. The role that Frye gives to myth in the curriculum is broader and more significant than that of the other perspectives considered here and thus provides the larger framework within which to consider several more specific viewpoints: Jean Piaget's early writings about the mythic element in the child's cognitive

mode, Kieran Egan's recent curriculum theory about the appropriateness of the mythic form to the child's learning style, and Bruno Bettelheim's analysis of the correspondence between the world of fairy tale and the child's emotional needs.

MYTH AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE IMAGINATION: NORTHROP FRYE

In The Stubborn Structure, Frye states that educational theory has as its central concern the transforming of society, moving it toward an ideal order or a just state:

> Education has nothing to do with this vicious circle of labour and idleness: it begins in that moment of genuine leisure in which Adam is neither tilling the ground nor going fishing and leaving the real work to Eve, but remembering his lost Paradise. Even as late as Milton, articulating the dream of a lost Paradise is still the definition of education. More prosaically, we may say that education is the product of a vision of human society that is more permanent and coherent than actual society.... We cannot discuss educational theory simply in relation to an existing society, for no educational theory is worth anything unless it can be conceived as transforming that society and, at least to some extent, assimilating it to its own pattern.[2] [Italics mine.]

Frye expands this definition by saying that education is concerned with two worlds: "the world that man lives in and the world he wants to live in."[3] While these two worlds cannot be clearly separated out as the areas of science and of humanities and the arts, it is through the latter, literature in particular, that education is directed toward the concern for the world we want, as well as the world we do not want, which concern "forms in every age a huge mythological structure."[4]

Thus Frye establishes his central pedagogical principle, that education's primary goal is not to prepare children to find their place in some passing form of the social order (the present reality) but to develop their imaginations to be able to envision a better social order, a vision that is expressed in many ways in that "huge mythological structure" embodied in the arts and humanities.

Generally, the education of the child in the schools, as well as in the larger world outside, is primarily in the basic social mythology, the American way of life, and its purpose is "to create the adjusted, that is, the docile and obedient citizen."[5] The education that literature and myth provides should enable the child to discover a deeper, more significant level of concern and give expression to that vision that is within himself, embryonically, and in the tradition, expressed as myth, literature and the other arts. Frye thinks that it is only by such a stronger vision that the child will have the power and freedom to conceive of the world in terms other than adjustment to what is. The power to fulfill possibilities and transform the social order is the basis of true freedom and is derived from "the continuing vision of a continuing city."[6]

The teaching of literature should begin with myth, Frye contends: "Any effective teaching of literature has to recapitulate its history and begin, in early childhood, with myths, folktales and legends."[7] In The Educated Imagination, he suggests that education begins with the most comprehensive and central myth that incorporates the central theme of a lost identity that is still sought. That myth he finds in the Bible, which he calls the beginning point, the "lowest stratum" for teaching literature: "It should be taught so early and thoroughly that it sinks straight to the bottom of the mind, where everything that comes along can later settle on it."[8] It is not for its language, religious instruction, or great stories (all of which have validity) but for its mythic qualities that Frye sees the Bible as a foundation:

> The fact that it's a continuous narrative beginning with the creation and ending with the Last Judgment, and surveying the whole history of mankind, under the symbolic name of Adam and Israel, in between.[9]

The second layer of instruction would be classical mythology, which is more fragmentary but has the same imaginative framework. Its special contribution is the myth of the hero "whose mysterious birth, triumph and marriage, death and betrayal and eventual rebirth follow the rhythm of the sun and seasons."[10] It is important, he thinks, that such story themes as Hercules, Theseus, Perseus get into the child's mind early. Junior or senior high school is the time to begin more systematic study of mythology, Frye concludes, learning the archetypes as well as the cyclical and dialectical structures that are the structures of all literature. Myth provides a diagram of what literature is about, "an imaginative survey of the human situation from the beginning to the end, from the height

to the depth, of what is imaginatively conceivable."[11]

Frye makes a strong argument that literature and the mythology that informs it be an essential part of education in a democracy because of the role it plays in educating the imagination. He contends that "in a modern democracy a citizen participates in society mainly through his imagination."[12] The power to fight against adjustment to the prevailing social mythology comes from knowing the "real" society that exists beyond the "phantasmagoria of current events." The imagination is even more important than the reason in a perverted society, he thinks, for only the imagination can see "reality as a whole" and provide a better vision to correct the present order.[13]

Frye leads us to consider the importance of educating the imagination of the child, particularly through attention to how myth conveys the basic framework and images with which the imagination functions. His suggestion that a curriculum for children give a significant place to some of the more important and comprehensive mythologies goes against the modern emphasis in materials for children on realism and relevance to contemporary life. This issue leads us to ask if children in our age can relate to mythic stories and images and if the form and content of myths and tales fit their cognitive and emotional needs.

MYTH AND COGNITIVE DEVELOPMENT: JEAN PIAGET

In one of his early works, The Child's Conception of the World (1929), Piaget examines the prelogical thought of the child and finds that it is quite similar to the thinking of "primitive" (Piaget's term) or myth-oriented people. This early work, which has been largely ignored in the area of education, has a significantly different focus from the mathematical and physical model that dominates in most of Piaget's later writings. The central concept he was studying in this and two other early works was child egocentrism and its gradual replacement by socialized thought. This form of egocentrism comes not from self-consciousness but from a perception of events that does not distinguish the self from the world and thus atrributes one's own kind of thoughts and feelings to animals and inanimate objects.

In The Child's Conception of the World Piaget examines anthropomorphic and egocentric ideas and notions of reality and causality by asking children questions designed around three characteristics of "primitive" thought: realism, animism, and artificialism. For realism, questions are asked to reveal whether distinctions are being made between the internal and external world (e.g., "Where is the name of the clouds?"). Animism, that tendency to give life and consciousness to non-human things, is explored with such questions as: "Is the sun alive? Is the bicycle alive? When is it not?" Artificialism, the belief that there is a tie between one's own actions and natural phenomena, is seen in response to questions such as "Where did the sun come from? Why does it shine?" For a brief examination of the kind of insights he gathered and the conclusions he reached, I will discuss one of these characteristics, animism.

Animism is the belief that many or all objects are living and have a will; this belief is due to the child's tendency not to set limits between the self and the external world: "The primitive property of mind which consists in the complete lack of differentation between conscious action and mechanical movement."[14] In studying animism in the child, he sought answers to three problem areas: (a) Is consciousness attributed to things and how? (b) What does "life" mean to a child? and (c) Does the child see natural laws as coming from moral or physical necessity?

Regarding the question of consciousness, he found that there is a progression from seeing everything active as having consciousness to the limitation of consciousness to animals. Not having made a distinction between thought and physical objects (realism), the child cannot realize "that there can be actions unaccompanied by consciousness."[15] By its very nature, activity is, to the child, purposeful and conscious--clouds, sun, moon, rivers, fires, bicycles all know and feel, but benches and walls do not. However experience begins to teach the child that bicycles do not move on their own, and so the child restricts consciousness to those things that can move by themselves. Thus, with the somewhat older child, wind or the clouds are said to feel things but bicycles do not. Even when children begin to doubt that streams and clouds are alive, they persist in believing the sun and moon to be alive because these bodies have spontaneous and controlled movement. Eventually, usually age 12 or later, Piaget found that the child limits consciousness to animals.

The notion of "life" is closely linked to that of consciousness, having to do

with activity and purpose, with the expectation of movement being of great importance. Children ages five through nine gave these responses to Piaget's questions:

> Is a bicycle alive?--No, when it doesn't go it isn't alive.--Is a mountain alive?--No.--Why not?--Because it doesn't do anything.--Is a tree alive? --No; when it has fruit it's alive. When it hasn't any, it isn't alive.... Is a lamp alive?--Yes, it shines.--Is the moon alive?--Yes, it sometimes hides behind the mountains....Are you alive?--Yes.--Why?--I can walk and I go and play.--Is the moon alive?--Yes.--Why?--It guides us at night. --Is the lake alive?--Not always.--Why not?--Sometimes there are waves and sometimes there aren't any.[16]

By age eleven or twelve most children understand life as spontaneous movement on the part of plants and animals.

Another expression of animism in child thought Piaget found in the attribution of moral necessity to things or events in nature. Asking questions to explore whether children think of nature as "a collection of physical laws" or "a well-regulated society," Piaget found that children think in moral rather than psychological or physical terms and endow "things with consciousness principally in order to explain their obedience to a hierarchy."[17] Children to age eight generally think that everything acts out of necessity to obey a moral law that regulates everything to the greatest good of humans. Between ages eight and ten this idea shifts to a more systematic explanation of creation and purpose, attributing divine will and activity to the place and function of all things, but there continues to be a moral, not a physical, necessity that guides all activity.

F. A. Favat[18] reviewed the research that followed up on Piaget's conclusions about the child's animism, artificialism, and realism and found that the general configuration of Piaget's hypotheses was confirmed. Some of these studies found, however, that the ages suggested for the different stages may be too old and that children begin to take physical laws into account earlier than Piaget discovered. The increased exposure to scientific thinking and the decreased exposure to folk and mythic tales could encourage earlier accomodation to the different stages. However, it is helpful to keep in mind Piaget's discovery that children often repeat the formulas they have learned in school about the origin, nature, or activity of a substance, only then to add their own spontaneous explanations that show a more "primitive" or mythic understanding.

What is more significant, however, than the fact that the few studies done to test Piaget's hypotheses support his conclusions, is the fact that this early work of Piaget has been largely ignored. Because Piaget himself was primarily concerned in his subsequent work with how children develop logical thinking, most of his writing focused on how structures of logical thought can be fostered at various stages. Those taking a Piagetian approach to education usually view the prelogical thought of the child as a problem, a kind of temporary handicap to be overcome. They believe curricula should be designed to build on those tasks the child can do correctly (i.e., logically and scientifically) and to ignore the areas of confused (i.e., non-scientific) thought that we cannot do much about until the child through accomodation and assimilation moves on to new tasks.

It appears that most educators seeking to apply Piaget to curriculum development would say of Piaget's findings concerning the mythic quality of child thought that what we are seeing reveals a bottle half-empty, i.e., what is missing and problematic. I am suggesting that the prelogical thinking described shows a bottle half-full of rich and useable concepts that indicate a different and interesting approach to shaping curriculum materials for the elementary school.

MYTH AND CURRICULUM DEVELOPMENT: KIERAN EGAN

Piaget's theories about the mythic dimension of child thought are translated into educational principles and practices by Kieran Egan in his book Educational Development, a work that is significantly different from the mainstream of curriculum development. Even though Egan acknowledges an indebtedness to Piaget and Erikson for his stage theory, he does not cite any specific works. It seems obvious, however, that he is particularly indebted to Piaget's early writings in formulating his concept of the mythic stage, the first of Egan's four stages.

Taking two basic principles of curriculum building--what knowledge the child has access to and what information is relevant to a child's needs--Egan suggests that child-centered advocates have made some incorrect assumptions. They have answered these

questions in terms of content and thus assumed the child knows best what is closest at hand and that what is relevant is what the child sees and does in the external, everyday world. Consequently, they build curricula that focus on the familiar (my home, my school, grocery shopping, etc.) and then expand outward to lesser-known places--the "expanding horizons" concept.

The alternative to this approach, Egan suggests, is to see the categories children use at different ages to make sense of stories and games, to look at what they are interested in. The kind of stories young children are interested in (primarily fairy tales) suggests that they "know best the most profound human emotions and the bases of morality: love, hate, joy, fear, good, bad."[19] Through their inner worlds children have "direct access to the wildest flights of fantasy...to anything in the world that can be connected with basic emotions and morality."[20] The inherent structures that shape a child's interest and ability to learn, emotions and morality, are not from the environment, Egan thinks, but are a form of heredity, coming either through the common situation of being born into a family (Freud) or through the human condition itself (not unlike Jung's collective unconscious).

These interests are central to Egan's concept of the first of four stages of educational development: (1) Mythic--ages 4/5 to 9/10; (2) Romantic--ages 8/9 to 14/15; (3) Philosophic--14/15 to 19/20; and (4) Ironic--19/20 through adulthood. The first stage is termed "mythic" because of the similarity between the thought of the child and the stories of myth-using people. He finds at least four characteristics of mythic thinking as derived from myths that are paralleled in the thought of the child: (a) a need for intellectual security through absolutes and through significance assigned to all events; (b) a lack of a sense of otherness and thus of history and change, myth providing "the eternally valid charter for things as they are"; (c) a lack of a sense of the world as autonomous and objective; and (d) a need for stories based on binary opposites. These characteristics are seen in children in the difficulty they have finding meaning in ambiguous and complex ideas, in their lack of experience with which to understand change and historical causality, in a tendency to see the outer world in terms of personal feelings and imaginative inner life, and in the tendency to understand things in terms of basic oppositions such as "big/little, love/hate, security/fear, courage/cowardice, good/bad."[21]

Egan argues that the teacher or curriculum writer's job is not to take materials written from an adult perspective and simplify them, but to use qualitatively different forms based on the child's grasp of emotional polarities and lack of distinction between the inner and outer as a basis for building connections with the outside world. In this way children can learn to use the outside world to think with from their own perspectives, with the result, Egan thinks, of modification and growth as their own categories are altered by this interaction:

> True learning at this stage must involve their being able to absorb the world to the categories of their own vivid mental life and to dialectically use the world to expand the intellectual categories they have available. The most effective teaching will be that which provides best access to the world, by organizing what is to be known in terms that children can best absorb and use.[22]

Stories provide us with the best clues for organization, Egan suggests. He contends that the story form itself is essential because it fixes meaning and that is a requirement for children if they are to absorb, not just repeat, knowledge. Therefore, most teaching at this stage should make use of the story form, casting countries, events, movements as characters in a drama with beginning, middle, and end.

According to Egan, the first question an educator should ask when organizing material for children at this stage is, "What is mythic about this?" The task, then, is to find the "two most powerful and conflicting forces in our topic"[23] and to personify those forces. Instead of being understood as false later on, the student will, he thinks, understand such personifications as metaphors. Successful teaching at this level, Egan argues, requires a repertoire of story plots and ways to put knowledge into these stories.

This mode of learning not only gives children access to knowledge that might otherwise be out of reach conceptually or boring, but also develops the imagination through enabling children to connect their rich inner lives with the outer world and create an appetite for more of such wonderful knowledge of the world. Children know about the conflict between survival and destruction, Egan points out, and thus it is more meaningful for them to understand culture as a defense against destruction than to have bits and pieces of

information about shelters, clothing and food. Those bits and pieces, which are the subject matter of much of the elementary school social studies curriculum, constitute the essence of what Egan calls "the tyranny of provincial knowledge and experience over so many modern Western children's minds."[24]

The mythic stage is, then, the time for developing confidence that the world can be meaningful, that the outer world can be related to one's inner world. The content of learning should not, according to this perspective, be information about the everyday world but the life and death struggles that myths and fairy tales represent. These and other fictional stories should be central in the curriculum, fostering the development of imagination, of language rich in contrasts, and of a sense of the drama and mystery of existence. The main threat to educational development, in Egan's theory, is a curriculum that suppresses "children's vivid forms of thinking in local detail and trivia." Life is not about "the secure surface of daily routine and local custom" but the great struggles.[25]

MYTH AND EMOTIONAL DEVELOPMENT: BRUNO BETTELHEIM

What Piaget and Egan reveal about the cognitive world of the child is paralleled by Bettelheim's theories about the psychological needs of the child in The Uses of Enchantment. Although Bettelheim is writing about fairy tales and Piaget about characteristics of myth, the similarities between these two kinds of traditional stories are more important than the differences when we are considering the conception of reality they embody. Favat refers to the child's view of reality described in the early works of Piaget and the view of reality in fairy tales as being essentially the same. I am suggesting that Bettelheim's description of how fairy tales match and serve the child's psychological world compliments the child's conception of the world described by Piaget and Egan, and thus gives us another dimension of the child's need for and interest in mythic materials.

In The Uses of Enchantment Bettelheim develops the thesis that of those things that can be gained from books, fairy tales provide what children need and want most. His clinical experience with disturbed children led to the conclusion that children seek out fairy tales because these stories tell them what they most need to know: how to deal with inner conflicts created by social relationships, mainly the family setting, and how to project hope and meaning into their present struggles.

Bettelheim is interested in the structure and form stories provide for the child's thought, particularly the adequacy of the structures to bring unconscious material into consciousness so that the conflicts can be worked through and the imagination expanded and enriched. Contemporary stories, both realism and simplified fantasies, are not able, Bettelheim thinks, to promote the development of imagination that psychological growth requires because these stories are based on false assumptions. They are stories that yield to modern parents' beliefs that we ought to be truthful with children, that too much fantasy will lead to neglect of reality, that the world already has too much that is frightening in it without giants and beasts, and that children's ambivalent feelings about parents should not be encouraged. These objections miss the purpose of stories and the nature of psychological problems. Bettelheim contends that there is a need to see that fairy tales deal with a truth more important than literalism, the truth of the imagination, that fantasy is a way of bringing emotions in line with reality, that tales do not add monsters to the child's thought but give a way to deal with the fierce emotions that are there anyway, and that it is quite helpful to portray parent-child conflict in stories that bring the conflict to a happy conclusion.

Bettelheim views the child's inner world and development in Freudian categories of certain basic, universal struggles and suggests that the structure the emerging psyche needs is one that allows these conflicts to be expressed and resolved. Fairy tales are expressions of these psychological struggles and offer not only a vicarious way of expressing them but also reassurance that they are acceptable and can be resolved successfully, even that the struggle is an attractive venture to engage in. The structure of the tales matches the structure of the child's mind--a clear polarization of moral and emotional concepts (good/evil, happy/sad, etc.). This polarization is necessary, he argues, for the comprehension of the concepts; complexities and subtleties are understood only much later (also Egan's argument).

Bettelheim contends that the child's thinking is qualitatively different from the adult's to a greater degree than Piaget does. He argues that while Piaget describes the animistic character of child thought, he still often tries to understand a child's

thinking from a rational framework and thus does not see the child's point.[26] The child works from the inner world out toward reality; learning to bridge the "immense gap between inner experiences and the real world" is the developmental task.[27] At this point reasoning is still too immature, he thinks, to give form and meaning to the "rapidly expanding collection of often ill-assorted and only partially integrated impressions."[28] Attempts to explain phenomena in objective terms and scientific reasoning about the sun, moon, or gravity fail to reach children even though they may be able to give the explanation back verbally. Scientific explanations, Bettelheim thinks, are lonely and insolating images to children whose way of imagining the world is according to the family setting. Some realism can help the emerging rationality, but it is fantasy, he argues, that gives the form by which the child gains order and meaning out of the inner needs and the demands of reality.

Growth toward maturity is facilitated best, Bettelheim thinks, by the development of the imagination. And it is through fantasy that the imagination is fostered. He writes that "the ability to spin fantasies beyond the present is the new achievement which makes all others possible."[29] Because fantasy is the way of projecting hope into the future beyond the disappointments of the present, the child is able to take on new achievements even though each step in growth is threatening. Without such projections development is arrested. The fairy tales are, Bettelheim thinks, the kind of fantasy that best facilitates this development of the imagination because they use stock characters and "universal symbols that permit the child to choose, select, neglect, and interpret the tale in ways congruent with his state of intellectual and psychological development."[30] The essence of his theory is that the development of an imagination rich enough in images and stories to assist with conflict and growth throughout life is essential in the child's education and that is what fairy tales do best.

CONCLUSIONS: IMPLICATIONS FOR EDUCATION

Piaget, Egan, and Bettelheim provide a rationale for myth as an important component in one stage of development. Their emphasis is on the value of using the knowledge and mental structures that are closest to the child in order to facilitate learning and growth toward maturity and to make this process meaningful, but they do not focus on the larger social and cultural goals of education with which Frye is concerned. However there are larger implications to be drawn from their findings and theories, particularly when set within the broader framework suggested by Frye, and I will mention just a few.

The fact that these theories have not made any appreciable impact on curriculum theory underscores, in part, the great concern in education to foster rational thought and early acquisition of knowledge that accords with scientific explanations of phenomena, as as well as to prepare students for the work and institutions of an industrial society. We need to examine these values and trends in the light of what we are learning about human development and in the light of other goals for education. We need to reformulate curriculum with a critical eye toward the heavy modernist emphasis on fostering what is practical, technical, realistic, and "every day."

Piaget has referred to the American desire to speed up the developmental process as a problem. Our eagerness to move children up some imagined ladder of "upwardly mobile" skills with as great a speed as possible has caused us to focus on a narrow range of skills in education. Indeed, the concern for "basics," when it becomes too strident, often betrays an indifference to, or even hostility towards, the broadest and richest kind of education. It often reflects an impatience with fostering creativity, educating the imagination, attending to the child's personal or inner needs, and developing moral thinking (rather than strict moral training). However, it is in educating a child for a broader range of interests and skills, attending to the many things within a child's world and reach at any particular stage (what Piaget refers to as horizontal development) that we have the best opportunity to develop greater maturity, truly independent learners, and thinkers able to imagine new concepts, whether in science, art, or politics.

The ability to use metaphors may be rooted in the early mythic thought of childhood. A major contribution of myth-based stories and tales is that they provide the child with a great repository of mythic images and themes at a time when they can be assimilated easily. The child learns to manipulate the symbols and patterns of mythical thought and thus use an important part of his/her cognitive and emotional world that is not evoked by realistic fiction and rational inquiry. The plots, characters, and images of mythic stories are the basic "tools" of the artistic, literary, and political imagination which the child

needs as much as the tools of grammar and arithmetic. I am concerned to see schools developing both the aesthetic and political awareness and skills of students, areas that often receive slight attention.

Curriculum planning needs also to give more attention to the question of whether a child's way of seeing and ordering reality is qualitatively different from the adult's. Instead of simplifying adult concerns and perceptions of reality, curriculum materials may at many points need to be formulated from a different conceptual framework, for which myth may provide some of the structures. The need of the child for ways of ordering experience that are meaningful is one of the primary reasons that myth is an important component in the education of the child. Penelope Farmer, author of several modern fantasies for children, writes that myth is essentially about creating order:

> ...ordering--ordering experience, both in order to make tolerable the immeasurable vastness of the universe that the myth-makers encountered all about them..., and to come to terms with its intolerable events. That way, taking your cue from the god, you in your own way recreate the world.[31]

In addition to giving clues about the kind of ordering of experience that is meaningful at certain stages of childhood, attention to myth can also help us to understand the link between developing the imagination and fostering hope. The imagination, Bettelheim has suggested, is the key to hope for the individual because it is the ability to project a scenario in which the smaller or weaker character prevails against what at the time seem to be impossible odds. Frye has suggested that the imagination serves also a larger cultural or political role in creating hope by forming new visions of how society might be ordered. Myth can help provide the framework of such alternatives, telling us of an ideational world beyond the actual world, e.g., that we live between a lost paradise and a yet unattained Nirvana or Holy City that makes of "the time being" not an existentially isolated moment but a pilgrimage.

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[1]J. Ellul, The New Demons, trans. C. E. Hopkins (N.Y.: Seabury Press, 1975), p. 89.
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[7]N. Frye, Fables of Identity: Studies in Poetic Mythology (N.Y.: Harcourt, Brace, & World, 1963), p. 33. [8]N. Frye, The Educated Imagination (Bloomington, Ind.:Indiana U. Press, 1964), p. 110. [9]Ibid., p. 111. [10]Ibid., p. 112. [11]Frye, 1970, p. 102.
[12]Ibid., p. 104. [13]Ibid., p. 105. [14]J. Piaget, The Child's Conception of the World, trans. J. & A. Tomlinson (N.Y.: Harcourt, Brace, & Co., 1929), p. 231.
[15]Ibid., p. 177. [16]Ibid., pp. 199-200. [17]Ibid., p. 224.
[18]F. A. Favat, Child and Tale: The Origins of Interest (Urbana, Ill.: National Council of Teachers of English, 1977), ERIC Document Reproduction Service No. ED 137 830.
[19]K. Egan, Educational Development (N.Y.: Oxford U. Press, 1979), p. 10.
[20]Ibid., p. 11. [21]Ibid., p. 13. [22]Ibid., pp. 15-16. [23]Ibid., p. 20.
[24]Ibid., p. 24. [25]Ibid., p. 121. [26]B. Bettelheim, The Uses of Enchantment (N.Y.: Knopf, 1976), p. 119. [27]Ibid., p. 66. [28]Ibid., p. 61. [29]Ibid., p. 125.
[30]Ibid., p. 130. [31]P. Farmer, "On the Effects of Collecting Myths for Children and Others," Children's Literature in Education, 1977, 8, 176-185.

CHILD LIFE

Fourth and Fifth Grade Fayetteville Children

MY DOG

When I was about
(5) five or (6) six
my Uncle Joe had gave me
and my brother a dog a piece.
We gave them food, then
whil days was going on
the dogs was getting bigger.
So one day I was playing ball
with my dog, the ball went
to the street the dog ran
after the ball a car was coming
the car hit him. We had one dog.

---Boyd Constant

WHEN I WAS SMALL

When I was five years old I bit my daddy.
And then my mother hit me with her hand.
I did not bit my mother and daddy again.
I did not hit my mother back because it was hurting.
Then I went to bed and dream that I saw a monster.
The monster hand had blood on it. He took me with him.
And when I was six I went to school my teacher was mean.
My teacher hit my friend for fighting the girls.
He was crying. That is the end.

---Fred Evans

REMEMBERING

I remember when I was three
I fell in the fan and cut my head.
I remember when I was four
we moved on Maloney Ave.
And I was in the back of the truck.
I remember when I was five
I had the biggest party I ever had.
I remember when I was six
my friend moved on Maloney Ave.
I remember when I was seven
my friends took me down to the
waterfall it was scary.
They gave me some popcorn
to go down there.

---Anne Williams

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

This is how my story begin.
When I was only three years old
I had to go to duke
and they had to tote me to the car.
And my skin was like a piece of fat back.
And they had to cut my hair off.
And my grandma had prayed for me.

---Juanita

THE DAY I WAS THE ELECTRIC MAN

One day when I was about 3
I seen a picture on T.V.
about the Electric Man,
and he was fixing a wall socket
and I decided to copy him.
So I took a hair pin and put it
in the socket and twisted it
and all of a sudden BOOM
I was in Shock.

---Jonathan Pullin

MY LIFE

When I was first born the doctor slapped me.
Then I gum him to death.
Then when I was one I was Christen.
I got mad and cried the whole house down.
Then we move to Fayetteville where all
my meanies went clear out in the open.
And now I am the nicest boy you ever laid eyes on.
But I was still mean.
I slept all day eat all night.
When I was four I said I going to be
a big man, and I going to die
with a hammer in my hand.
But you know I ain't no man yet,
and I ain't going to die with a hammer in my hand.
I going to die with a chisel in my hand.

---Michael Randolph



THE FIRST TIME

(A Story to be Read Aloud)

Robert Williams

The pick-up squeaked around the curve, flinging two trails of red dust into the August heat. The young boy in front was thrown against the door handle, and a big black German shepherd dodged clanking milk cans in the rear.

You could tell the driver was a farmer by the way the truck veered off the road whenever they passed a corn field or bean patch. A passionate farmer--or else he'd started off the day with a good chug of white lightnin'. But Wainwright swore he'd never touched a drop ever since he'd shot out the lights in the McCrory picture show. "There's a thousand little devils in ever' bottle," he warned, as the eight year old boy listened.

Dust shot through the holes of the rattling floorboard. A pair of iron nose-tongs was tied to a manure-stained rope, and whenever they came to a big curve the tongs slung the rope from one end of the floorboard to the other. Crammed under the seat was a twelve-gauge, the kind with a single hammer. Its stock was patched in three places with electrician's tape. When the truck stopped, two shells rolled out from under the seat only to roll back when it started up again.

Wainwright had a handsome profile with a high, finely chiseled cheek bone and a straight nose. The wise wrinkles of the forehead told his age, but his physique was that of a young man. The sparkling blue of his eyes contrasted with his almost white hair. Tilted back on his head was the hat he always wore, rain or shine. It was a cowboy hat, made of straw, that had been trampled by hoofs any number of times. Today it was sweat-soaked.

"Salt of the earth," the child remembered his grandmother saying. Wainwright wore a long-sleeved denim shirt, already wet around the chest and armpits. One thick, calloused hand controlled the steering wheel while the other tenderly shifted gears. Gentleness was important, since the gear stick was wrapped to the steering column by only two strands of baling wire.

Clayton preferred helping Wainwright with the milk route to playing Indians with the older boys, since he, Clayton, was always the first to be captured and executed with the B.B. gun. Five seconds to escape, and Billy Ray counted fast. But Wainwright treated him like a grownup.

"Now Clayton," Wainwright said in a deep voice, "read off what Say-ruh done wrote on the list so we won't go forgettin' nothin' in town."

The second-grader reached down under the box of kitchen matches on the seat and

pulled out a crumpled piece of brown paper. Scrawled on the sheet in first-grader's printing were the items to be picked up at the store. They formed a rough column one word above the other.

The first one was easy enough. It began with capitals S H U G G E and ended with a backwards R.

The next one was odd. It read: FLOWER. Why does Sarah want flowers, he wondered. She had whole batches of petunias growing in those big old tractor tires in front of the house. It came to him as he imagined himself looking for flowers on the shelf next to the sugar.

The next two were spelled and written perfectly. They were unmistakably SALT and TEA. Only one more to go.

The final item stunned the boy momentarily. Not from misspelling. Rather, each word conjured up a powerful image. Each had to be worked through separately before a translation was possible. In very clear writing, the first word said SHIT. There was a space. The next word read PAPER. A moment passed before the two came together. He speculated how sissy the words "toilet paper" must sound to Wainwright. Anyway, he figured, they didn't have a toilet.

The boy's shoulder crashed against the hard door. Wainwright quickly guided the truck back into the tracks. He watched the road more carefully, holding the wheel with one hand while the other searched the seat. It glided over the match box first. Next it touched the rusty spring that poked through the seat stuffing. Finally it gripped the dense brown substance wrapped in cellophane.

The package read DAY'S WORK in bold red letters, followed by "A man's chew" in smaller letters. Wainwright opened the cellophane wrapper with his brown-stained teeth and bit off a large chunk of the almost gooey substance.

A man's chew. Clayton recalled the day he and the older boys were sitting on the hay wagon. They wouldn't let him try any. He wasn't old enough, and besides he was a city slicker. All the older boys took a bite except Joe Allen. "What's wrong, Joe Allen? This stuff too strong for you?" They hounded Joe Allen until he nibbled off the tip of the plug. "Oh, ain't Joe Allen brave! My little sister can chew more than that!" With that, Joe Allen took a large chunk and tucked it into the side of his jaw.

The boys sat there talking big and spitting. Then they had a contest to see who could shoot the farthest. Joe Allen was third in line. He fell short of the other two about a foot. And last, Billy Ray, whose front teeth looked like someone had been in there with a crowbar, fell an inch or two short, saving Joe Allen from more scorn.

The winners slapped each other on the back and spit a few more times. Joe Allen, for some reason, got real quiet all of a sudden. The other boys didn't notice, but the color in his cheeks was rapidly departing. In no time he was struggling for air. Then he turned the color of store-bought seedless grapes. Joe Allen eased down off the wagon and weaved his way toward the big oak tree.

Clayton looked down at the brown square, freshly opened, bouncing on the seat. The truck motor churned as he pictured the older boy, neck limp, leaning for strength against the old oak. But the other boys got so much fun out of it, he recalled. Wonder why Wainwright chews it, he pondered. Could it be just the taste?

Wainwright watched through the corner of his eye, then turned his head into full view. His jaw bulged out so, it looked like he had the toothache. Wainwright was about to pull the tobacco away from the child's reach, but something made him change his mind. Instead, he tapped it in Clayton's direction.

The boy calmly picked it up, pulled back the cellophane, and sunk his teeth into the plug.

It was tougher than he had expected, but with some pressure he was able to tug off a chunk about half the size of Wainwright's. He tucked it into the pocket of his jaw with his tongue, the left side, just like Wainwright. Wainwright wasn't even watching, and the boy looked out at the fields and the pastures. The stuff was strong, but sweet, almost like molasses. It was strange how the wad made juice as it tickled the lining of his mouth.. A strong burning sensation trickled all the way down his throat into his stomach. Don't let that happen again, he warned himself--that's what finished off Joe Allen. By this time he was breathing completely through his nose, allowing the juice to collect over his tongue. He began swishing it around a little bit, but found that this only made more juice. Then a dreadful thought occurred to him. Where was he to spit it?

Wainwright and Sarah always kept a Luzianne can next to the T.V. But he didn't see a can or a jar in the truck cab. And the holes in the floorboard were just not big enough. Would Wainwright get mad if the milk cans got sprayed? What if he hit the dog?

The boy turned toward Wainwright. Both cheeks bulged out red and round. Wainwright pretended he did not see. He was about to panic. Should he swallow it or let it fly? He nearly shook Wainwright's arm, but instead grabbed on tight to the seat with both hands, and prayed to the Lord they wouldn't hit another bump.

Wainwright refrained from smiling as he down-shifted into second. He then did the miraculous. He leaned his head out the window and squirted a neat brown ribbon onto the dirt road. The child, showing no sign of emergency, did the same. He sank back into the seat and with a shirtsleeve wiped the brown dribble off his chin.

Once again, the tobacco tasted good. And even more than that. The trees took on a goofy green glow, and a silly grin spread over his face.

So this is why they do it, he mused. This is why.

SHE TELLS SHE WAS A VERY VERBAL COUNTRY CHILD

Claire Helgeson

Words filled the child as new grass filled the pasture,
Moved as the smooth creek to the shallows
To hollow-water, stone-water song,
Slid on the black rock sloping down
To catfish old in shadows
Coved in the blackened pool beneath steep stone.
Words dove as the dark weaving swallows,
Rose as the field of blackbirds rose and spread,
Filled as the seeping swelling water under
The limestone pile, deep spring
That never changed in any weather
Flowing down for the house water
With soft pressure of the hill's fall.
Brimming, the words spread dream to dream
In that time, fell stone to stone.


Dawn Harriott
with Dale '77.
J.C. McPherson

EARLY BECOMINGS

Mary Ellen Brown

At a recent wedding of two young adults, the minister, a brother of the groom, was inspired by the present flurry over sexual and other discriminations to change the revised version of one of Paul's letters so that it sounded like this: "When I was a child, I talked like a child, I thought like a child, I reasoned like a child. When I became a "person..." I was startled, as anyone conversant with the Bible might be, into a reflection on the definition of that time in life before I had put aside childish ways and become a "person." I have now been moved by the editors of this Review to resume my remembrance of "lost time" or pre-personhood, as the young cleric would have it--but not to the extent, as some would have it, of probing to the moment of my conception.

No matter how I try to define my childhood, I always find its boundaries elusive. Childhood is a span in personal history, a period of time; but as an integrated state, which may exist only in the mind, it is determined by many perspectives. The longer my view from any perspective, the hazier the boundaries. Indeed, I have lived long enough to detect the cyclical possibilities of childhood. I do accept the arbitrary boundary of birth as the beginning of what is called "infancy"; but where the shadowy emergence from infancy commences depends, I believe, on one's verbal precocity. Because of this relationship between verbal communication and personal maturation, I shall begin the account of childhood as I experienced it with my earliest remembered attempt to communicate a dream.

A big, furry creature was chasing and capturing me. I cried out and my father came to quiet me. This was my first remembered awareness of something that I could not name. My uttered word "bear," to which I had a familiar picture attached, was not sufficient for the nightmare. The word "smother" was not yet in my vocabulary. For the first time, although comforted by my father's arms, I felt the pain of an "arrow of longing" caught in the entanglement of sensations without words, a pain which I was to learn to recognize often.

If the beginning of childhood may be marked in this way, by the consciousness of a frustrating search for words, this was my graduation from an infancy whose ending may also be marked by a promise to my mother that I would no longer suck my thumb if she would remove forever the bedtime stalls that she had been advised to make for me from white linen. For a time, I fell asleep with my arms dutifully placed behind my back. In

retrospect, I ask myself whether there was a direct relationship between the forestalling of that physical pleasure by those mittens tied above my elbows and the subsequent habit of nail-biting, which plagued me till my early teens.

These two memories introduce an element necessary for maturing as a person: the rudimentary consciousness of the absence or presence of freedom, to express one's self or to choose one's actions. A third memory, of a later experience, illustrates in a more positive way this essential consciousness of freedom. It may have been the first time that I was allowed to go to a store by myself. Since it, a grocery store, was across from the school I was to attend and I know that I visited it frequently from the first grade on, this incident had to take place before school age; but if I remember correctly, it may have happened during or even before kindergarten, which I attended by being bused out of the neighborhood at age five. In either case, I remember skipping barefoot up an alley behind our house on a sunny day under a blue sky. I was filled with a sense of power, derived probably from my awareness of the pennies I had been given to spend on my favorite candies. This was an excursion for pleasure. Suddenly I felt completely overwhelmed, in a most wonderful way, by the great expanse of universe around me. I felt also the presence of a friendly observer, watching over me with approval and encouragement. I sensed simultaneously that the approved freedom to venture, to search and to choose was a source of great happiness, even though, I am sure, I could not have put this feeling into words. It was perhaps the only time for me to experience such an overflowing feeling of joy in freedom without an accompanying sense of responsibility to others. There was an awareness only of my free self and of that detached friendly spirit above me.

I shall date the beginning of my childhood somewhere between the first two and the third remembrances just described. Where or whether I can date its ending I do not choose to determine here. I will be writing, therefore, of a state that is not necessarily "past" or "lost," in the Proustian sense, nor "wasted" on youth exclusively, in the Shavian sense. It is a state that may be enjoyed or suffered by a person of any age, according to that person's relation to others of similar, lesser or greater age and maturity, in adjacent or overlapping environments.

I caution against any confusion between my remembrances of past actions, with their accompanying feelings and thoughts, and my present reflections on them. I am trying to keep this distinction as discernible as possible, a feat that I find difficult. When I consider now, for example, how sheltered (deprived?) my childhood was, I can also remember that I had an early consciousness of the varieties and inequities of existence, which led to my asking my parents, soon after I had started to school, whether we were "rich" or "poor" and to my receiving a tremendously qualified reply that showed me forevermore the importance of defining terms. I do not remember, on the other hand, whether I was moved, as was Albert Schweitzer, to feel an immediate concern for the less fortunate upon being told that I was "rich in the things that money cannot buy." I do not know how long I sought to understand my state while taking it for granted.

* * * * *

What will readers think when I choose to measure my advancement through childhood in terms of the process of plumbing? More than hasty reflection reveals, however, that "plumbing" is an ambiguous and important term, closely associated with childhood in at least two aspects. (I was shocked to discover fourteen definitions of the word "plumb," three with an alternate spelling! "Plumbing" will be used here in two, by no means limited, senses of the term.) The first aspect of plumbing, which I once thought the less noble, is very much a part of early self-consciousness. It exists as the object of an absorbing interest in the functions and products of one's own system of tubes, tanks, inlets, outlets and other forms of apparatus involved in the consumption of nutrients and the disposal of wastes. By development and extension, such interest came to include other complex systems of conduits and storage. This aspect of plumbing is as vital as it may seem to be ignoble. My own earliest memories are filled with incidents having to do with unconsumed food of all kinds. The importance of these incidents became exaggerated to the degree that they could not be satisfactorily communicated to the adults around me. This led to furtive scientific experiments along with early studies in comparative anatomy. They fell into two categories: Those shared with my self or my peers and those discovered by my elders. The latter, almost without

exception, proved embarrassing. All were satisfying to the curiosity, however, and all were conducive to growth.

I learned to measure my own progress toward adulthood by the increasing understanding of and respect for the nature of my own plumbing and its potential. I began the never-ending task of trying to master the art of balancing my control over it with its control over me. This balance is maintained by proper choices, where there is freedom to choose, and by graceful acceptance and compliance, where there is no such freedom. The awakening of my consciousness to this problem began early, with homely lessons drawn from my own private experiences as well as my mother's and, less directly, my father's instruction. Seeds were sown, when I was a child, that could develop into the grace needed for ordeals of "acceptance and compliance" accompanying my development into the female rather than the male person of my initial preference. (My closest cousins of the feminine gender and I felt fortunate to share a unique aunt, whose headstrong ways provided entertaining but equally enlightening anecdotes for our mothers' use in admonishing us, such as the story of our aunt as a young girl hurling her hairbrush across the room while declaring that she firmly intended for this first to be her last monthly compliance with what seemed an unjust, exclusively feminine, experience. We saw immediately the futility of such childish behavior, especially since we knew firsthand what kind of adult was the result. I know now that her anecdotal value should have made her our favorite aunt; but it produced the opposite effect.) By the time I had reached the significant period of adolescence, I was endowed with the necessary patience for yielding to my "natural" role.

Discovering this role has been a life-long adventure, involving the other, less egocentric and perhaps more philosophical, aspect of "plumbing." Equally important to childhood, whatever its boundaries, is a more general probing of depths, an intellectual attempt to get to the basis of life. This probing is the manifestation of a three-pronged curiosity: wanting to become acquainted with one's origins, wanting to understand oneself and others in a shared environment, wanting to have some preview of the future. This kind of plumbing, a process assuming freedom for engagement, has for me, almost as far back as I can remember, been linked very closely to the process of reading. Being enabled to escape the limits of time or place through imagination evoked by the leadings of others, who are likewise freed by literature from their specific boundaries, is the privilege from childhood which I cherished most and which I planned perpetually to exercise. (I take pleasure now in revising the familiar German proverb, related closely to Plumbing I, "Man ist, was man isst" or "We are what we eat," to say: "Man ist, was man liest" or "We are what we read.")

Reading plumbs the mind as the mind is probing the minds of others. We may rest our eyes to ponder at will. (Compare this to the process of watching television and other similar activities, where there is not the same opportunity to resume an interrupted concentration.) While the eyes are resting, the mind is free to fantasize; and my childish mind became filled with lands and inhabitants as real to me as those confined to time and place. When I played "Heidi-in-the-Alps" with Alma Jane Halbert, my new school friend of the second grade, who was alternately the little invalid from the city, I had the inner resolve to be a real Heidi, climbing the real Alps. It would be only a matter of time. How grateful I came to be for my mother, who made a phone call to the wealthy owner of a fenced-in area, which covered several suburban blocks nearby, to get permission for us to use the exciting outcropping of rocks on this estate for our "mountain" excursions with our picnics of "goat's" cheese, and to swim in the pool, which became our Alpine lake. Her direct and simple attack on the obstacle of an iron picket-fence, in order to effect our realization of a dream-world, taught me early that the line between fancy and fact could be crossed in either direction.

Some ideas which entered and became fixed in my childish imagination were difficult to alter through gradual sophistication. The transition from a belief in Santa Claus to an acceptance of that jolly being as the symbol for the "true spirit of Christmas" required some struggle with my tendency to literal-mindedness. At about the same time, my parents started taking me to a Methodist Church, my mother being a "staunch believer" and my father affirming the hope that his children would find her faith, which he had been born without and was still wanting. Impressed by the lessons of the Old and New Testaments, both of which I began to read rather early and soon believed to be of equal historical importance, I adopted,

almost unconsciously, the idea that it was of enviable value to be "chosen" by birth to be a Jew, like my schoolmate, Marian Levin, and then duly "converted" to some form of Christianity reflecting the life and teachings of Jesus. Later, in high school, while I was for a time a Presbyterian, I confessed privately to my first chemistry teacher, who was Jewish by both birth and faith, that I felt at a great disadvantage in having been "predestined" never to be able to progress religiously along the more auspicious route open to her as one of the "chosen." Her tolerantly amused reaction prodded me a little further along the way to adulthood, although I cannot remember what she said to cause me to begin the first of my re-interpretations of the Bible. She was the same teacher who awakened me to the fact that I was not a genius, when she assured our entire class one day that no member could qualify for that designation. I had had some hope in that direction before her convincing revelation. At first, I felt only disappointment at this but soon I became grateful for the consequent relaxation that I felt in my personal responsibility to the intellectual world. This teacher was one of my favorites and influenced me further by suggested readings in fields other than chemistry. (It was either this same woman or her friend, my history teacher, who introduced me to the Testament of Youth, by Vera Brittain, who was to turn me into a pacifist.)

Related to reading as a manifestation of the second aspect of "plumbing," or deep searching, was another serious occupation at which I spent long, lonely hours during a brief period of my childhood. It was before my family moved from Indiana to Maryland and while I was still in "middle school." I had just read an ornately bound, two-volume edition of Mark Twain's Joan of Arc. I loved the story and wanted to believe in its accuracy. I also longed for my own experience of a call to service like the one which had inspired the simple French girl to leave home, in a most unfeminine fashion, to seek out the dauphin and to spur him to courageous battle. No matter how much time I spent in solitude, sometimes even on my knees, listening for Joan's voices, they never came. And the closest I came to training for the horsemanship necessary for charging into battle was the yielding of my parents to my insistence on riding the plug which faithfully pulled old Jake Troxler's wagon, used for the weekly collection of our neighborhood's trash. Jake's shack on the banks of the White River, flowing through our town, was immaculate, and he was a gentleman. His horse was safe for me to ride bareback. It was also a stubborn steed and let me know definitely when it had finished eating grass in the alleyways and was ready to go home. The likelihood of my participation in the equestrian glories of modern France looked increasingly hopeless. I gave up, after a while, and grew up correspondingly. (I was well into adulthood before I was prepared to read the revised versions of my heroine by Anouilh, Brecht, Schiller and Shaw and to realize the importance of listening for my own voices.)

The edition of Mark Twain mentioned above was in our family library, to which I had free access, even to the large medical encyclopedia containing all the facts of life then available to the layperson. Perhaps my parents were wise to allow me to delve at will into this manual of health and disease and to acquire familiarity with its colorful illustrations, exciting awe, fear and sometimes even horror. I was never able to bear prolonged contemplation of its mysterious diseases without a tinge of nausea; but I came to believe that I knew all I needed to know about the subject of sex, demanding so much attention from my teenage contemporaries. This book and the "National Geographic," which I eagerly "read" through at every month from the age of six, inspired an early romantic interest in science and travel, further enhanced by the visits of my favorite uncle, a naval doctor, who brought back stories and mementoes from Europe and China. Romantic interests continued to vie with serious questions in directing my reading tastes.

Reading and daydreaming led to writing. An inclination to "make believe" was closely related to an early need to share any new "ideas" occurring to me. Perhaps the inspiration for creating vehicles for these ideas, in the shapes, sounds and rhythms of pleasing phrases, came from my first exposure to the usual nursery rhymes. I had, in addition, the models of two rather clever, if somewhat vulgar, verses recited (perhaps composed) by my two grandmothers, respectively, during my visits to their stimulating households. I also found that fantasies could vanish completely if I did not quickly put them onto paper. When I was seven or eight years old, my father and his obliging secretary made certain that I should have the satisfaction, at least once, of seeing a composition "in print," and one of the most highly treasured of the childish things which I

sadly consigned to the wastebasket on one very adult day was that typed, one-page short story, mounted on a sheet of blue construction paper.

"Making believe" took another form which, apparently, has to occur in a typical childhood. I recall my first attempt to make my mother believe a "story." (She would not call it a lie.) I did not succeed in convincing her that I had not disobeyed her commandment not to turn on the outdoor water faucet when I finally confessed to having used lengths of tough grass to turn the handle, which my hands had not touched. The grass had done it, I insisted. The memory of her "lecture," patiently drawing distinctions between truth, falsehood and rationalization, has never quite left me.

A large cherry tree in our backyard provided a place and the materials for other hours of both work and play. Ropes, which I wrapped around and wove between forking branches, gave me a high perch for secluded reading and writing. Climbing up and down the tree was a frequently practiced sport. Pitting cherries at canning time was one of my earliest childhood tasks. I derived aesthetic pleasure from lying in the grass under a clear sky and peering through the transparent skins left after my careful sucking out and swallowing of the sweet-sour pulp. The change in the shades of blue sky viewed through the pale pink skins gave me a special delight, which I shared with no one. It was an experience of beauty rivalling my perennial enjoyment of the cherry blossoms.

Up to now, my remembrances of childhood activities may suggest a preference for excursions into the realm of Cerebrotonia. I have only hinted at my adventures in the regions of Viscerotonia and Somatotonia. It has never suited my taste to be very explicit in print about viscerotonic pleasures, even if my taste includes some of them in practice. I would not be honest, however, if I left the impression that my childhood was basically imaginative and intellectual in character. There were very physical, even violent, expressions of feeling and will in our family. They were usually verbal, but not always. Childish quarrels were engaged in by all of us, including my parents. These quarrels could develop, on the part of my two brothers and me, into real fights. As far as I can remember, I was the only one of us who achieved the disgrace, at age nine, of being sent to the school principal's office because of a public, hair-pulling, fist-wielding altercation with another child, Ladonna Carmichael. She and I became good friends after this, and neither of us could explain how we had ever fallen into our folly. We agreed only on one point: that the other had "started it."

I consider myself fortunate that I have more long-lasting memories of other kinds of physical and aggressive behavior: I remember playing baseball and football, until the latter sport was forbidden by my mother, roller-skating on side-streets at night, sledding and ice-skating, going barefoot earlier and later in the season than most of my female contemporaries, playing under the lawn sprinkler on hot afternoons, swimming in the cold lakes of Michigan during vacations, gorging myself with huckleberries from the same region, sleeping under the stars during long overnight hikes at summer camp, and bike-riding very early in the morning, before school hours, sometimes in search of violets to pick and to make into corsages for my teacher.

This brings me to my first long (three-year) love affair. It was as absorbing as any to follow, filling hours meant for sleep with fervent recollections and contemplations of the adored image of my English/Latin teacher and with the planning of acceptable, attention-getting strategies for the next day. This love, for one of my own kind, remained strong in me, although its object was not forever the same. Moving from one state to another, in both a spatial and a temporal sense, I found one love blending into the next without ever losing my loyal commitment to the first or feeling a loss in quality when later the objects were of the opposite sex. To this day, I can evoke the feelings surrounding each experience, both ecstatic and tragic. An appreciation of the comic is often superimposed now, but it was rarely, if ever, present then. I was also always expecting to find somewhere and somewhen a love that would encompass and surpass any of these. Such a love, I believed, would allow more satisfying, fully requited expressions of passion, and for it I was persuaded, by my mentors and by my own judgment mingled with fear, to save most of my sexually maturing self. This I did, but not without the assistance of chance and some careful consideration of the two aspects of plumbing! (I confessed once to a few friends my pride in soon qualifying for the description "sweet sixteen and never been kissed" but secretly was chagrined when a few bold boys captured me one evening, only to let me go without much of a struggle, when a previously elected candidate was too timid to spoil the record

of which I had boasted. I most certainly had not intended to achieve a record as late as age eighteen!)

Before leaving this rapid survey of child and adolescent development, I must remove any impression that I have no more significant memories of lost opportunities. There have been many which I regret. There would surely have been more if I had not made a resolution, after a needless failure to witness a ball of fire, following the striking by lightning of a house across the street. I was playing with my younger brother at a window seat affording a clear view of the scene. He watched excitedly while I hid my face in fear after the first flash and ensuing clap of thunder. From that moment I resolved not to miss a natural wonder by deliberately hiding from it because of fear. That particular opportunity has never recurred for me; but, as compensation, I have childhood memories of going out of my way to watch the aurora borealis and to observe solar and lunar eclipses. In addition, I shared with my family, quite without our planning, the experience of a tornado which barely missed the home of my uncle and aunt, whom we were visiting near Indianapolis on one Fourth of July.

With the bare mention of orthodontic braces, endured with little success, gratuitous piano lessons taken instead of the desired ballet, and the never-diminishing delights of school in general, I conclude my list of remembrances that belong definitely to childhood. (Some of them, including an interest in music and a liking for school from both sides of the desk, have continued without a break into my adulthood.) I turn now to final reflections on becoming a person through plumbing.

Preoccupation with plumbing in both senses seems to continue indefinitely, in work and in play. The apparatus for it, being organic, develops in persons in unique ways and at different speeds; it can be, or can become, defective and may be mechanically repaired; but it should never become atrophied. It is, as stated, already of conscious importance to our childhood. Perhaps a test of adulthood is our comparative lack of preoccupation with plumbing in the first sense, as system (when we can ignore its tendency to break down in old age), and our increasing interest in plumbing in the other sense, as a probing for meaning. To be wholesome persons, we must achieve a balance of these interests, recognizing the value of each.

Society is beginning to recognize the merits of exposing what once was left hidden and guilt ridden. (See TV commercials.) We have begun to take a certain aesthetic pride in an aspect of plumbing that is no longer considered improper for open discussion and display. Take, for example, the ultimate inglorious celebration of extroverted plumbing in the Georges Pompidou Centre of Paris, with its exhilarating, architectural spilling-over into the public square, filled with endless varieties of song, dance, juggling and acting, along with the pipes of Pan. But if our attention to the externalizing of what has long been an internalized, relatively private apparatus begins to dominate our process of eternal probing, we may suspect that we are approaching a state of neither maturing childhood nor childlike adulthood but, instead, that dreaded state of childishness-in-adulthood with which our persons are constantly threatened.

EPILOGUE: OVER THE RAINBOW

When I was still a child of twelve
a verse of Wordsworth caused for me
some hours of deep perplexity
so struggling with a literal mind
I had to find in every omen:
this child should be the father of
a woman . . . only to be told
that in order to unfold most properly
I should someday ask another unique child
to help complete the task
and for that to be would demand of me
days bound to days by natural chastity.
I recall the growing child described by Paul
requiring change of mind and attitude
and feel my heart leap up in gratitude
that this child produced a person after all!

GIRL AND SPY

for Bess

Paul Campbell

Russian dolls
Small within large, each the charge
Of each, thus carved as to reveal each
In retrocedent sequences, conspire
And in ordered procession ingest the immeasurable desire
Of someone's puerile daughter. Two complices, then, eat
Through infinite glass, speak in reciprocal silences
Unbreached, and linger there
Ever in a space between.
(Painted cells
Harbour lacquered dreams in farther locks.)
By storefront
Shopkeeper marks drawing up of secret pact.

Windowpanes and wood
Distress displayed presents;
But this, this is immaculately good,
One must insist with exquisite cunning, as they must
Lithe and sinuous, the lilac lipped girl and toy
Of tenuous promise and Protestant adroitness.
There are no joys in the hollow recesses, after all
Only these Joyce days, nautilus chamber days.
But there is nothing to call one's own, save pretty
Preciocity, an incessant embarrassment.
Only the bloom that withers blithering, dear Dither
Mumbo-jumbo, quite.

Of course, one becomes philosophical,
That is to say humble, and bumbles a perverse honesty;
but in spite of it, the profound intuition
At zero sighting, still
Comes the fall of oracular word from Mercury wing
Agony untethered
That flits about like a detached feather, flutters
Round the docks like a nervous witness, distracts
The distracted, and settles down to garrulous gutter
Bogged sluice, or brutal conduit
That conducts the souls of Victoria's England of the soul.
Only, not our souls.

At the eternal moment of judgement, there
Is merely a precisian's expression of consent: Glory
To the Father, to the Son, etc.

II

Blueveined girl, unfinished woman
With your unaffected face most thoroughly undone,
I am the shadow divorced (I ? I ? I ?
You thought no one; everyone?) from sentiment,
Cast out by a spent howitzer cartridge casing lamp
In the image of a lesser gun.

At the next bookrack, the melodramas;
At the track where you run, always behind your back;
In this or that café, coffee and Grand Marnier,
I observe. I subvert, and serve you up,
And long to be impertinent, long to be overt.

But I play all pillow talk games with some sixth sense
Of original sin from which I refrain at all costs.
Old ethics. Too graceful.
It is this business, this employment.
One is altogether forbidden by what
Is international rule of thumb
(although one should like
To play dumb, to confess much
To give a sign)
to state in succinct, explicit tongues,
In any precise way, the manner of contest
To be staged. Only to the extent that one must;
Otherwise, in the probably inversion
Of roles, one should be forced
To posit oneself as hostage. As guest
After all, I'm but occasionally engaging at best.
As host, however, I am much more
The conversationalist. Such a subtle wit.
In any event, wiser, older
I am hardly heroic. The occupancy of such a post
Belongs to another soldier. No potential
Martyr's ghost here. No self-starter.
Simply the image of an irreclaimable
Presence that stands interminably hidden
By the right wall in di Chirico's.

But hoop-chaser,
In this mystery and melancholy of a street,
Encoder, I have never been so sly as to delete
The coordinates of my regularly covered beat,
And still you make no effort to retreat.
I think your knowledge is not so incomplete
As that, Tell me; am I mouse, or cat?

And so I talk too much.
You understand. When one puts another through the ringer,
One is expected, even trained to chat a bit,
To play a gambit, say.
(But you want either to provide information
Or not. Yes? Touché?)

One gloved hand, one bare.
Close, but never too close.
Cigarettes, bets, regrets,
I am the amorphous apparition about
Letterboxes, alcoves, and building corners
Watching with certain knowledge, an epistemology,
Of inevitable, too comfortable cross-ups of innocence.
Girl-confessions irretrievable; your double
Agents unrepentant. There are half a thousand
Rationalizations for these things.

Of course, I have seen it all before in the field.
Only, this time, your horror at the kill,
The dimunition of human will leaves me strangely,
Jaded. I think I'm finished.
As it was in the beginning, now, and ever, etc.

III

Empire totters on brink STOP
Status to remain unclear subject not to suspect STOP
Be thorough methodical think STOP

I am rewarded according to the efficacy
Of my ambiguities. Only
This one should be easier, this trench coat
Espionage
(in Circus
Terms because we would read LeCarré together
If it were to rain, and we
Were under the weather, under cover--as I
Am today)
and counterespionage
In which I became he, Smiley
The monomaniacal, the morose,
Or the Mole perhaps in the mind's London, or Karla
In Moscow Center of the id.

It should be easy, but I cannot keep a lid on.
The tease, the bait is taken too far;
One invariably commits high treason
Against oneself. One is exposed
By politic betrayals as comprehensive as cynical.
The better man becomes a metaphysic lost
To fractured, apocryphal men
Who meet and meet again at change November bars
Where asphyxiated acquaintances press dead
Garroted grins home to cluttered blue offices
Cluttered desks, cluttered stacks
Of trick thoughts that risk no disclosure
In objective correlatives. Bloody messes.

This is my commentary on the sport,
But I do not hand over indictments in such
A fog as this
(in fact, I ought
To be more like my enemy)
where clean lives presume
True hearts. How should I start?

Rather, I shall simply continue
To move inconspicuously about, and collect
The umbrella spirals
And turbulence in leaves of school girls
In pleated skirts all navy or gray that seem
Ever to sway to inaudible Strauss discs.

From a discreet vantage, I
Shall stake out the venue, take my risks
Risking nothing, run
Reconnaissance and record
In all likelihood only what I could afford
To miss, none of the matters of consequence:
Private packages, whispered oaths, vows of that
Or this which I shall never realize
Purely, the ways she sanctifies the earth, her world
Without end, Amen, etc.



GAMES FOR THE ROOT-HOUSE CHILDREN

Ann Deagon

1. First find something dead.
 Bury it. Wait a month.
 Dig it up. You will learn
 How the dead come alive.

2. Watch spider wrap cricket
 In a cocoon. She will have
 Music in the gut all winter.
 Learn how the small survive.

3. Learn the bee-dance. Follow the bee.
 Glut your eye on wild blooms.
 Follow the bee back home.
 Honey is sweeter than art.

4. Take a stone. Draw a circle.
 Whatever comes inside the circle
 Smash it. You are learning
 What stones are for.

5. Cut off a finger: trout strike.
 Lie still in the field: a buzzard
 Centers down. Wring its neck.
 The body is the only bait.

6. Tie a mouse to a thistle.
 Lean your hoe to a tree.
 When the snake comes, teach him
 A new way to shed skin.

7. When you are big, wrestle the bear.
 Win, and you feast in a fur coat.
 Lose, and you sleep underground
 All winter long next his heart.

8. When you have learned all the games
 Lay your axe to the tree's root.
 Knowledge, quoth Lilith, is firewood.
 The winters here are hard.

TWO POEMS

James Gutsell

GLASS AT THE SOUND'S SHORE

Our children search for shards of broken glass,
Once common bottles on supermarket shelves and drugstore counters,
Now water and sand polished, curved and rounded,
Hidden on the wet shore among bright pebbles:
Rocks once rough and broken themselves,
Fragile as goblets in a careless hand,
But ground and smoothed in a valley of ice
And dumped at the sea's then lowered edge.
Now the tide slides back to leave them
Wet and gleaming in the sun.
There the fractured and frosted glass
Shows green and brown and white
If one knows and looks with care.
The beach holds other treasures--
The fisherman's jetsam of plastic bags and forks,
Lost lures with fearsome rusted hooks and tangled lines;
Wood spongy with worm holes and with knots for eyes;
Coot hunters' shells corroding since October last;
The pink, twisted and intricate ruins of whelks;
Dried strings of egg cases full of the unborn,
Like monstrous necklaces of forgotten gods of the deep;
Halves of razor clams; purple mussels picked clean
Each morning by the ponderous, scavenging gulls;
Opalescent jingle shells, rare now; and dead fish;
The residue of lovers on passing boats;
Tennis balls orange and bare of fuzz;
Damp firecrackers from South Carolina, unexploded;
The odd toy, missing its wheels; combs and socks--
All sorted through.
But only the glass is saved with special care,
The smallest fragment treasured
To fill a jar on the window sill
And catch the morning light.
It is the blue they look for, rare as sapphires,
Anti-acid, milk of magnesia blue;
And once a piece of red, fabulous as dragon's teeth.
The children, shivering in the sun and wrapped in damp towels,
Silently search with lowered heads along the Sound's shore.

BEACH STONES

Beach stones don't travel well;
They should stay on beaches
In the daily wash of tide--
When dry they lose their sheen, grow dull, opaque
And fail to please.
Planning, always, to display them in jars and bowls,
Shimmering and wet, as on the beach,
We bring them home to the cliff's top;
But once among the trees they seem to die,
And we almost forget just how they were
That we could not put them down:
Milky crystal patties with criss-crossed veins of grey,
Or golden with lines of white;
And the granite, red-brown like Welsh tapestry;
Conglomerates of puce;
Glossy shale pancakes ready for skipping;
Small gems as clear and bright as marbles,
And pebbles like Christmas candies,
But salty and cool when sucked.

My mother packed them in her suitcase
While father carried a sackful to Nevada.
Our guests all leave with stones,
And we, trudging up the path and stairs with hands full every day,
Litter bookcases, ashtrays, bureau tops,
Window sills, porch railings, and odd corners
With these glacial droppings.

When summer ends we sort and choose,
Packing the best in shoe boxes and tobacco cans:
Some for ourselves,
Others as gifts for friends with souls for stones,
Every one too fine for the anonymity of beach.

Years later I find them in grocery bags,
Forgotten in the back room's dusty corners.

So I have come to think
That we should let stones be
Where they are found,
Or at the season's close
We ought to gather up our treasures
And take them down to the sea's edge
Where tides can wash them once again
And give back each its taste and sheen.
Thus would I proclaim a family summer rule:
Beach stones must stay by the sea.









"IN A BOOK THAT ALL MAY READ"

Carter Delafield

I am again a skinny six year old, wandering among sharp blue ragged robin and orange and yellow zinnias in a casual backyard garden, seeing them in my mind's eye as the blue and red and white and yellow wild flowers in an alpine meadow. With bread and Velveeta cheese in hand, I am Heidi. Cow's milk cold from the ice-box substitutes for goat's milk warm from the goat just milked by Alm-uncle, but I drink it from a small blue bowl instead of a glass. It is more delicious by far than the special treat--ice cream scooped from the old hand-cranked freezer--that I eat from the same bowl every Sunday.

I am an eight-year old ranging a bit farther from home now to make a play-house under a weeping willow on the coarse grass beside Buffalo Creek--which is instantly the River Bank where Mole and Ratty live in harmony and Toad Hall is just over the horizon.

Hurrying home in the sudden darkness of a late winter afternoon, the light in my mother's room becomes without warning the pale moon-globe, shining from the castle's tower room where my grandmother lives. The familiar steep street becomes the mountainside, unsafe because the Goblins often emerge from underground in darkness. A glimpse of a neighborhood mongrel, part Dachshund, part fox-terrier, confirms it. When you see one of their grotesque animals, you know Goblins may be concealed in any shadow. I am deliciously frightened and hasten my steps although I feel warmly secure in my danger. I do not need Curdie; I will be safe inside the lighted castle before the Goblins can reach me, because that silver light from the tower is my grandmother's protection.

Re-reading these books, Heidi, The Wind in the Willows, The Princess and the Goblins, for my course in children's literature, I open the casements of memory and know again the intense inner life of the turbulent small girl whose spirit is fed and whose imagination is enriched by the power of the word in the books which I read and which were read to me in my earliest years. Of course I had since shared them and many others important to me with my own children, but the experience then was different. My concentration was on the children and their enjoyment, not on myself. And while some of my own childhood came back, it wasn't what was happening now.

I didn't want to teach the course in children's literature. I wanted time to develop as an Eighteenth Century scholar, but it had to be taught and I was the new-

est member of the English Department at Guilford... I consented with what I hope was a modicum of grace, and suddenly, unexpectedly, I was entering an ongoing encounter with myself as a child that has continued through the years I've been teaching it. For the first time, I began to discover the depth of my early involvement with the written-word-as-art. I began to see how profoundly it affected me, helping to shape not only my imagination but also my interests, my aesthetic sensibilities, and beginning the enlargement of my moral world beyond the rigid confines of the Scotch Presbyterianism my real grandmother felt it her duty to introduce me to.

The beginning of this affair with language goes back almost to babyhood. Leslie Brooke and Beatrix Potter are two who initiated me into some of the special pleasures of sounds and words. I have never forgotten "the Lion with his green and yellow tie on" or "the Hippopotomi" who keep asking the existential question. "What am I?" in Johnny Crow's garden, and I know from experience that Brooke, using those double and triple rhymes, offers the same amusement to the two-year old in Johnny Crow's Party that Byron does to the adult reader in Don Juan.

At three or four, I learned from Beatrix Potter the solid satisfaction of the absolutely right word and the challenge of the unfamiliar one. The "soporific" effect of lettuces on the "improvident and cheerful" family of Flopsy Bunnies pleased then as it does now. So does the activity of the "friendly sparrows, who flew to him (Peter Rabbit) in great excitement and implored him to exert himself" to escape imminent capture by the dread Mr. McGregor. So does the reaction of Tom Kitten's mother, she

> came down the garden path and found her kittens on the wall with no clothes on, She pulled them off the wall, smacked them and took them back to the house. "My friends will arrive in a minute and you are not fit to be seen; I am affronted," said Mrs. Tabitha Twitchet.

And later when she had told her friends that the kittens

> were in bed with the measles, which was not true... Somehow there were very extraordinary noises overhead, which disturbed the dignity and repose of the tea-party.

I have realized that Beatrix Potter's masterful control of tone was something I understood even at that early age. I shared the wry amusement she creates here with tone--amusement at Mrs. Tabitha Twitchet's discomfiture as the thuds and crashes overhead reveal her prevarication. I think of this when I try with so much frustration to teach college literature students what tone is and why it matters. They try, but their childhood background of TV hasn't offered them much opportunity to learn the subtle pleasures of language.

Kipling's mad use of sound in the absurdity of the Just So Stories filled me with a drunken delight I still feel as I hear in my head the description of the home of the Elephant's Child "by the great gray-green, greasy Limpopo River all set about with fever trees" or of the attire of the Parsee who wore only a hat from which "the rays of the sun were reflected in more-than-oriental splendor" as he took "flour and water and currants and plums and sugar and things" to make himself a "Superior Comestible."

And beyond Kipling, Edward Lear:

> Through the silent-roaring ocean
> Did the Turtle swiftly go;
> Holding fast upon his shell
> Rode the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
> With a sad primaeval motion
> Toward the sunset isles of Boshen
> Still the Turtle bore him well.
> Holding fast upon his shell,
> "Lady Jingly Jones, farewell!"
> Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.
> Sang the Yonghy-Bonghy-Bo.

How intoxicating to sit in the top branches of my tulip poplar tree and say these words aloud to myself in sensuous delight.

And I might choose part of "The Jumblies" to repeat silently as I slipped towards sleep between soft linen sheets:

And all night long they sailed away;
And when the sun went down,
They whistled and warbled a moony song
To the echoing sound of a coppery gong,
In the shade of the mountains brown.
"Oh Timballoo! How happy we are
When we live in a sieve and a crockery jar!
And all night long, in the moonlight pale,
We sail away with a pea-green sail
In the shade of the mountains brown."
Far and few, far and few,
Are the lands where the Jumblies live;
Their heads are green and their hands are blue
And they went to sea in a sieve...

Like T. S. Eliot, I learned some important things about sound and rhythm from Lear.

These treasures of language have been a part of me almost all my life and now, looking back, it pleases me to see the close connection between early experience and what I have chosen to do with an important part of my adult life--teach literature.

During the fifteen years or so that I've been doing that, I've been troubled by an insensitivity to language in my students--so happily forestalled in me by reading and being read to--and also by their lack of any sense of history. Disillusion seemed inevitable for 60's activists who valued only the present and who knew nothing whatever about the temporal realities of political and social change. And it does not seem surprising that, without a historical perspective, the "Now Generation" soon became the "Me Generation." Students have changed in many ways recently, but they still measure time by personal experience. Last semester in IDS 101 when we were reading The Firmament of Time, I found that the only time period that was real for members of my group was, at most, their own eighteen years. For some, no more than eight or ten years. Only one of them, a young man committed to his Jewish heritage, had a time sense that exceeded his own life span; the holocaust was real to him, but beyond that there was a huge gap between the 1940's and Biblical times.

This bothers me, particularly because it seems to me unnatural. Books--literature--can make the past real for small children who are in the process of developing a personal time sense; they certainly did for me. In a little book, Fifty Famous Stories, for early readers, with long words separated by syllable, James Baldwin managed somehow to endow Philip of Macedon, Diogenes, Antonio Canova, and others with such life, such energy, that, though they are only characters in stories that do not claim to be history, they created the idea of history for me. (When I saw Canova's Cupid and Psyche in the Louvre, my mind's eye saw instead a lion he carved in butter as the little kitchen boy in my story.)

Another book, a present on my eighth birthday, served the same function. Hitty, Her First Hundred Years is a tale told in the first person by a little wooden doll, hand-carved by an early nineteenth century Irish immigrant as a gift for a little girl in New England. It follows the doll's adventures through a sea voyage with her original owner, the small daughter of the captain of the Diana-Kate, a whaler out of Portland, Maine, then through shipwreck in the South Seas, encounter with Hindus in India, with Quakers in Philadelphia, in the deep South in the Civil War, and on into the 1920's of my childhood. Rachel Field's language creates images that opened for me a hundred years in time and thousands of miles in space--other countries and other cultures came alive. Even though I read badly-written history texts later, and had poor teachers, I knew that there was magic and mystery in the lives and actions of people who lived in times and places other than mine. The foundation was laid on which I've continued to build. It is a special pleasure now when I come across an historian like Barbara Tuchman whose vivid prose sets off the same emotional sparks that books like Hitty struck in me when I was eight, making clear the close ties between books I loved as a young child and adult interests.

In certain special books, I can also trace some of the beginnings of aesthetic enjoyment. I can remember the peculiar pleasure of early summer mornings when the pale sun flickering through silver-green leaves, the soft dampness of bright grass, pink hollyhocks against a white garage wall, and singing birds created as much happiness as a

small, skinny body could hold. Those same wide-open senses responded to picture books. One was When the Root Children Wake Up, a simple story with illustrations by Sibylle Olfers that incorporate the true colors of spring. In cross-section drawings, delicate water colors show the intense, transparent pale-blue of sky, the vibrant yellow-green of grass above ground and, below, the yellows, reds, blues, of spring flowers in the dresses of the Root Children in their warm brown underground home preparing to troop up into the sunlight.

Another is simply called ABC Book, each page a drawing originally cut on wood and block printed from four-color plates: rust, yellow, green, black; green, blue, black, orange, with white, on heavy white paper--broad expanses of bold color and superb design. I remember a vulture on a twisted black limb outlined against a full moon in a night-blue sky and, particularly, a squatty orangutan settled comfortably among intricate greenery, a single orange on the limb beside him. I can remember looking at this picture over and over, lost to time. It is fun to see the book again and see how that orange spot, vivid in my memory all these years, is the focal point that brings all the disparate elements of the picture into the dynamic tension that gives me the same physical sensations now--the tingling in my fingertips, the prickles down my spine--that I felt then, that I always feel when I see great art: the Unicorn Tapestries at the Cloisters; Breugel's Hunters in the Snow at the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna; it was the same for C. B. Falls' vulture and orangutan when I was five.

Once, talking with a children's literature student about our mutual love of fairy tales, I discovered that a part of my sense of what is beautiful comes directly from the language of those stories. One special image is the garden reached after perilous trials where the leaves of the trees are of silver and gold and the fruits are of rubies, emeralds, amethysts, sapphires. Suddenly I realized why the most aesthetically satisfying of the Christmas ornaments that I had made with my own children when they were small were the oak leaves--black oak and post oak--gathered from the woods behind our house, then painted silver and gold and hung at the very tips of the branches of our Christmas tree with florist's wire. Until then, I hadn't made the connection between joy in fairy tale word-image and in ornament and hadn't understood at all why other members of the family had other favorite homemade ornaments.

Fairy tales were important to me in another way as well. One of their values for everybody, I suspect, is as wish-fulfillment fantasies. Who has not felt him or herself to be the dull-witted youngest child--the one who, when the father can no longer support all his family, is told to go and seek his fortune? Who has never wanted supernatural power--three wishes or a genii in a bottle? Those elements were satisfying, but another was more important still.

Fairy tales have two-dimensional characters--stick figures: the good all good; the wicked entirely wicked. There is no human ambiguity in them and no ambivalence in our response, because we are reacting to clearly defined moral qualities, not to people. A familiar plot involves the good and loving mother who, dying, is replaced by the wicked stepmother. As I see it, this tale divides the mother figure neatly into halves--good and bad--and allows us the satisfaction of seeing her bad self, the stepmother--unloving, overly demanding, sometimes jealous or cruel--thoroughly punished, even annihilated, without our having to recognize the threatening fact that we are vicariously dealing with real feelings toward a real mother whom we unknowingly hate as well as love. Like too many others, I was brought up in an authoritarian family where love was in short supply, unquestioning obedience was demanded, and anger forbidden. My mother was lively and social and I saw little of her; my mother-figure was my formidable grandmother who dressed in deep mourning for a husband dead twenty or thirty years: long, solid-black dresses down to her feet, summer and winter. I loved her, but I was afraid of her too and, apparently, deeply angry as well, because one of my favorite fairy tales was of a wicked, powerful woman punished by being stripped naked, stuffed in a barrel into which hundreds of long nails were driven before it was rolled down a mountainside.

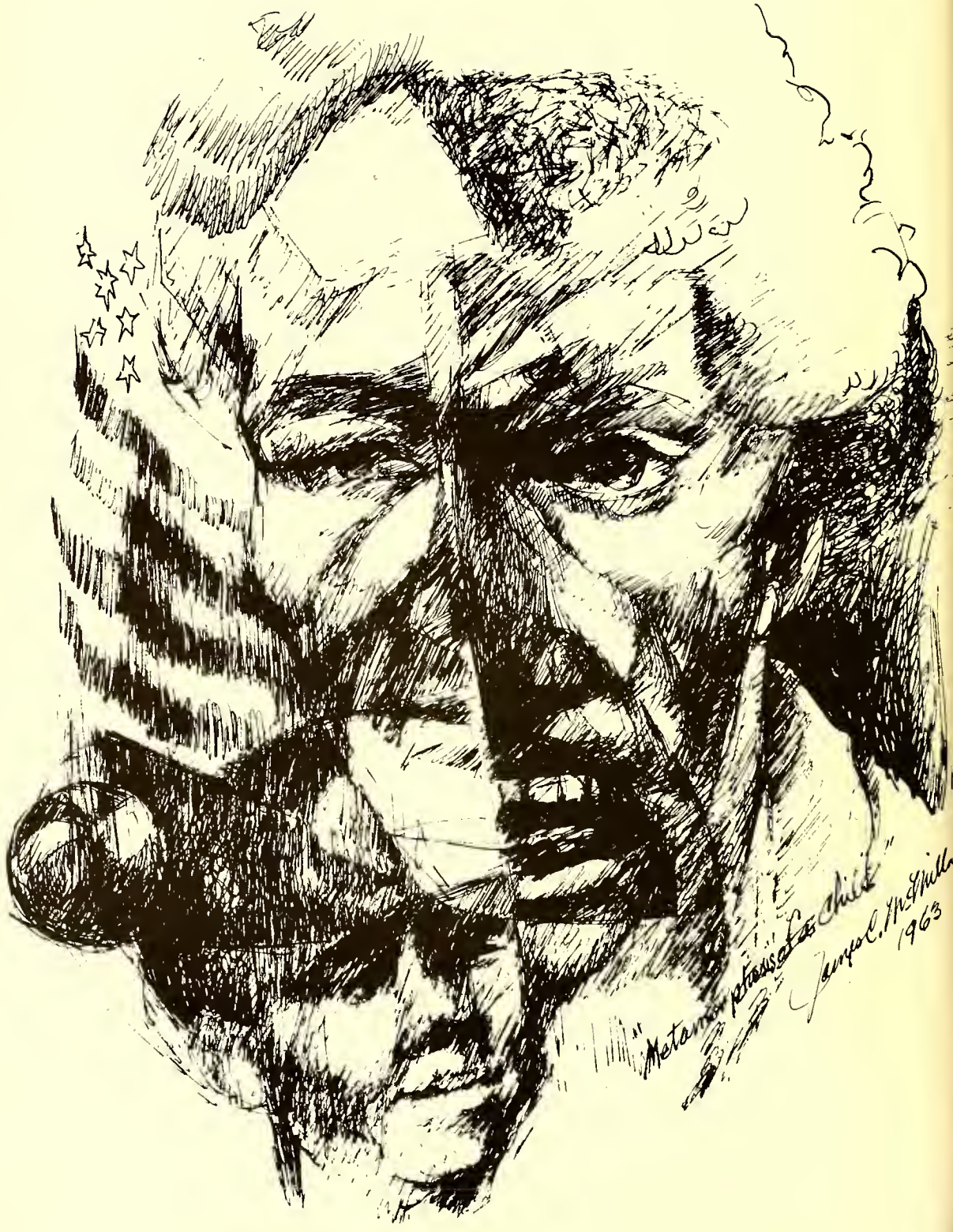
Why was it a favorite? To me fairy tales are amoral. They deal metaphorically with emotions, and emotions simply are; they are neither good nor bad. We respond to the tales on many emotional levels, conscious and unconscious. We do not encounter them on the intellectual plane where ethics and morality develop. I know they helped me deal with powerful unconscious conflicts, and they did not teach me that revenge had any acceptable place in the morality of the real world. Hence, I argue for their use in unexpurgated

form with children old enough to know that "Once upon a time" instantly and irrevocably puts one into the world of fantasy.

I made this analysis only after I began teaching children's literature and I have shared it with my students. They look at me with horror, if indeed they even comprehend what I am saying. Since the 1976 publication of Bruno Bettelheim's The Uses of the Imagination, I've been more comfortable, because I can at least show them I'm not alone in my craziness and that there is psychological support for my strong feeling that these old tales from the oral tradition offer us valuable assistance in dealing with our very human anger and the resulting desires for violence and revenge.

Those Calvinist virtues, obedience and duty, that had something to do with my unconscious feelings toward my grandmother, were reinforced by some of the Bible stories she read to me: Moses, Lot's wife, Jonah, Abraham and Isaac. Obedience and duty meant living up to someone else's standards of what I was to be, and I suspect that's where the anger came in. New Testament stories didn't offset them. Somehow they hadn't the same vitality for me as a small child that Old Testament stories did. But what I consciously knew of being valued for myself did come almost entirely from books, but from those written for little children, one of which was Winnie the Pooh. Christopher Robin and I are the same age and I was given the first American edition of each of Milne's books. Pooh stories are delightful for many reasons, but for me the special one was the quality of tolerance and acceptance that operates in The Hundred Aker Wood. "Some have brains and some don't," as Piglet puts it, "and there it is." Pooh is a bear of very little brain; Piglet is a coward; Rabbit self-satisfied; Eyore a misanthrope; but, as they plan to trap a heffalump or set out on an expotition to discover the North Pole, everybody is accepted by everybody else. Here were companions for me to live and grow with and an unconscious but real realization that Christopher Robin's comment about Pooh, "He's that sort of Bear," is an important statement about acceptance and love. What kind of Bear he should or ought to be is simply not the point. That was one of the reasons, I now realize, why I loved the book and kept going back to it.

The same holds true for The Wind in the Willows. Kenneth Grahame is an impressive artist: he knows and loves the natural world and creates the English countryside with verisimilitude, and his animals are in part true to the nature of their kind. And when he humanizes them with the artist's power, they spring into three-dimensional life, whole and therefore flawed, but accepting and loving. On the River Bank I created under the willow by Buffalo Creek, Mole and the Water Rat were my loving, accepting friends, and like them, I was beguiled by gay and irresponsible Toad, the Terror of the Highways, and tolerant of his foibles. With their lessons in gentleness and concern and the wisdom of the heart, I began my journey through the Wild Wood and on into the Wide World beyond nourished and enriched by literature, prepared surprisingly well for a truly liberal arts education, in a way I wish all children could be.


"Metamorphosis of a Chief"
James L. McGhee
1963

"AND FORBID THEM NOT"

An Introduction to the Imagery of Childhood in English Literature

Jane Bengel

To claim that before the seventeenth century children are absent from the pages of adult literature would, of course, be nonsense. But it would also be, in an important sense, true. Although children have been fondled and scolded, nurtured and neglected all along, the idea of childhood as a period of time, as a state of mind, heart, and soul important for its own sake, has been millenia in the making.[1] Few writers before 1650 included children in their artistic worlds, whatever they may have done in their domestic and social lives. In Pearl, an anonymous poem of the late middle ages, the speaker dreams a vision of his daughter who died in infancy; the dead child speaks to him from heaven in the image of a full-grown maiden. The poem is about neither the child nor childhood. Chaucer's Prioress tells a grisly tale of a little schoolboy who sweetly sings a hymn to the Blessed Virgin even after Jews have slit his throat and thrown him into a pit. Shakespeare's children are also often victims of adult cruelty: McDuff's "pretty ones" are slain on Macbeth's orders, as are the young princes on Richard III's. These murdered children serve obvious rhetorical ends and are of no interest to writer or reader for their own sakes.

Other dead children appear in medieval and Renaissance literature, usually as occasions for laments at their passing. One exquisite example is Ben Jonson's "On His First Son," a noble poem of tender and true sorrow:

> Farewell, thou child of my right hand and joy!
> My sin was too much hope of thee, dear boy....
> Rest in soft peace, and, ask'd, say here doth lie
> Ben Jonson his best piece of poetry.

Finally, there is the figure of the Christ child in countless anonymous lyrics of the thirteenth through the fifteenth centuries, and at his grandest in the lushly ornate ode written in 1629 by the twenty-one-year-old Milton, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity." But a child whose very childness has significance and value simply for itself? Not one.

Why not? It is easy to see why children held little place in the literary imagination of Greek and Roman writers before Christ. Classical antiquity accorded its highest value to adulthood--to the attainment of maturity demonstrated through the operations of human reason. Even Plato, whose theory of innate ideas would much later improve the child's status, shared Aristotle's notion that children are important only for what

they could become as adults. Children, to be blunt, were not really people; they were little animals who had the potential to become people. Childhood was something to be gotten through as quickly as possible. The Stoics considered that one had gotten through it when one turned fourteen. This age, with its obvious link to sexual maturity, they set as the age of reason.[2]

But children had held a special place in Christ's teachings. "Suffer little children to come unto me," he admonishes his disciples when they try to shoo off a crowd of parents who have brought their children to be blessed, "and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." In another incident the disciples ask who is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Christ calls a little child to him and sets the child in their midst:

> Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted [which the New English Bible translates "turn round"], and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. [Matt.18:1-6]

Childhood seems to represent for Christ a state of innocence, a time, in a sense, of spiritual maturity, a condition to which the adult aspires rather than the other way round. Then too the mystery of Christ's birth is certainly as powerful as the mystery of his death, and may have a stronger hold on the Christian imagination precisely because it seems so odd, so paradoxical for God to have manifested himself to the world as a baby.

In the fifth century a controversy arose among early church fathers which was to have a dramatic impact on our conception of childhood. Before Augustine turned his considerable powers of intellect and eloquence to the question of man's dependence on grace, children were believed capable of sin, but no specific doctrine had taken for its subject the state of a child's soul. In Genesis, God curses Adam and all his children for his disobedience. Beyond that there are in the Old Testament only the vaguest hints that man is born in a state of sin. Augustine's energies were aroused when a Briton named Pelagius advanced the idea that "man was endowed with sufficient grace from birth to lead a perfect life, if he could; that Adam'a sin was not binding on his posterity."[3] Augustine disagreed. Pelagius was branded a heretic and, apparently much to his surprise, excommunicated.

Augustine argued that the Pelagian heresy made a mockery of Christ's sacrifice by robbing it simultaneously of its theological function and its meaning. Children, even the newborn infant, had to be as much in need of the grace covenanted to man by Christ's death as anyone else. Curiously enough, the doctrine of Original Sin elevated the child's status and gave him as much importance by virtue of his sinful nature as Christ had by virtue of his purity. A child thus required the same attention and ministrations of the church as his parents.[4] He had a role to play in the Christian drama. But over a millenium passed before he had a role to play in literature.

Robert Pattison in The Child Figure in Literature offers this explanation for the extraordinary lapse of time between the dicta of Christ and Augustine on children and the emergence of childhood as a major literary theme: "A religious doctrine requires a substantial incubation period before it can translate itself into symbolism and imagery"; that is, it needed enough time to become "a part of the unconscious view of life from which literature draws its figures and symbols."[5] There may be no other explanation for the child's long absence from literature, but there are some historical explanations for the child's glorious literary birth.

Between the publication of Locke's Essay Concerning Human Understanding in 1690 and Rousseau's Emile in 1792, Western culture underwent a number of radical shifts in its fundamental beliefs and attitudes. Chief among them--and symbolic of them all--the Neoclassical respect for Reason was replaced by the Romantic reverence for Intuition. And a little French child named Emile led them. Rousseau had vigorously shaken off Augustine's stained garments of Original Sin and embraced Pelagius: "There is no original corruption in the human heart...." Rousseau goes on in this passage to assert that, until the age when Reason begins its operations, a child who does only what Nature requires will do no wrong.

One other event in the history of ideas contributed to the growing interest in childhood--the rediscovery in the seventeenth century of Plato's doctrine of recollection.[6] This doctrine involved the theory of Innate Ideas which, as Pattison says, "necessarily makes the infant the repository of the Ideas in their purest form, since the child has come

directly from the realm of Ideas."[7] Plato believed that at the instant of birth the child's connection to that realm was totally severed and had to be painstakingly recollected by the maturing soul as it grew towards the light of wisdom and truth. A few minor poets of the seventeenth century--and ultimately Wordsworth--radically reinterpreted Plato's doctrine to mean literally what it implies: the child is closer to the divine realm of truth than anyone at any later stage of life. Hence, instead of growing towards the light, we grow away from it.

In 1646 an English lyricist named Henry Vaughan published a small volume of poems which has a special place in the history of childhood imagery. In many of the poems, but particularly in "The Retreate," Vaughan anticipates Wordsworth with childlike simplicity and sensitivity.

> Happy those early days, when I
> Shined in my angel-infancy!
> Before I understood this place
> Appointed for my second race,
> Or taught my soul to fancy aught
> But a white celestial thought....
> * * * * * * *
> O how I long to travel back,
> And tread again that ancient track!
> That I might once more reach that plain
> Where first I left my glorious train....

A close contemporary of Vaughan's is the religious mystic Thomas Traherne. Traherne believed deeply in the innocence of the child. His imagery is consistently neo-Platonic and bears a remarkable resemblance to Wordsworth's imagery in the "Intimations Ode." In "An Infant-Ey," for example, Traherne begins with the claim that the child's sight is like God's in that it shines a pure and heavenly light on the things it sees:

> A simple Light from all Contagion free,
> A Beam that's purely Spiritual, an Ey
> That's altogether Virgin, Things doth see
> Ev'n like unto the Deity:
> That is, it shineth in an hevenly Sence,
> And round about (unmov'd) its Light dispense.

The view of childhood expressed in the concluding stanza to "The Review" sounds so much like Wordsworth it makes one suspect that Wordsworth must surely have knows Traherne's work.

> My Child-hood is a Sphere
> Wherin ten thousand hev'nly joys appear:
> Those thoughts it doth include,
> And those Affections, which review'd,
> Again present to me
> In better sort the Things which I did see.
> Imaginations Reall are,
> Unto my Mind again repair:
> Which makes my Life a Circle of Delights;
> A hidden Sphere of obvious Benefits:
> An Earnest that the Actions of the Just
> Shall still revive, and flourish in the Dust.

A century and a half were to pass before childhood would again be accorded a grandeur and dignity on this scale. Following this brief flurry, the curtain falls on childhood in the main body of literature written in the eighteenth century. For Pope, Swift, and Dr. Johnson the child scarcely exists.

Nevertheless, the child did continue to exist as a subject for occasional verses, elegies, and the like. One interesting example might in its style and diction almost deceive us into thinking we were reading Blake. Ambrose Philips specialized in complimenting the children of his patrons and, although these pretty tributes earned him the unfortunate nickname "Namby Pamby," his evocations of childhood show, Charles Babenroth says, "signs of a new taste" in his efforts to create "a language of resemblance that will reflect the sweetness and grace of childhood."[8] "To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her mother's arms, May 1, 1724" illustrates Philips' best work in this vein:

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandoned to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy pretty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray,
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.

Babenroth points out the unusual "freshness and appropriateness" in the comparison between the child and the bird. The poem, he claims, "is probably the first detached lyric that does not employ a nature image mechanically in a similitude. It represents an early effort to express something of the spiritual connotations of the linnet and the infant by an imaginative perception of the underlying unity of feeling."[9] Unlike Vaughan and Traherne, Philips expresses no nostalgia for childhood. In this too he resembles Blake.

In 1789, Blake published Songs of Innocence. Its companion, Songs of Experience, followed in 1794, when both volumes were combined with the subtitle "Shewing the Two Contrary States of the Human Soul." In this endlessly fascinating and enigmatic work, the Blake child has no exclusive hold on the state of innocence, nor the adult on its contrary, the state of experience. Even a newborn babe can be, in Blake's use of the term, experienced. "Infant Sorrow" illustrates this point.

My mother groand! my father wept,
Into the dangerous world I leapt:
Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,
Striving against my swadling bands,
Bound and weary I thought best
To sulk upon my mother's breast.

And yet Blake's attitude towards the speaker of this poem is not so clear. He deplored the "swadling [sic] bands" of this "dangerous world" and might very well have wanted us to applaud the child's energetic struggle. Innocence is not, in Blake's universe, to be equated with passivity and acceptance, nor with an empathetic union with the natural world. Blake's use of childhood is largely symbolic, but his abstracted and stylized symbolism is also sometimes combined with heart-rending realism in his depiction of those children abandoned to hideously deforming lives as chimney-sweepers:

When my mother died I was very young,
And my father sold me while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry "'weep! 'weep! 'weep! 'weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep & in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head
That curl'd like a lambs back, was shav'd, so I said,
"Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair."

Blake's children, whether in a state of innocence or experience, reveal to us the fallen state of nature and society. A world teeming with just such children waits impatiently for the arrival of Charles Dickens.

By the time Blake's Songs appeared, poets like William Cowper, Walter Scott, and Thomas Gray had begun to establish childhood, particularly nostalgia for its loss, as a minor theme in eighteenth-century verse. That minor theme exploded in the next century into a major obsession. It is impossible to survey the hundreds of children who belong to the literary baby boom of the past two hundred years. But it is worthwhile to look briefly at two major writers, Wordsworth and Dickens, whose visions of childhood represent important points of view in nineteenth-century literature.

Until he hardened in the last third of his life into political conservatism and religious orthodoxy, Wordsworth espoused the Pelagian heresy with deep and perfect conviction. The child comes "trailing clouds of glory" and full of grace into an unfallen world.

> --I cannot paint
> What then I was. The sounding cataract
> Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
> The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
> Their colors and their forms, were then to me
> An appetite; a feeling and a love,
> That had no need of a remoter charm,
> By thought supplied, nor any interest
> Unborrowed from the eye.--That time is past,
> And all its aching joys are now no more,
> And all its dizzy raptures.

Here in "Tintern Abbey" are the characteristic notes: the child as pure sentience, thoughtless (not to be confused with "inconsiderate"), joyful as a lamb in spring, at home in the world; and equally important, the speaker's nostalgic sense of loss.

The child's perfect unity with a beneficent nature suffused with divine radiance is not the whole of the story either in "Tintern Abbey" or in the later autobiographical epic The Prelude, where the child also feels estranged from and frightened by nature's awful sublimity--her jagged cliffs, her storms, but also her deep peace. "Fair seed-time had my soul," Wordsworth writes in The Prelude, "and I grew up/ Fostered alike by beauty and by fear." He describes in this passage a time when he was given to boyish mischief. The realism of this self-portrait deserves attention because we often mistakenly think of Wordsworth's children as sentimental idealizations of innocence.

> --Moon and stars
> Were shining o'er my head. I was alone,
> And seemed to be a trouble to the peace
> That dwelt among them. Sometimes it befel
> In these night wanderings, that a strong desire
> O'erpowered my better reason, and the bird
> Which was the captive of another's toil
> Became my prey; and when the deed was done
> I heard among the solitary hills
> Low breathings coming after me, and sounds
> Of undistinguishable motion, steps
> Almost as silent as the turf they trod.

He stole a bird out of someone else's trap. A few lines later he steals a boat, "an act of stealth/ And troubled pleasure...." Once out on the lake at night a huge, black, and craggy peak seems to pursue him "with purpose of its own/ And measured motion like a living thing...." What majesty Wordsworth gives the kind of experience we have all, in our erring childhoods, had! But the point is that for Wordsworth these acts of theft are just mischief; they are not outward signs of an inner, spiritual corruption. Furthermore, it is the child's relationship with nature--not any ethical or religious training handed down to him by adults--which is the source, as he stresses in poem after poem, of his moral being.

That the child is father of the man was just as true for Dickens as it was for Wordsworth. But, unlike Wordsworth, Dickens believed in a fallen world. In their lives and in their famous deaths, his children either redeem the adult characters or reveal how far beyond the reach of grace they are. The sentimentality of that vision detracts absolutely nothing from its power or its truth. A simple catalogue of their names brings his children instantly before us: Smike, Nell, the Marchioness, Oliver, Tiny Tim, Florence and Paul Dombey, David Copperfield, Amy Dorrit, Pip, Jo the street-sweeper, Sloppy, and that most curious creation of them all, Jenny Wren. Time and again many of these children are

cast in the role of parents to their parents, shepherding them through a hostile world, saving them, when they can, through unearned love--saving them not always from the world, but more often from themselves.

Throughout the course of his long career the power of a child's love and the workings of grace operate in ever narrower fields. Even more limited is the power of a child's death. After Little Nell dies, the only redemption possible for her grandfather lies in his own death. Paul Dombey's death hardens his father's indifference to his daughter Florence into hate. Then there's Jo:

> Dead! Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen.
> Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order.
> Dead, men and women, born with Heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thus around us every day.

I have read that Dickens' portrayal of these fictional children ameliorated conditions for real children in their homes and schools. I hope so. Jo's death has no effect whatever on the world of Bleak House.

Those few adults fortunate enough to live in a state of grace, like the Cheeryble brothers, Mr. Brownlow, Joe Gargery, and Mr. Wilfer, are invariably children in grown-up guise. "To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood," wrote Coleridge in the Biographia Literaria, "to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar...this is the character and privilege of genius...." If this definition of genius sheds light on the meaning for Dickens of these blessed characters, it illuminates a fortiori the achievement of their creator.

Towards the end of the nineteenth century the images of childhood became increasingly less innocent. The beautiful, aristocratic children in Henry James' The Turn of the Screw are drawn with brilliant ambiguity. James refuses us the comforting luxury of being able to interpret them as either evil incarnate or as the wholly innocent victims of their governess' overactive, not to say diseased, imagination. But there is no room for doubt about the pack of English schoolboys in William Golding's moral fable Lord of the Flies, who pervert Rousseau's Emile into a fearful vision of human depravity. Recently, it almost seems as if Blake's "fiend hid in the clouds" has descended. Witness those at once terrifying and ludicrous demonic children that litter the popular paperback shelves and movies.

I don't know contemporary literature at all well. My impression is that children have once again been relegated to peripheral roles in adult literature, perhaps as a result of the dramatic increase since the end of the eighteenth century in literature written for children, perhaps because they have become the province of Gerber and Pampers, of day-care centers and test tubes, perhaps because, instead of trailing clouds of glory, we now come trailing pre-natal experiences. One can only wonder what effect these experiences will have on the literary imagination and its images of childhood.

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[1]Phillipe Aries, Centuries of Childhood: A Social History of Family Life, trans. Robert Baldick (New York: Vintage Books, 1965), passim.

[2]Robert Pattison, The Child Figure in English Literature (Athens: The University of Georgia Press, 1978), p. 2. [3]Ibid., p. 13. [4]Ibid., pp. 9-20. [5]Ibid., p. 45.

[6]Nevile Hunter Watts, The Vision Splendid (London: Sheed & Ward, 1946), p. 97.

[7]Pattison, p. 3. [8]A. Charles Babenroth, English Childhood: Wordsworth's Treatment of Childhood in the Light of English Poetry from Prior to Crabbe (New York: Columbia University Press, 1922), p. 19. [9]Ibid., p. 21.

Also see Peter Coveney, Poor Monkey: The Child in Literature (London: Richard Clay and Company, Inc., 1957).

STUDIES FOR A SELF PORTRAIT

Ann Deagon

When they asked her for something autobiographical, she began with an inventory. If she ended there too, it was because autobiography had never been the point. And if even the order failed to be chronological, what more like our unaccountable lives than the disorderly, arbitrary alphabet?

* * * * * * * * * *

CREATURES

BIRDS

The dead ones with all their feathers on her grandfather brought back from hunting in a damp crocus-sack. One day he spread the wings of a yellow flicker for her and put its breast against her ear. She thought she heard its heart beat. And once when her friend's brother shot a pigeon the three of them took it apart with a pocket knife, wondering over its mysterious innards, what kept it in the air.

CATS

The black kitten she shut the door on, not meaning to, which spun and leaped higher than it ever had before it died, and there was not even any blood. Then all the dreams of lions and tigers she had to escape or trap or finally face to keep them from eating up her people.

CRAWLING THINGS

The lizard in the crack of the steps who liked the sun better than she did and changed his color but never his personality. While she was always very pale and a little yellowish in color but knew enough to act whichever way people wanted her to and so never got flattened. Also the green limber snake (alive) she hid in her shorts until she got to the five Negro (not yet black) maids (not yet women) waiting at the bus stop. When she showed it to them, smiling confidentially, they fled in formation like geese with clipped wings (which is what they were) two blocks to the next bus stop. She always felt guilty.

DOGS

Winnie, her grandmother's toy Spitz, to whom she preached the gospel every Sunday in the corner behind the skirt of her aunt's dressing table, since nobody got into Heaven who didn't believe. She baptized her all summer with the hose, and whispered to wag her tail if she believed in Jesus. And Winnie did.

FISH

The goldfish she caught in her neighbor's pond with a gold safety pin on a string, which she cut off at its opening and closing mouth and ran all the way home. Next day it was floating on the surface. And the silverfish always in the tub she tried to rescue, shivering as she lifted them out and let them run under the baseboard.

RABBITS

The ones they raised in the back yard during the war so as to have their meat but never learned how to tan the skins. She boiled one skull until it was clean as plastic and carried it to school in a matchbox, but her math teacher took it away from her and never gave it back. She wondered where the math teacher kept it, what she said to it in the small hours.

RATS

The ones that after they were poisoned poked their heads out around the sink where she washed the grocery aprons, dying for the water that would kill them. She backed away and let them drink, and sure enough.... Or the mouse that was tilting across the furnace register when she looked up from her book one midnight and without the least reflection slammed it shut, so that the creature dropped instantly through the grill and went to Hell as sure as Sunday School. Which is why she knows she is really no Quaker but more like God.

ELEMENTS

AIR

She watched the Christmas Parade from her granddaddy's office in the City Hall. The people beside her were big and smoked cigars, the people below too little for her dollhouse, asking to be squashed like ants. On her own garage roof with a plank balanced across the ridgepole for wings, she was the RAF (sometimes the Luftwaffe): free, heroic, malevolent. She had climbed Vulcan and understood about gods.

EARTH

What she was looking for in the hole she dug in her back yard was not in the girls' root-houses either, that they laid out around the great oaks in the schoolyard, room by room. The nearest thing she found was up the hill between Grove Park and Rosedale, a long culvert barred with a grate, opening (or not opening) under the roadway. Nobody was ever in it for her to set free, or to kidnap her as her people had warned. But it was there, an invitation, a possibility. It looks smaller now, but it would still hold a body.

FIRE

She went to sleep with firelight washing the walls on winter nights at her grandparents'. When she was older she would help her father wake up the furnace and stoke it at bedtime. Fire was a familiar. But some nights when they were pouring iron across the mountain the sky was as red as if the whole city were on fire. Once in college a car full of them, lost and drunk in some hilly outlying neighborhood, drove crazy singing down into the red glow until they found its source. That smelting sobered her.

WATER

The spigot in her grandpapa's front yard dripped, but instead of fixing it he set a grey enameled pan underneath. From the porch they watched the squirrels and birds and cats and passing dogs drink from the always brimming vessel. Her other grandfather had built a dam, and under the spillway ran a long tunnel to carry the water away. She would adventure into its mouth and all the dark way until she stood at the end exactly under the lip of the dam, where delicate spills of water fell out of the sunlight into a bottomless pool only a step away. She knows no matter how many dams she builds the whole weight still hangs over her head. Nothing is ever more than a step away.

HABITATS

305 BERKLEY PLACE, GROVE PARK

In the back yard she had dug a red and ugly hole of no conceivable purpose, never quite reaching whatever it was. Later she put together what was called the Junk House out of any abandoned thing she could find, settling for a construct. In the back alley old women came with baskets to search through the garbage, and small black children who ate her sucked oranges to the peel. This house is still lived in. She returns here more often than anyone knows.

1004 PINSON STREET, TARRANT CITY

This was the other world. She learned their names: Dank Pool (but it was spelled Dink); Dark Night (but spelled Doc Knight); others named for Roosevelt or Ulysses S.

Grant; a black Pearl. She wrote their names when they signed X, and sorrowed at their debts but knew no more than they how they could get free. She learned the limits of her own strength: she could lift a quarter of beef but not a side. She could fill an order; she couldn't change the world.

1129 11th STREET NORTH, FOUNTAIN HEIGHTS

Along the front walk she rode her tricycle, wheels solid like checkers, going backwards tilting and jerking when her feet forgot. Other times she kept a rhythm up, and those were the times she knew for sure that somewhere out of sight one and another and another and so on with no end children who were exactly her and on exactly her tricycle spun along in the reaches of a universe they had not yet told her about but which had already billowed up in her mind. Here her relatives taught her to say, "Have you got any old cold bread?" and gave her cookies. It was much later when she understood that that was what the colored people asked for at the back door in hard times. Interstate 20 and 65 meet 59 where this house stood.

1429 12th AVENUE NORTH, FOUNTAIN HEIGHTS

This was a house of ladies, who bathed and powdered and curled and ruffled themselves and her. Even the dog had a curly tail. She hooked the 36 hooks of her grandmother's corset and brushed her hair, but she could not make herself into a lady--sweated too much, sweated as much as Enoch, who stayed in the kitchen, old enough to be a slave. His smell was stronger than all her aunts' perfume. She sat on his lap and touched his wonderful sweat. This house has passed into other hands.

SEASONS

FALL

Every fall she had to start over again. Back on foot to South Highland School, on her bicycle to Edgewood, by streetcar (39) to Phillips High, by transfer to the College Hills bus for Birmingham-Southern. She had to ride in the front of the bus. In the fifth grade she had taken the football away from the boys' team, and it took them all to get her down and get it back. In the seventh she wrote a poem that won her a twenty-five dollar war bond from the garden club, and was published in the Burpee Seed Catalog. So when she was sixteen they made her be Queen of the Daffodil Festival or else she couldn't go to Mardi Gras. But even so they couldn't make her into a lady.

WINTER

When snow fell the streetcars couldn't climb 20th Street over Red Mountain to where she lived. She and her mother stood at the top looking down across the city, on the way to a birthday party they never got to, watching Loveman's burn. It happened again while she was in college, and she walked from Birmingham-Southern back through Five Points and on up the mountain. Everything she saw was beautiful. It takes a snow to whiten Birmingham.

SPRING

One Easter she and her husband came back and saw burly deacons guarding the doors of churches to make sure no black people got in. They went and ate matzos at a delicatessen. Another year after the church was bombed and the children killed, she went to pray in the ruins and heard their voices saying, "Look at that white woman down on her knees." They took her into the church at the end of the block, and that was the only honest Easter she had spent since childhood. Outside the sirens were still going by.

SUMMER

Up at the lake she found a bee-tree boarded over with tin. At the boathouse fish swam up to her toes. In the rubber boat in the pond below the spillway she first saw up close the pimpled thighs and swollen sex of a boy who wanted her. She was married in summer and had her honeymoon in her grandfather's cabin at the lake. There was a scorpion in the sink, but they laughed it off and have lived together for thirty years. Summer can last for the rest of your life.

VISIBLE MARKS

A black spot on her left palm where she warded off a boy who attacked her with a pencil. A zigzag line long her forehead where she swung by her heels from an acting-bar and her shoes came off. One leg a little shorter than the other from jumping off the porch and landing wrong. She is over fifty now, and very strong.
One scar shaped like a city. It is only by making scars we stay alive.

CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHTS OF CHILDREN

William Carroll

INTRODUCTION

In this consideration of the constitutional rights of children, I commence with two premises: first, that children are human beings and thus entitled to constitutional rights; secondly, that children are not entitled to all the rights applicable to adults out of concern primarily for the welfare of each child, but also in deference to the rights and duties of parents and to the common good. Children have the right to life, to fair procedures in courts, to liberty in general, and even to property. In many instances, however, the child is properly curtailed in the exercise of those rights; given the liberty of an adult, a one-year-old child would very likely quickly commit suicide, while even a ten-year-old might well lose all his property if allowed the control over it that an adult exercises as a matter of right. I propose to suggest a few random examples of how the rights of children differ from the rights of adults.

RELIGION AND OBSCENITY

The religion clauses of the First Amendment, as well as its speech and press clause in respect of obscenity, illustrate how the rights of children differ from the rights of adults. The First Amendment declares:

> Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press....

The United States Supreme Court has held that the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment makes the provisions of the establishment clause,[1] the free exercise clause,[2] and the speech and press clause[3] applicable to the states.

The problem of religion under the Constitution of the United States is complicated by the fact that there are two religion clauses in the First Amendment which, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, tend to be in conflict with each other. Broadly speaking, the Court has held that the establishment clause means not only that government may not favor any particular church or religion, but that government may not aid or become entangled with churches or other religious bodies; while the free exercise clause means that every person has the right to profess his religious beliefs and to act in accordance with those beliefs,

provided that he does not encroach upon the rights of others or the common good, free from governmental interference, harrassment, or discrimination. The potentialities for conflict between the two clauses are obvious: when government provides chaplains for the armed forces, allows clergymen to conduct services in prisons, assigns policemen to direct traffic outside churches on Sunday morning, or allows churches to use the municipally-owned water supply, is government aiding or becoming entangled with religion in violation of the establishment clause, or is government making the right to the free exercise of religion a more effective right than it would otherwise be?

In dealing with cases principally involving adults the Court has tended to emphasize the command of the free exercise clause, whereas in cases dealing with children the Court has tended to concentrate on the prohibitions of the establishment clause. Thus the Court has clearly held that the free exercise of religion included the right to hold religious services in public places,[4] presumably including the religious instruction of a sermon, whereas it has just as unequivocally held that the establishment clause prohibits released time religious instruction by representatives of churches on school grounds,[5] even when the instruction is given only to those students whose parents have elected to have their children so instructed. Moreover, the Court has held unconstitutional the recitation of a so-called nonsectarian prayer composed by the Board of Regents of New York,[6] and the reading of verses from the Bible[7] as part of the opening exercises in public schools, even though students could be excused from the recitation of the prayer or the reading of the Bible. The point about these cases involving public schools seems to be that any recognition of religion by the state by providing for sectarian instruction or religious worship on school grounds may constitute an official endorsement of religion to impressionable young minds. This protection against the influences of religion under the establishment clause appears to be more important than the opportunity to exercise freedom of religion by studying a particular religion under sectarian auspices or by participating voluntarily in Bible reading or the recitation of a prayer.

Recently the Supreme Court held that the University of Missouri, Kansas City Campus, had violated the constitutional rights of students when it prohibited a campus organization from conducting religious services in a university building.[8] While the decision was based on the freedom of speech and association protected by the First Amendment, it clearly advances the free exercise of religion, and even seems to overrule an earlier decision that buildings built with federal funds for sectarian colleges could not be used for religious exercises.[9] Supposedly distinguishing this case from cases in which the Court had banned prayer and Bible reading from public schools, Justice Powell for the Court in a footnote said that "university students are, of course, young adults."[10]

A similar distinction between the rights of adults and the rights of children has been made regarding obscenity. Although the Court has never departed from its unequivocal holding in 1957 that obscenity is not protected by the First Amendment,[11] the court has nevertheless defined obscenity so narrowly,[12] though now not so narrowly as in the heyday of the Warren Court,[13] that adults even now enjoy the constitutional right to exhibit and to see a broad spectrum of sexually explicit material. The case with children is different. While the Court in 1957 struck down a Michigan statute which generally forbade the publication or distribution of material found to be potentially harmful to youth, Justice Frankfurter proclaiming for eight members of the Court, "The incidence of this enactment is to reduce the adult population of Michigan to reading only what is fit for children,"[14] the Court later upheld a New York statute which forbade the sale to persons under 17 years of age of material defined as obscene for children, but which would not meet the Court's test of obscenity for adults.[15]

In terms of the Constitution of the United States, religion and obscenity have similar status. Parents and the state have the right to protect children from heresy and even mild pornography. Heresy is, of course, defined by the parents, for where there is no established religion the state is incapable of defining heresy. But the effect is that the Constitution, as interpreted by the courts, bans all practice or teaching of religion as religion from the public schools, lest the immature minds be warped by what their parents consider to be heretical. Thus children in elementary and secondary schools are denied the right to study religion in the normal academic setting even with the consent of their parents, while students in public universities (who are adults) may study religion as part of their normal curriculum, and now even hold religious exercises in university buildings. The mild pornography from which children are protected is defined by the state; they are

thus denied the right to the robust literature available to adults.

PROCEDURAL RIGHTS

The problems of dealing with children who are accused of having committed acts that would be criminal if committed by adults are not easily solved. For virtually any attempt to mitigate the rigors of the criminal law in its application to children will inevitably lead to some diminution of constitutional rights as they apply to children. At common law, children under the age of seven years were held incapable of committing crimes; thereafter they were eligible for the same penalties and the same constitutional rights that applied to adults.[16] The horrors that flowed from that practice prompted reformers to seek some more humane way of dealing with youthful offenders.

In 1899 the State of Illinois established a juvenile court[17] and within six years thirty state legislatures had adopted similar statutes.[18] The object of these juvenile courts was to help the child rather than to punish him; to this end the jury, the public trial and other procedural rights were abandoned in favor of a proceeding conducted informally by a judge who was interested in the welfare of the child. In order to circumvent constitutional requirements, it was asserted that these proceedings were not criminal but civil; borrowing a phrase from courts of equity, it was said that the state was acting as parens patriae, an argument long accepted by the state courts.[19] Oddly enough no case involving the juvenile courts reached the United States Supreme Court until 67 years after the pioneer juvenile court was established in Illinois in 1899.[20] In that case the Court simply held that a juvenile court could not waive jurisdiction over a sixteen-year-old boy and remit him to an adult court for trial without a hearing, and defined the circumstances for the hearing.[21]

In the first case in which the Supreme Court considered comprehensively the constitutional rights of children, Gerald Francis Gault, 15 years of age, was accused of having made a lewd telephone call to a Mrs. Cook at a time when he was on probation for an earlier offense.[22] At a hearing not attended by Mrs. Cook, the complainant, he was committed to the State Industrial School as a juvenile delinquent for six years by a Juvenile Court judge, who later testified that Gerald had admitted making other telephone calls that were "silly calls, or funny calls, or something like that," and that "a referral" had been made about Gerald two years earlier, but that there had been no "hearing" or "accusation" in regard to that incident.[23] The maximum penalty for an adult who committed the same offense was a fine of $50 or imprisonment for two months.[24] In invalidating the procedures by which Gerald Gault was confined, the court held that in any proceedings in which a juvenile may be declared "delinquent" and consequently "may be committed to a state institution"[25] due process of the law requires: that the juvenile and his parent or guardian be given adequate notice of the charges against him;[26] that he has the right to counsel, paid for by the state if he is indigent;[27] that he has the right not to be compelled to testify against himself;[28] and that in the absence of a valid confession he has the right to confront witnesses against him and to cross-examine them.[29]

Three years later the Court held that in juvenile delinquency proceedings that may result in confinement for six years, due process of law requires proof beyond a reasonable doubt, the virtually universal standard of proof in criminal proceedings at common law.[30] The following year, a badly divided Supreme Court held that the right to trial by jury does not apply in delinquency proceedings in state juvenile courts.[31] In that case five members of the Court agreed that delinquency proceedings in juvenile courts were not criminal proceedings and that therefore all the provisions of the Constitution applying to persons charged with crime do not apply.[32] Due process of law merely requires that juveniles be accorded fundamental fairness in delinquency proceedings.

Thus it is quite clear that children charged with actions that if committed by adults would be criminal, do not enjoy in juvenile courts all the rights enjoyed by adults in criminal proceedings. Rather, because the states have thought it appropriate to shield children from the full rigors of the criminal court, they are merely guaranteed fundamental fairness. As Justice Blackmun said in delivering the plurality opinion in McKeiver:

> If the formalities of the criminal adjudicative process are to be superimposed upon the juvenile court system, there is little need for its separate existence. Perhaps that ultimate disillusionment will come one day, but for the moment we are disinclined to give it impetus.[33]

So far as I know, the day of "ultimate disillusionment" has not yet arrived; juvenile court proceedings are still regarded as civil and are bound not by all of the specific procedural rights of state and federal constitutions, but only by the procedural rights the courts have found essential to fundamental fairness. Of course, in major crimes the juvenile court may waive jurisdiction, provided an adequate hearing for the waiver is granted,[34] and thereafter the child may be tried by the ordinary criminal courts where he will be entitled to all of the procedural rights guaranteed for criminal cases.

CONCLUSION

That children ought in some measure to enjoy the protection of constitutional rights is clear. The difficulty lies in determining the rights that are appropriate to them. The random examples given in this paper reflect a tension between according rights to children and protecting them. The rights that flow from freedom of communication and religion are attenuated in regard to children to protect them from obscenity and heresy, while their procedural rights are limited to protect them from the rigors of the criminal law. With due regard for the rights of parents and the demands of the common good, ultimately the definitions of the rights of children as they progress toward their majorities ought to be fashioned both to promote their present welfare and to enable them to become responsible and happy adults.

* * * * * * * *

[1]Everson v. Board of Education, 330 U.S. 1 (1947).
[2]Cantwell v. Connecticut, 310 U.S. 296 (1940). [3]Fiske v. Kansas, 274 U.S. 380 (1927).
[4]See e.g. Saia v. New York, 334 U.S. 558 (1948).
[5]McCollum v. Board of Education, 333 U.S. 203 (1948).
[6]Engel v. Vitale, 370 U.S. 421 (1962).
[7]Abington School District v. Schempp, 374 U.S. 203 (1963).
[8]Widman v. Vincent. The Washington Post, Wednesday, 9 December, 1981, pp. A1, A7.
[9]Tilton v. Richardson, 403 U.S. 672 (1971).
[10]Widman v. Vincent. The Washington Post, Wednesday, 9 December, 1981, pp. A1, A7.
[11]Roth v. United States, 354 U.S. 476 (1957).
[12]See Miller v. California, 413 U.S. 15 (1973).
[13]See Memoirs v. Massachusetts, 383 U.S. 413 (1966).
[14]Butler v. Michigan, 1 L.Ed. 2d412, 414 (1957).
[15]Ginsberg v. New York, 390 U.S. 629 (1968).
[16]See In Re Gault, 387 U.S. 1, 16-17. [17]In Re Gault, 387 U.S. 1, 14 (1967).
[18]Monrad G. Paulsen, "Kent v. United States: The Constitutional Context of Juvenile Cases," Supreme Court Review 1966, p. 169.
[19]Ibid., p. 175. The foregoing is based on the discussion of juvenile courts in Paulsen, op. cit. and In Re Gault, 387 U.S.1 (1967). [20]Paulsen, op. cit., p. 167.
[21]Kent v. United States, 383 U.S. 541 (1966). [22]In Re Gault, 387 U.S. 1 (1967).
[23]Ibid., 9. [24]Ibid., 8-9. [25]Ibid. [26]Ibid., 31-34. [27]Ibid., 34-42.
[28]Ibid., 55. [29]Ibid., 56-57. [30]In Re Winship, 397 U.S. 358 (1970).
[31]McKeiver v. Pennsylvania, 403 U.S. 528 (1971).
[32]Blackmun, A.J., Burger, C.J., Stewart, A.J., and White, A.J., ibid., 541. Brennan, A.J. ibid., 553. [33]Ibid., 551. [34]Kent v. United States 383 U.S. 541 (1966).

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of *The Guilford Review* is devoted entirely to Jacqueline Ludel's monograph *Came the Whales*, selected from submissions by Guilford faculty members. The competition was judged by Robert P. Dana, Professor of English at Cornell College and currently Distinguished Visiting Professor of Creative Writing at Wichita State University, whose own work includes seven volumes of poetry and translations.

Professor Dana's critique states: "She has a soul, she has a connection to the physical world, and to the spirit through the physical world, and she has the language at her fingertips....Give her the laurels, the blue ribbon, the free trip all expenses paid to Paris!....And tell her I began reading her essay late at night and could not stop, could not put it down until I finished at after one a.m."

The editors would like to thank all those who submitted manuscripts, and wish them speedy publication elsewhere.

---Ann Deagon, Editor

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C A M E T H E W H A L E S

by

Jacqueline Ludel

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C O N T E N T S

FIRST MEETING 1

CLOSENESS 7

DAY OF HOPE 13

COMING TO TERMS 19

REMNANTS. 25

AFTERMATH 31

The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead.

—*Albert Einstein*

FIRST MEETING

Memorial Day weekend, 1975. Despite the good weather, I was staying away from the ocean side of the island. Brigantine had more than its residents on the beach that weekend. There were those who'd left the boardwalk and driven over the steeply arched bridge from Atlantic City; there were house guests, campers, wanderers, and the first wave of that undifferentiated mass known as the summer people.

I'd known that beach in the midst of winter, when the snows and ocean spray merged; when the gulls stubbornly lived on, surviving precariously close to a metabolic limit; when the waves dragged in, grain by grain, enough foreign sand to make the summer's jetty virtually disappear. I had no interest in picking my way among oiled bodies--so many of them turning crimson, the grease and sweat and sand sparkling, bubbling in the sun, that I am sure it was only the caustic noise of the radios that kept me from hearing little crackling, sizzling sounds. I remained on the marsh side of the island, content to enjoy the silence that erupted between passing motor boats and to eye the gutsy great blue heron that had somehow survived the winter, fishing outside my window almost daily.

A late afternoon phone call sent me to the beach. A large whale was rolling in the surf. The call came from Mark and Martha Pokras, colleagues and friends, whose home is a healing station for maimed and diseased birds. The three of us had gone in search of a whale once before. We had known that a little finback whale, found dead in New York harbor, was to be trucked to the Brigantine Wildlife Refuge. There a team from the Smithsonian Institution was to pick it up. We had spent the better part of an evening at the Refuge but had seen no whale. We did discover a red fox, flashing through the tall weeds. I had not seen one in perhaps five years; the memory of my Indiana fox and the sight of a New Jersey one produced a little bubble of joy, as if, momentarily, time and distance had been transformed into sensible, manageable dimensions. I did return to the Refuge but what I found was so broken and torn that I couldn't convince myself it had ever been a whale. It was simply a dark, rotting mound.

But that late afternoon phone call was to lead to a very different experience--one that would haunt me for years to come; one that would finally force me to take pencil in hand and try to explain to myself what I find so compelling about whales. As I drove to the beach, I grew concerned about locating the whale along the mile and a half or so

of beach. I should not have worried. As I walked out onto the sand, I could not fail to see the crowd of several hundred, standing in concentric half-rings at the water's edge.

I ran up the beach and as I neared the crowd, I began to understand the odd sensations I had felt from the moment I had seen the large group: there was a hush, a stillness that was eerie. Hundreds of people, standing neatly in horseshoe-shaped rows, standing and staring; virtually no one moved; there were whispered questions, back and forth, but that was all. I slowed and walked, with a strangely solemn stride, toward the rather remarkable gathering. I caught only glimpses of something very large rolling in the surf.

I walked slowly, gently through the stilled ranks, toward the water. I sensed that I was committing a kind of sacrilege, as if my violation of the rows was tantamount to desecration. Yet no one spoke or signalled to me to stop. It may be that no one saw me; every pair of eyes was fixed beyond me, toward the water.

The gray mass began to take on form as I neared. It looked enormous, lying on its side, belly toward the beach, bumping about in the breaking waves. The underside of the chin was formed of long pleats that ran from mouth toward belly. I knew just enough to identify it as a baleen, rather than a toothed, whale. The huge penis arched, semi-erect, over the belly, its tip pointing toward a monstrous wound, an over-sized bite mark.

I stood utterly still, growing roots into the sand. My eyes shifted back and forth along the 53-foot length of whale. I was trying to comprehend, to place this 60,000 pound monster within the context of my days. I was doing precisely what I had done when first I saw Picasso's "Guernica"; I was grappling with images that began within what I could understand but that exploded beyond what I could even name. I was awe-stricken.

A subdued commotion, a flutter of anxiety, moved through the crowd. At first, it seemed a content-less rustle, an aimless shake that had begun somewhere in the rear-most row and spread contagiously among us. With knees suddenly weak, a nauseated gurgle in the back of my throat, and pungent sweat forming, I realized what had set it off: several young men had waded out to the whale. They were hacking at it with pocket knives and the raw edges of beer cans. One managed to scramble up on the bloated carcass, and, with his legs locked in a half crouch, he jumped up and down, fists clenched, teeth bared. It was a literally stunning, incredible display. A few in the crowd cheered. The remainder stood, even more silent, more stilled than before.

I had read acccounts of beached whales, both the dead and the dying, being mutilated: cigarette burns, carved initials, sharpened objects driven through the fins. I had imagined them to be stealthy acts, performed without an audience, under darkness. There with hundreds of others, I was witnessing the madness. One of the actors chopped at the mouth, calling out that he was after a tooth. I yelled back a choked, almost whispered, "He has no teeth."

I recall now that, as a child, I would take great delight in stepping on bees--never caterpillars or fire flies or even ants, just the bees. I was terrified of them. Each smashed yellow jacket was a triumph for me, a victory over both what was fearsome and my own fear. The mutilators were perhaps after the same double glory. No matter that the whale was already dead; the mystery it evoked was very much alive. That mystery hinted at all that was unnamed and unknown, all that was incomprehensible, all that was alien. We each stumble on such mystery now and again, usually when we are not seeking it and are ill-prepared to encounter it. It tripped me up on a cloudless night when the stars engulfed me and I shrank to nothing but wide eyes; I fell, hard, over it the first time I hefted a formalin-soaked human brain; at births and deaths, I teeter; and some days, for no reason I clearly know, my foundations shake.

We all tremble at mystery. But whether or not we can accept our own trembling seems to determine what will follow. At times, I can stand, feet spread, and hold myself firm against the quaking. I can root myself within the very core of the mystery and then comes the sweetest sense of wonder, of awe. But at other moments, I become overwhelmed by the terror of sudden humbleness. In a rush of rage at the gods who conceived what I do not, cannot understand, my trembling is transformed into fury. I flail at the particular embodiment of the mystery, slashing it, dominating it, disemboweling it, killing it again and again, in the frantic hunt for self-affirmation.

On the beach that day, I stood firm and desperately wanted to deny that I might do otherwise. But I knew then and know now that I have sometimes tried to slaughter the mystery and that I shall do so again. The vomit at the back of my throat spread over

teeth and tongue.

Mark and Martha were beside me. They had brought books along and the three of us engaged in an ancient rite: we simultaneously acknowledged and subdued the mystery by finding a label for it. The label, finback whale, gave us comfort and power, as if to know the beast by a term it never knew made us wise intimates.

A police jeep approached us. Certainly we must have looked odd: our trio, books in our hands and in the sand at our feet, breaking the symmetry of the concentric half-rings. We said what we knew: a finback whale, a mammal not a fish, protected by law, Call Dr. James Mead at the Smithsonian. Within minutes, the mutilators came ashore, called in by the blared terms of the 1972 Marine Mammal Protection Act. The crowd was finally forced to break ranks as the police lassoed the finback's tail. The jeep was to remain through the night, chained to the whale.

I returned at dawn, hoping for a private audience with the unknown but now named. It was overcast, the thick mist rolling off the ocean like ghostly images of its waves. The whale had come in; it lay parallel to the water's edge, still on its side, on the sand. The chain that moored it appeared only at the tail and at the jeep. The middle links had disappeared under the tide's wash of sand. A green flatbed truck bearing the insignia of the Smithsonian was parked up beach. I ignored it, intent on my communion.

As I approached, with the wind at my back, the contours of the finback were blurred. It blended with mist and sand and water, in a gray on gray collage. I walked the length of the belly side, beginning at the tip of the chin's pleated underside. At mid-belly, I was framed by the towering wound. At tail, I turned to sight along the length, still uncomprehending, still awed. I looked for a reference, a token of the ordinary world. There was none: the truck and jeep looked unearthly, fading into the mist-sea. Not a single gull flew or paraded by; not one jeered me with its raucous cry. The breakers' sounds were muffled by the heavy air; they seemed the low rumbling of distant thunder. There I stood, very tiny, on a deserted beach at dawn. My only company was the hulk of a former whale. I nudged it with my hand, half-expecting a grunt in reply... only distant thunder. I bent close to it, poking here and there, uncertain of how to register the very familiar sensation of elasticity. With eyes unfocused, I would have been sure that I was at another beach, at another time: the resiliency of the dead beast was akin to the feel of the innertube I used to sit in, bobbing around beyond the breakers, as a child.

When I moved between the carcass and the ocean, what had been a faint aroma of decay became a penetrating, vicious stench. The mixture of rancid oils and rotting meat produced an automatic gagging response that brought breakfast's mementos to my mouth and tears to my eyes. The aura of other-worldliness vanished. I stumbled around to the belly side, upwind of the stinking mess. I felt thoroughly humiliated. What I had approached with reverence, what I had believed to be majestic, was only a misshapen elastic sack, swollen by putrefying innards, leaking its foul essence. I walked briskly toward the head, undisturbed by mystery, filled with cynical curiosity. I peered at the baleen plates and the engorged, distended tongue. Bracing myself against the malodorous wave, I quickly circled the head, noting that the skull was crumpled, spotting one of the blowholes, looking only briefly at one clouded eye.

I had had enough. I spurned the beast, walking away and never glancing back. There was some activity on the truck. I stopped to introduce myself and a wiry, bearded, younger than I had imagined, Jim Mead said hello. He invited me to stay and watch the dismantling procedure. The prospect of seeing the beast flayed appealed to my strange mood: a thin skin of detached dignity that ballooned out, barely containing what I knew to be a growing desire for vengeance. I wanted restitution for the foolishness of having worshipped what was, after all, only an unembalmed corpse.

I took up a position well upwind of the carcass, perhaps ten feet from its bitten belly. It was a spot that was to be within the area cordoned off by the police when, later, the air cleared and more spectators arrived. Jim was poised between the whale and me; a flensing knife with a long handle that nearly matched his height rested against his shoulder. With well-measured meter, he began to work the blade with a honing stone. The mist had lightened and it swirled around the man hard at his task, the finback, and behind them, the rolling waves. It was the recreation of a scene from more than a century ago. I cursed myself for having brought no camera with which to freeze the moment. Yet I knew it was likely that a camera's settings and filters would have absorbed my

attention, removing forever the chance to look backward to a time when whaling was a matter of luck, skill, strength, and faith...to a time when radar, sonar, helicopters, and explosive-tipped harpoons fired from mechanized mounts didn't efficiently bring whale after whale to its death in the blood-filled foam of a churned sea.

Jim broke the spell with a call to me. He claimed he needed help with some measurements; I knew he wanted to allow me to feel useful. We worked at the head, counting centimeters from eye to tip of jaw, from blowhole to jaw's tip. My recent fall from wonderment and the horrible smell produced an awkwardness I thought I'd left far behind. Jim seemed oblivious to my clumsiness; more surprising, the putrid odor seemed not to affect him. He offered information: the finback was a youngster, having lived only 3 to 5 of its potential 40 years. The skull damage was likely the result of an encounter with a passing ship. It was a lethal meeting for the whale and, while it could be listed as the immediate cause of death, the ultimate question remained unanswered: no healthy whale would have made such contact with a ship. The belly bite was shark work, something that probably occurred during the week or so after death while the finback drifted about the ocean on its way to Brigantine beach.

All the while, Jim's assistant, Charlie Potter, looking even younger than Jim, was fastidiously taking tissue samples: some blood, a strip of blubber, a few pieces of baleen, the ear bones. It seemed arcane to be concerned with such small remnants of the huge beast.

I went back to my upwind station, still shivering from the image of a shark whose bite was larger than I. Dump trucks and bulldozers had begun to appear on the beach. A small crowd was kept well away by police lines. For me, the drama was high and mounting. For Jim and Charlie, it was nearly over; they had already acquired virtually all the information the well-decayed finback would yield. They would spend the remainder of the day cutting 60,000 pounds of rot into movable chunks.

I was tabulating the odds of the event: a whale that had been debilitated, perhaps only mildy and temporarily, had had its cranium crushed by a ship--luxury liner, freight hauler, oil tanker, perhaps a tug? In open ocean, Long Island Sound, in a busy sea lane? Why hadn't the whale dived? Why hadn't the ship swerved? And then, with crosswinds and currents, with swells, the finback had somehow been carried to shore. It could have slipped further and further out to sea; it could have been devoured by the shark that was satisfied with only a single, massive helping. Along thousands of miles of coastline, the whale had slid from its watery deathbed to within a half-mile of my home. And how had I come there? Which of the innumerable twists and turns in my life had brought me to that place? How many improbable synaptic connections within my brain accounted for my unwillingness to snap a few photos and then be gone? Ah, synchronicity. Without any particular effort or intention, mystery was supplanting vengeance.

The demolition began at the tail. The sharpened flensing knives sliced skin, blubber, muscle, parted bone from bone, severed arteries and veins. The stench no longer oozed but issued forth, as from an uncovered pressure cooker. It was abundantly apparent where I stood; it was overpowering for those who waited to cart away the offal. Heads were averted and the bulldozer operator sank deeply into his cab as he brought the shovel into position. The tail was hoisted and dropped, splattering blood and liquefying meat, into the dump truck. A second serving, smaller than the first, filled the dumper to overflowing. The truck labored off the beach, leaving tire marks and a putrescent trail behind. The destination was a dump on the Atlantic City side of Brigantine bridge. That whale was to be erased from all but memory in the company of the paper, peelings, frozen juice cans, broken shoelaces, faded love notes, superfluous packaging, and deformed umbrellas that may someday amuse archaeologists. It was not a graceful end. Almost to underscore the unstylishness, later in the day the whale's heart jiggled off the truck and left a grotesque, odoriferous smear along the downslope of the bridge. Fire hoses were trained on the broad ribbon of greasy blood. The water carried most of it off the roadway; a filthy pond was left, next to a restaurant, to seep into the earth.

I had become adjusted to the whale's proportions but I was nonetheless unprepared for the dimensions of its organs. The liver could not be carried away in a single haul. I could have crawled inside the intestine, with room to turn around. Some of the arteries would easily have slipped over my shoulders. I'm not certain I could have reached fully around one of the massive dorsal muscles leading to the tail.

The work went on for at least 10 hours. The flensing knives methodically turned whale into rubble. The trucks shuffled between beach and dump. Observers came and left, usually rapidly...the smell seemed to hang in the air, coating everything that did not hurry away. Dogs came and stayed, rolling in patches of sand where once whale had rested, frolicking, leaping, tails high and wagging. I had seen dogs take positive delight in snow and I had enjoyed, but never understood, their excitement. I did not understand the joyfulness brought by the foul traces of whale; neither did I enjoy it. Most puzzling was the fact that the dogs did not near the whale itself. They merely cavorted in the sand permeated with the stench, giving substance to their peculiar and private glee.

Jim and Charlie paused often to resharpen their knives. The ligaments that locked vertebra to vertebra rapidly dulled the steel. The blubber and massive muscles wore it down. The rubbery organs parted only under a freshly honed blade. The men climbed on, over, within the carcass. They were covered with blood and feces and bits of stomach and lung and unidentifiable traces of whale. Jim was inside the abdomen, cutting upward, opening the innards to the sky in a shower of gore. Charlie wrapped a slice of liver and added it to the outlandishly tiny collection of specimens. They would take back to Washington less material than could fill a small suitcase.

From where I stood, each shovelful that was slopped into the trucks exposed a new cross-sectional view of the finback. At dusk, only the head remained intact. And I never saw the paraphernalia within; the head was the final shovelful. Despite all I had witnessed, despite the remarkable sequence of images I played with, now seeing the whale whole, now seeing it severed at the plane of the tip of the pectoral fins, I was disappointed. I had wanted a glimpse of the brain, of the magical knot of nerve cells that had once powered the beast. For the mystery had thoroughly overtaken me again and I was pulsating with unanswered questions. Perhaps I believed there would be a set of instructions and a rule book tucked neatly away in a cortical fissure.

Millions of years ago, whales evolved from four-legged, land-dwelling mammals. They went back to the ocean, returning to the site of life's beginnings. They laboriously altered their very form: forelegs became fins; the pelvis became reduced to two small, useless bones; the skull became contorted and elongated; nostrils migrated to the top of the head; elaborate alterations in circulation, metabolism, and body temperature regulation made the total return to sea living possible. Fur disappeared. Blubber developed. The outermost layer of the eye thickened enormously, protecting the internal structures from the pressure of deep dives. Intricate sinuses appeared; they became storage chambers for air, crucial for prolonged dives.

Why? What conditions had enticed or coerced or directed that ancient land-dweller to abandon the earth? What had made it necessary or desirable to modify so drastically legs, trunk, head?

The baleen whales eat whatever becomes trapped within the mouth, caught by the hairy fringes of the baleen plates. Each gargantuan mouthful of sea water is squirted out from between the plates; what is left behind is swallowed. And what is left behind is shockingly small stuff; perhaps a few little fish, but predominantly the tiny shrimp-like creatures known as krill. How many billions of tons of krill does it take to grow a full-sized finback or blue whale, the largest mammal ever to have lived?

What is it like to have the ocean for a home, with no walls or corners, but only the craggy sea bottom for a distant floor and the penetrable surface for a ceiling? What must it be to feel, always about you, water moving, flowing or churning, rippled by another's passing, whipped into fury up above by winds but forever calm below?

And what had this particular finback known? What was the rhythm of its days? Were there fantastic sea tales locked forever inside its head? Were there memories of the long migrations from polar feeding grounds to equatorial winter home? Had this one watched others struggle futilely, impaled on the shafts of harpoons? Had he heard the strange, lyrical songs of humpbacks, of killer whales? Did he know the tunes?

And how did I come to be rocked by these questions? Why did I feel gentled by the beast, even by its stinking innards that would slowly disintegrate, over many years, amidst the rubbish?

Jim, Charlie and I talked and ate together. We kept away from others as best we could; it would require more showers and several days before the aroma disappeared. They spoke of other whale adventures, of surprises, disasters, lucky discoveries, night-long drives with only a mis-identified tuna at the end. I did not ask my questions. I did

not trust myself to do so. They were enmeshed in a plexus of emotions that threatened to leave me tongue-tied and shaking. They still are. No matter that the whale has been dead for more than three years; the mystery it evokes is still alive, turning me toward wonder, toward awe, bringing trembling to my soul, making me relive that first, profound meeting with humility.

C L O S E N E S S

There were to be other meetings. There was the dark, cold night of the pilot whales when we tried, in vain, to verify reports of animals that had wandered into back waters of the labyrinthine coastline. Verification came the following blustery day: one dead female at Ocean City, a dead male at Margate. Pilot whales are not huge. The combined weight of the two was only about 3,500 pounds.

We moved that day between the living and the dead: two other pilot whales were trapped in a shallow bay, very much alive. When we reached them, they were being circled by small motor boats. The intent was to herd them out to open ocean. The effect was to disorient them; for animals that depend on echo-location, the sounds of the boats must have been maddening. One swam up on the mud bank of the marsh and then, in a powerful act of survival, flipped his tonnage over himself and somersaulted back into the water.

We waved off the encircling ring and sidled up to the animals. With our own motor turning over quietly, they calmed. Bob Schoelkopf, then the dolphin handler for Steel Pier, dropped into the water with them. The whales, lost, confused, perhaps desperate, did not shy from his touch. Bob stroked them, swam with them, spoke softly to them in the unselfconscious way we had each privately adopted. They stayed at the surface much of the time, their explosive breathing coming frequently. They seemed to pay attention to the soft hum of our motor, following our boat over short, experimental distances. Bill Wyche, then a Lieutenant in the Coast Guard and commander of the Atlantic City Station, wanted to use one boat as a beacon and guide the animals under the bridge, out to the sea. We left him to his work; within a few hours, he had led both pilot whales through the tortuous waterway, past the breakers, back to the freedom of the ocean. It made our job of loading the dead ones on the green flatbed truck of the Smithsonian less miserable.

Other meetings. An afternoon call from Washington to check on the report of a dead dolphin hauled up by a Brigantine fisherman; it was indeed a dolphin, no mistaken tuna this time. And the next morning, there was a note on my windshield from Jim Mead, giving information and his thanks, left there before dawn as he drove the loaded flatbed home. Another afternoon, calming a shrieking dolphin with words and touch as it swayed in its traveling sling within the belly of an old plane, sitting on the macadam runway; I wondered about the quirk we human beings have of being amused by watching such a lovely,

bright creature perform circus feats. Isn't it just a slightly refined act of mutilation in the service of domination over an alien beast? That one was on its way to a life confined by the cement walls of a pool, to a life of earning fish with pretty leaps.

Each meeting brought the mystery back. It has never faded since the time I discovered that my nose cannot be relied on to determine majesty. Now, at moments I can never predict, I see clearly the image of a whale swimming free. It breaches, carrying spray to the sky, glistening, and crashing back to disappear beneath the ruffled surface. It whistles and sings, sometimes sounding like a creaking door, sometimes putting like a massive engine. What would it tell me if I knew its language? It dives deep, its rib cage crushed by the irresistible pressure, and comes back to the surface, its shape restored, to crack the stillness with its ponderous breathing and to send vapor plumes high. I become lost in the image, lost in its message of meaning. The concerns of the moment are nothing. To have hugged a whale, to have met another who lives in a universe unknown to me and who just might be clever enough to know it, becomes everything. I can feel that delicate, taut skin against my palms.

I think of SP. We lived with him for less than three days before he died. He lives within me now.

Tuesday, March 23, 1976. I was in the middle of an hour-long lecture, talking about the areas of the brain involved in sleep and dream mechanisms. It was a good day, one of those that keeps me in teaching; both the students and I were interested in the subtleties of ourselves. We were happy to be together.

There was a timid knock at the classroom door and through the narrow pane of glass that ran next to the door's length, I could see one of the young secretaries from the office. She gestured, rather furtively, for me to come out into the hall. She bore a fantastic message: the Atlantic City Police Department had phoned, in search of me. They were frantic about a small, live whale that was floundering in the surf behind Convention Hall. With the certain, if not misguided, discipline that 21 years as a student and more than 4 years as a faculty member foster, I asked her to return the call and to indicate that I would phone the police as soon as the class ended,

I returned to the intricacies of the brainstem, only partially aware of the growing excitement that was to make me race to the telephone at class end. I was linked, by tenuous connections, to a patrol car on the beach. The officer was desperately trying to identify who within the cluster of soaked and chilled men surrounding the animal might be able to give me some information. I became increasingly tense; the only name that was offered was a Peter Vanadia, someone I did not know. I began relaying instructions: it was urgent to contact the National Marine Fisheries Service agent who had jurisdiction over the whale, Dick Whittaker. Technically, Dick was the only one who could grant permission to treat, handle, even touch the animal. Most importantly, Dick was both knowledgeable and caring. I rattled off his number, as well as Jim Mead's, repeating, over and over, that they must be phoned immediately. The officer agreed, sounding vaguely relieved. We both calmed a bit and I asked what was being done at that moment. He said an attempt was underway to tow the whale back out to deep water. My anxiety took over: would-be rescuers often unwittingly killed whales in such circumstances. They would loop a rope around the tail, just in front of the caudal fins, and drag the animal backwards toward the sea. In that configuration, the whale would be unable to raise its blowhole above the water's surface; it would either suffocate or drown. I yelled the consequences into the phone; the officer, in turn, screamed them at the gathered men, struggling in the bitterly cold surf. I had his promise that the only attempt to refloat the animal would involve placing men at both sides of the whale and half walking, half swimming with it, head first, beyond the breakers. Finally, a name drifted up out of the confusion: Bob Schoelkopf was there. I told the officer to rely only on Bob, to ignore anyone else's comments, until Dick Whittaker arrived. We agreed to talk again later.

I phoned Dick and reported what I knew to his tape recorder. I phoned the Smithsonian and learned that Jim was en route to the Boston Aquarium. Mark Pokras walked in, already aware of the situation, camera loaded, ready to drive to the beach. He said he'd call once he'd arrived. I stupidly clung to the idea that I could not leave until my afternoon class was over. Perhaps it was my stolid, thorough training that determined my priorities; perhaps it was my own idiosyncratic need to wring whatever orderliness, regularity, closure I can from the confusion of life.

The phone calls continued, sporadically, until my class. Mark soon found Bob,

a contingent of Coast Guardsmen, and a bewildering situation. The animal, a pygmy sperm whale, was bleeding freely from skin lacerations. The more it struggled, the more it bled; the delicate skin was being ruptured by the abrasions of sand and shells. It was proving impossible to move the rapidly weakening whale past the breakers. The men were becoming dangerously chilled in the late winter water.

Bill Wyche, as yet unknown to me, made the decisions. He chased off a bulldozer that was lumbering toward the surf, intent on carrying off the whale, probably for deposit in a garbage heap. He ordered wet suits, a life raft, and a cutter from the Coast Guard Station. Bob and Peter Vanadia, a member of the Oceanic Society, clawed their way into the rubberized suits. With the help of several shivering, soaking firemen, they rolled the whale into the raft. Bob rode with the whale, repeatedly lifting the animal's blowhole clear of the blood and feces-laden water sloshing about in the raft, as they were towed to the Station. There the Coast Guardsmen rigged up a sling and, using a small crane, hoisted the raft, Bob and whale and brackish water. The raft was lowered into the Station's wet storage tank, already pumped half-full with sea water.

The whale had first been discovered at 10:30 a.m. By 3:30 p.m., it was swimming, remarkably strongly, in the storage tank. It had taken the combined efforts of police, firemen, Coast Guardsmen, and assorted others five hours to move one 11-foot long, 1,500 pound pygmy sperm whale a distance of a few miles. We are all novices in this business.

The telephones had been busy. Both Dick Whittaker and Jim Mead had enough redundant messages to confound their efforts to unravel the story. Dick reset his recorder and drove to the Station; Jim called in from Boston, where a young sperm whale had been beached and taken for care to the aquarium. He opted to remain there, staying close to a phone. When I finished my class, there was a list of names and numbers waiting for me. I ignored it and ran to my car. The 12-mile trip seemed a cross-country trek. I drove more carelessly, more rapidly than is sane. I was afraid the animal would die before I saw it. At that point, I wanted it to remain alive for my sake.

The Coast Guard Station looked serene in the afternoon's pale sun. After the cascade of calls, I had expected the place to be virtually under siege. I pulled into the nearly empty parking lot and wondered if I had become confused about the whale's address. I had never been at the Station before; it looked prim, well-ordered, slightly forbidding, and all but deserted. I walked the path that led to what was apparently a rear door. The grass on both sides was perfectly trimmed and more lush than anything had a right to be in that sandy soil. Behind the door was a narrow, polished corridor, lined with doorways. At the third, I discovered a crisply uniformed young man who, much to his credit, gave me directions to the storage tank without voicing the challenging questions in his eyes. I wanted to reassure him, to tell him that I was expected and needed. After a moment, I merely thanked him and jogged back down the hall, unsure myself of why I was expected or whether I was needed. My whale expertise was vanishingly small, predominantly second-hand, and blushingly new.

I cut across the tightly woven grass and came around the corner of the building to be greeted by a hearty wind. The tank was in front of me, in the area that sloped from the building down toward the inlet. I noticed Bob before I saw the whale. He was standing shoulder-deep in water, wetsuited but shivering just the same. He quietly ran his hand down the whale's back, from the single blowhole to the small dorsal fin, rubbed raw and oozing blood. I knelt at the edge and softly called his name. He gently urged the whale toward me. The two of us carefully stroked the broken skin, Bob on one side, in the water, and I on the other, from the tank's stepped rim.

The whale's back was an even steel gray, marred by red streaks and patches. Its breath came suddenly, with a deep, hollow popping sound as the blowhole opened and then a long, sonorous rush as air was expelled. The inhalation was longer still but had a slightly higher pitch. There was no gurgling, no unwelcome signal of congestion. Occasionally a massive shudder would run down the entire length of the body.

Bob and I talked a bit, to the whale and to each other. William Medway, a member of the School of Veterinary Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, had come and gone. He had taken a blood sample and injected the whale with antibiotics. He would return the following day. We described the lacerations, the clear breathing, the shuddering, and the somewhat small girth of the animal to each other.

Dick Whittaker circled the few spectators, warmly greeted me, and suggested we all head for hot coffee in the Station's mess. When Bob hauled himself out of the

water, his hands and feet were tinged with blue. Dick introduced Bill Wyche, smartly uniformed despite the day's activities, bespectacled, sandy-haired, cherub-faced, and so disarming that when he later barked an order, I was shocked. The four of us held the first of what would become an oft repeated activity: a strategy session.

We closed ourselves in the room, hunched together over coffee at one of the tables. Dick deployed the responsibilities. He would handle the legal matters and provide whatever assistance he could. Bill would determine who should be permitted on the grounds; he immediately made clear that the personnel and facilities of the Station were to be available to us. His word was solid: we received help at every turn. Bob and I were to have primary responsibility for the whale. Dick was adamant: he would permit no one near the whale, nothing attempted, unless we approved.

We discussed the others who had become involved in the scenario. Bob had been the one who'd called Dr. Medway; the vet had sometimes treated the dolphins at Steel Pier. Of Vanadia, we knew little. Bob was slightly acquainted with him but had few comments to offer. I volunteered to be the contact for Jim Mead; among the others, only Dick had met him. Bill suggested that the most suitable method for handling the endless calls from newspeople would be to schedule a meeting with them for the following morning; he and Dick would be responsible for it.

In remarkably short order, we had developed a structure that was to see us reasonably through the hectic days that followed. We disbanded--Bob in search of warm and dry clothing, Dick to call his headquarters, Bill to arrange the news conference, and I to phone Jim Mead.

Jim and I were pleased to find one another at opposite ends of the telephone line. Throughout the day, we had each left a string of messages for the other. We compared notes. He was not optimistic about Boston's immature sperm whale or our full-grown pygmy sperm whale. Pitifully few stranded animals survived. But he was certain the attempts were worthwhile. He offered a little advice and a great deal of support.

I went, from the communications room, through the windowed front office, down the inclined walk to the tank. It was becoming darker, windier, and colder as the sun set. Only Bob sat on the raised lip of the tank. I joined him and we outlined our plans. In the morning, we could flush the tank, replacing the ever-reddening mixture of water, blood, and feces with fresh sea water. We would have to try to feed the whale and, somehow, we had to protect it from the wind. The animal was lying at the surface, its bleeding back exposed to the cold, whipping air. We could not know whether it stayed there as a result of whatever ailment it had or because the shallow tank dissuaded dives. We were reasonably certain that the shuddering, which came irregularly, was a sign of shock and that the exposure was a dangerous complication.

My trip home was short; from the Station's gate, I rode along the boat basin and came to the foot of Brigantine bridge. At the top of the span, I could see miles across the marsh to my left and over the ocean to my right. My home was just ahead, on the splinter of an island that divided back waters from the sea. The trembling began somewhere along the length of the bridge's downslope. Until then, I had been cut off from my confrontation with mystery--first, by the entanglement of telephone lines and later, by other people who formed an opaque interface between the whale and me. I needed to return quickly, to have time alone with the stricken whale, not to assess the extent of the ugly skin wounds nor to puzzle about the unknown condition that had brought it to shore...only to be close to it, to feel my own breathing becoming linked to its rhythm, to reach out to it with a quivering hand. While I changed to heavier clothing, I ate something and, still chewing whatever it was, I started the car back toward the bridge. It was dark as I stumbled along the springy cushion of grass and felt my way to the tank's edge. When I sat down on the cold, wet concrete lip, the whale's blowhole smacked open and the only sound was the rush of its breath.

I sat in the brisk wind, waiting for my eyes to become adjusted to the darkness. The whale swam to my edge and while I stroked it, I felt a shuddering convulsion pass through its body. The cold was taking its toll on both of us. I wanted to speak to the whale but even the thought of it made me feel undeniably foolish. I had worked with scallops, rats, cats, tadpoles, frogs, horseshoe crabs, and monkeys. I had sometimes spoken to them but only in that patronizing way we all have of commandeering the attention and affection of less competent others. It's an arrogant speech, filled with directives. Come here. Calm down. Stop that. You will be all right (because I deem it shall be so).

With the pygmy sperm whale, in the darkness and the cold, only questions came to mind and, finally, they broke forth, softly asked. Why have you come? Where have you been? Can I help you? Will you teach me? The replies came in a language I could not decipher. The words were little slaps of water against the tank's edge as the whale held its position close to me with small swishes of its fins; they were the deep sounds of its breathing, the movements of its rib cage transmitted to my hand; they were ghastly contractions of convulsed muscles.

I could only be certain of the meaning of a small portion of our dialogue: we each welcomed the other's touch. Neither of us drew away. I am characteristically shy of others I do not know. I fear they will find me wanting, or worse. Around new people, I am hesitant, wary. Around unfamiliar dogs and cats, whose snubs can be blatant, I pull back, avoiding fang and claw. But with that whale, its small mouth fitted with 24 pointed teeth, its size several times mine, its strength clearly many times my own despite its condition...with that whale, I was at ease. Until that morning, had it ever encountered a human being? Had it ever seen or felt a hand before? Unlikely. Until that morning, there had been no vertical boundaries in its universe. Life had been open, unrestrained. The whale had swum through a three-dimensional matrix of life, the telltale sounds of others--the snaps, pops, whistles, roars, thuds--forever present. What must it be to know, always, who suffers and who sings, who glories and who dies for miles around? What must it be to breach in the moment of joy, to moan in the instant of anguish, never to have learned the wrappings of societal edicts that keep us hidden from each other and from ourselves? What must it be to have grown the casing of a flipper over bones that could have formed a hand...never to cradle another's chin in the hollow of the palm, never to reshape the world with hammer or with axe, never to fashion a weapon or a trinket, but only to accept what is given?

That whale did what any ailing, untamed, unschooled animal never does: it sought my touch. It should have driven me away, with a cetacean snarl. It should have done what all other wild and sick creatures do; it should have kept me at a distance. It did not. When, months later, Bob slid into the water with the two frantic pilot whales, I did not question his trust. When he subsequently left dolphin training and aligned himself with the Marine Mammal Stranding Center, I celebrated quietly but joyfully. The whales were being partially repaid for their confidence in us.

Our exchange ended abruptly. With a slithering grace, the whale moved to the center of the tank. It was a moment later that I heard Bob's voice, then Dick's and Bill's words. They were most of the way down the sloping walk that led from the office. The three of them had decided we needed a windbreak around the fourth of the tank that pointed into the cold gusts. Spotlights, lumber, off-duty Coast Guardsmen started to appear.

The lights played on a strange scene. In that infinitesimal corner of the universe, about a dozen human beings scurried about, jackets billowing in the wind, heads turned from swirling sand and dust. Numbed knuckles were scraped raw against sawed two-by-fours. Plywood shields were anchored to makeshift braces. The four-foot barriers were raised, then doubled in their height. The wind had been subdued but not conquered. Its violent rush across the tank had ended but it still swirled in chilling drafts across the water. I looked around at the faces; there was no satisfaction but there was the kind of somber determination that comes from having neither won nor lost. Each head was turned toward the whale, its lacerations garish in the harsh light. I wondered about us: we had come together solely to help a whale, a single creature whose chances of survival were minuscule no matter what we did, an animal who had not cried out to us for mercy, for aid. In Atlantic City, its old hotel lights glittering across the bay, there were scores of people who did cry out, who could survive but only with our assistance. They were the ill and poor, the unemployed, the scavengers, the lost, those who gleaned an existence from what we rejected. Why did we find it so easy to avoid coming together in their name and so difficult to part, even for a few hours, when confronted with a scarred stranger?

Little was said; we silently bore witness. At long last, the men began to wander off, some perhaps in search of warmth, some to attempt to explain the event to others, some to sleep before the next watch. Bob and I crouched in the narrow space between the windbreak and the tank, for once sheltered from the wind. We told each other what we both already knew: the barrier was a help but it was insufficient. We promised each

other that the bleeding had lessened, that the convulsions came less often, that tomorrow we would know more.

Dick and Bill joined us. They were concerned about an official request to move the animal, by truck, to the New York Aquarium. Perhaps the facilities there were better. No doubt the animal would not survive the journey. If the whale had to die, please not in a flatbed truck on the Garden State Parkway. If the whale had to die, let it happen here, quietly.

Bill offered a name, unhappy as we all were with the whale's anonymity: SP, after the Coast Guard's optimistic promise of unfailing readiness, semper paratus. In the next morning's paper, a writer was to christen it "Willie." We insisted on SP, put off by the pressman's presumption.

We closed the day with a re-enactment of our afternoon coffee session. Growing exhaustion tempered the conversation but SP filled the gaps, making each of us more gentle, more alive to each other's quandaries, less judgmental than we'd been before that day. I was beginning to understand what the whale was teaching.

My drive home was unhurried. There was no line between wakefulness and sleep. They were both filled with a peaceful stillness; the sight, the sounds, the touch of SP turned slowly in my mind. I felt a sure responsibility to the whale, but not for it. The images were nearly palpable. I felt myself bobbing next to SP, in calm rises and falls of the water, the whale my mooring. Why have you come, I asked, and there was only SP's unquestioning nearness for an answer.

DAY OF HOPE

Wednesday, March 24, 1976. The sun was slightly brighter but the wind had not diminished early that morning. Bob had slept at the Station, getting up every few hours to check on SP; nothing dramatic had taken place during the night. The skin on the whale's back was beginning to peel away, dried by the swirling wind. The convulsive shudders had not stopped although they did seem to come less frequently. The water in the tank was a filthy chocolate-red. The whale rode a bit lower in the water, its tail and lower back sunken from view in the dark water.

Our quartet met. We were each firm in our belief that SP could not be moved to New York. Dick would notify the National Marine Fisheries Service of our decision and take responsibility for it. It was several months later before I appreciated just how substantial that responsibility was; Dick absorbed the considerable pressure and deflected the skeptical doubts our decision created. We knew that our first task of the day was to change the water in the tank. Bill put out a call for volunteers and by the time we closed our meeting, perhaps ten men were waiting, a pump and firehose in position, at the tank.

We opened the tank's drain and discharged about half the reddish swill into the bay. SP did not fight the clockwise movement of the water; we stationed ourselves around the tank and pushed the passive whale toward the center, away from abrasive collisions with the cement sides. The pump began to chug and two men were needed to control the pressurized hose. The sucking of the drain and the powerful stream of the hose produced an ever stronger circulation within the tank. SP floated in the vortex, moving faster and faster around the tank's circumference. With the water growing clear, we closed the drain. As the water rose to the tank's limit, there was a brief, low moan--almost a mournful cry. The whale had spoken to us. I stared at SP, still riding the water's flow, and silently echoed its wail.

Bob changed to a wetsuit and climbed in with the whale. He tenderly cradled SP and looked closely at the lacerated skin; the wounds no longer oozed blood. We counted our victories: the animal was still alive, the bleeding had stopped, the breathing remained clear, and, judging from the feces we had just flushed out of the tank, the whale's lower intestines continued to function. But the shuddering had become stronger and more frequent in the clean but cold water; the skin on SP's back came away in flimsy layers

under the slightest touch; above all, the whale had not eaten anything.

Dick and Bill would broadcast our immediate needs at the news conference scheduled for 11 a.m.: we were in search of a large tent that could be placed over the tank, a filtering system adequate to clean the water, and heat lamps. I drove off to scour the local bait shops for a pygmy sperm whale's favorite food: squid.

I returned with a few frozen pounds of squid and an assortment of lotions, creams, and ointments for SP's back. We carefully experimented with different applications, trying to discover a concoction that would coat the skin, adhering to it despite the salt water; our concern was to avoid creating a greasy film that, once swallowed, might create havoc in the whale's digestive system. It proved less troublesome than we'd imagined: any vaseline-based mixture clung well to the peeling back. We were making progress. The feeding attempts were less successful. We strung thawed pieces of squid on lines and jiggled them, as enticingly as we knew how, in front of SP. No response. Bob worked his squid-filled hand into the whale's mouth and left the morsels within as he pulled his fingers free from the closing, teeth-bearing lower jaw. The pieces of squid did not reappear but SP never took any of the dangling food we continued to present.

The morning began to drag slowly by. There was little more we could do until Medway arrived. We were impatient, yet we dreaded his coming; on the phone, he'd indicated that force-feeding was necessary. He was to bring the required equipment and supplies for the procedure.

I've always been nervous around a throat that is not open, clear. Jamming a tube down the passage in order to pump nourishment into the stomach or to aspirate mucus from congested lungs has never left me with dry palms. Retching sounds frighten me; even the noise of gasping breaths breaking a chain of spastic coughing makes me uncomfortable. In some way, I am linked to that historical time when medical knowledge equated life with measurable breath, when fog on the mirror or the faint tremor of a feather banished the pronouncement of death. But there is more to it than that. Hearing another struggle to inhale against explosions of vomiting or vicious coughing is a vivid reminder of the moments when I fight for air: moments of panic, instants when my body obeys its own logic, when I battle for control even more than for breath. A tube in another's throat, even a rat's, makes my own raw. I swallow painfully and redouble the checks to be sure the feeding tube has not been misdirected into lungs nor the aspiration tube into stomach. It is the former that scares me most: to flood the lungs with liquid and turn intended sustenance into a drowning.

Bob was anxious too. Neither of us was certain of the relationship between esophagus and windpipe in a pygmy sperm whale. If we entered through the throat, could we end up in the lungs? Could we inadvertently puncture the windpipe? Could we unwittingly compress it? We began to consult anyone who might know the answers: Jim Mead, the curator at the Boston Aquarium, personnel at the New York Aquarium. The replies were not reassuring. Pygmy sperm whales are sufficiently rare that no one had definitive, first-hand information. The best anyone could offer was hopeful advice: assume that SP's anatomy was similar to that of the dolphin, in which the esophagus splits into two branches that circle the muscular, tough windpipe. If the advice were correct, we would be in little danger: the lungs could not be reached via the throat and the windpipe would resist puncturing or compression. We pleaded with SP to snatch the dangling squid. No response.

We were suddenly engulfed by reporters. Their meeting with Dick and Bill was over. Cameras were everywhere; cables and questions limited our movements. Bob scrambled out of the tank and sought refuge with an unassailable logic: no one could deny his shivering request to be permitted to find warm clothing. I answered a few additional questions and, muttering about phone calls, hid in the Station's communications room. Peter Vanadia stayed to pose for pictures. He had spent much of the morning fruitlessly hunting for hydrophones, convinced that we should catch any utterance SP might make underwater. The whale was photographed, in stills and on videotape, as it continued to ride the water's surface.

As the last of the newspeople drifted away, Medway appeared. He was a small, hunched man with a taciturn, almost gruff, style that did little to cheer us. He had not examined the previous day's blood sample; thus, we still had no clue concerning SP's ailment. We unloaded the handpump, tubing, bucket, and supplies brought by the vet. With the drain reopened, water emptied from the tank and once again carried the whale in clock-

wise circles. As the depth fell to several feet, we submerged an old mattress donated by the Station. Bob carefully guided SP into position over the mattress that was to cushion it once the water level dropped to several inches. We did not want the whale to rest directly on the tank's cement bottom; in the course of their evolutionary changes, whales have lost the chest and abdominal musculature with which to support their own weight. Placed belly side down on a hard substrate, their own mass threatens to hinder their breathing and to exert considerable pressure on their internal organs. With only puddles of water remaining in the tank, SP lay, turned slightly to one side, on the mattress. A soaked blanket covered the whale, from blowhole to tail, protecting the skin from any further drying. The pieces of squid Bob had forced into SP's mouth formed damp little mounds on the tank's floor; the whale had never swallowed them.

I stood at the tank's edge, mixing a gruel of vitamins, minerals, protein powder, and saline, the stamped pull date of which had long since passed. Medway injected antibiotics into the dorsal muscles and probed the tail fins for a productive vein. With his blood sample stored away, there was nothing left to do but attempt forced feeding.

Bob knelt close to SP, his ear pressed against the whale's side, listening for the gurgling sound that would identify the approximate location of the stomach. He matched the distance from the jaw's tip to that site along the length of tubing. With little sign of his earlier anxiety, Bob pried the whale's small mouth open and began steadily feeding the garden-hose diameter tubing down SP's throat. The animal remained calm, looking unflinchingly with one eye at Bob's nearby face. With the tube in place, we waited what seemed interminable minutes for the comforting sounds of SP exchanging stale air for a fresh breath. Convinced that the breathing was not labored, I handed the bucket of thick soup down to Medway. The entire volume was pumped through the tube; SP shuddered once but gave no indication of distress. Bob slowly, evenly pulled foot after foot of tubing free.

We cleared the tank of everything except Bob, gently stroking SP still positioned on the mattress. Water gushed out of the firehose, the sharp splashing mingling with the uneven rhythm of the pump; we began to smile, in relief, in hope, and to call light-hearted congratulations to Bob. As the water rose, we pulled the soaked and leaden mattress from the tank, grunting against its weight, finally free to laugh as the slippery bedding nearly overwhelmed us. When at last the mattress was spread flat on the cement, six of us struggled for breath, winded by the effort and laughter, thoroughly wet from knees down.

Suddenly, we were running from a shower of sea water. The firehose danced and wriggled, refusing to obey the lone Coast Guardsman who fought to control it. Bill quickly joined him and the two of them subdued the hose, forcing its nozzle toward the tank. There had been an initial burst of happy confusion as we took cover from the spray. It had seemed part of the gaiety of the moment. But somber concern soon replaced the laughter; we each took note of the stream's force as it issued from the hose. If anyone had received the full impact, there could well have been serious injury. Bill glared at Peter Vanadia; for some unfathomable reason, Vanadia had simply released his hold on the hose and walked away, leaving the Guardsman alone to manage it. The pressurized stream required the strength of two to be tamed.

The sobered spectators wandered off; Dick helped Medway repack his equipment; Bill and several Guardsmen shut down the pump, stowed the firehose, cleared the area of spent containers. The scene swiftly changed from one of a community celebration to the quiet and stillness of a vigil. Bob and I sat at the tank's edge, stroking SP, worrying about the convulsions that had once again increased in the changed and cold water. We had to protect the animal completely from the wind and we had to avoid flushing the tank. We were still utterly ignorant of the nature of SP's ailment but during the day's activities, Bob had gleaned one piece of information: our whale was male. Until Bob had had the chance to probe SP's genital slit, we had not known.

Our foursome reconvened, in the Station's mess, over a belated lunch of cheese sandwiches. Dick outlined a new dilemma: the Philadelphia vet had asked to be reimbursed for the costs of gasoline, tolls, and supplies. No funds were available from either the National Marine Fisheries Service or the Smithsonian; certainly the Coast Guard could not be asked to cover expenses. We had spent our own money for SP's squid and ointments; the four of us could contribute equally to pay Medway. But there was no telling how long the whale would be with us and what further expenditures we'd have. Individuals had called

in to offer contributions but we had turned them down; now we needed a mechanism through which contributions could be accepted. I phoned Mark and Martha Pokras, explaining our problem. They were active members of the Atlantic City chapter of the Audubon Society; their suggestion was to ask the chapter, at that evening's scheduled meeting, to oversee an account earmarked for whale strandings. The Audubon's first and only Marine Mammal Fund was established and enthusiastically backed within a matter of hours. Money could be mailed to Mark or deposited at the Coast Guard Station in a metal box placed on one of the braces that supported the windbreak. We were more than able to pay Medway when he arrived the following morning.

We were still faced with the difficulty of SP's exposure to the wind and to the bitterly cold water that filled the tank each time we flushed it with clean water. We could only rely on our broadcast appeals for a solution. As we sipped the last of our luncheon coffee, we focused on the improbability of our good luck so far and convinced each other to believe it would continue.

The telephone next to the tank had been serviced by the Guardsmen and we were able to call the Boston Aquarium with SP only a few feet away. Their work with the young sperm whale was proceeding lockstep with our own; they too had succeeded in force-feeding their charge. Our whale was riding markedly lower in the water; neither we nor the personnel in Boston knew what to make of the change. We hoped it signalled a more normal state of buoyancy; perhaps SP was regaining, slowly, his healthy swimming posture. We feared it signalled growing weakness and loss of muscle tone.

A hook and ladder truck pulled into the parking area near the tank. It belonged to the fire company whose men had helped roll SP into the life raft, seemingly weeks earlier but, truly, only the previous day. They had heard our appeals on the radio and while they could not supply us with a tent, they had managed to locate long two-by-fours and several tarpaulins. They and we began placing the lumber at two foot intervals across the tank. With the boards braced in position, we lashed the tarps over them, slanting the canvas from the rim of the tank upward toward the windbreak. The edges previously exposed now had a close fitting cover; the area protected by the windbreak was now under a canopy. Access to SP required clambering over and around a maze of wood and rope, along a narrow alley formed by the windbreak. But we welcomed the hazardous path as a cheerful, albeit splinter-inviting, challenge: at long last, our whale was fully protected from the wind and from the rain that the dark, building clouds threatened to bring. The design was less than spectacular; the arrangement looked just as jerrybuilt as it was, but it worked. We were taken with its functional beauty.

Spectators and reporters had come and gone throughout the day. They snapped pictures, asked questions, and many of them had stood, quiet, unmoving, watching, with the same unembarassed absorption that had been so evident among the gathered hundreds who had witnessed the arrival of the dead finback. With the addition of our makeshift enclosure, the area around the tank resembled an obstacle course and the only section from which SP could be viewed was the slippery, entangled passageway between tank and windbreak. We feared accidents; Bill posted a guard at the Station's gate and cut off the parade of observers.

Not long after the guard took up his post, he phoned the communications room. A young man on leave from the Navy was at the gate, offering to help in whatever way he could, indicating that he had a wetsuit in his car. All along, we had been plagued by a severe shortage of wetsuits. There were a few lightweight ones at the Station (alas, they were all much too large for me) and Bob had his own heavy one. It was impossible to withstand the 38° water without one. Bill, intrigued by the possibility of obtaining an additional wetsuit, went out to the gate. He returned with young, mustached, gentle, competent Jay Jeffries. Jay turned out to be an enormous asset. He took care of details before anyone else recognized what needed to be done; he was, at every turn, willing to be wherever he might help, in any capacity. With our quartet nearing exhaustion, Jay donned his rubberized suit and got into the tank. He approached SP as if they were old friends and started applying ointment to the whale's peeling back. When Jay began his quiet conversation with SP, Bob and I grinned at each other; earlier in the afternoon, we had cautiously told one another about the private dialogues we'd each held with our whale. Both of us had overcome the awkwardness of the desire to talk with SP, but neither of us was certain anyone else felt as we each did or would accept our behavior without at least a raising of the eyebrows. We hinted at the dialogues, played a game of oblique

references to our feelings, and finally, talked openly about the rich tapestry of emotions that SP evoked. It is not a simple matter to admit that you have, in all seriousness, asked questions of a whale and waited for answers; it runs contrary to all manner of societal codes to speak of mystery, of awe, even of love, in the midst of an afternoon when neither global spectacle nor monstrous disaster has captured the world's attention and focused the community of minds on the unknown. Bob and I had learned to trust each other's decisions, to depend on each other's abilities, to share our worries about the whale. That afternoon, we had also learned to have confidence in the meaning of our feelings. Jay, not the least bit hesitant to talk with SP in our presence, now confirmed our carefully developed openness.

The quartet, comfortable leaving SP in Jay's care, met again, this time in a nearby restaurant. We must have looked every bit as haggard, disheveled, interdependent, and buoyed with hope as we felt. We reviewed the remarkable day, amazed by our collective ability to cope with the puzzles SP presented. We had, in one way or another, kept him alive, fed him, sheltered him from the wind, blocked the ill-conceived notion of trucking him several hundred miles, organized a fund to cover his expenses. What was most pleasing and unexpected was that we'd had others to help us at every step. With each new problem, the individuals we'd most needed had appeared. They brought the equipment or expertise or support that seemed designed specifically for that problem. It was uncanny. We each felt protected, as if the resources were simply awaiting our call. Once we had acknowledged our responsibility to SP, our needs were met, not without effort or worry, but with a kind of plodding certainty. It was no less mysterious, fascinating, and lovely than SP himself. I have since wondered about it often, trying to understand the events in the rational, logical tradition of my civilization and my training. I have never succeeded. Sometimes I am able to accept the orderliness on its own terms; those are fine moments, when I sense that my own life meshes with the lives around me, forming a strong and exquisite latticework, the intricate pattern extending endlessly in a three dimensional array. Sadly, those moments are rare.

We rejoiced over the ease with which SP's stomach had been filled; there was no reason why we should not expect the same uncomplicated sequence on the following day. We would find a way to filter the water. We would patiently and lovingly nurse the whale back to health, even if we never discovered the nature of his ailment. And then...then... We had been so preoccupied meeting the challenges as they arose that we had not, until that moment, considered what would happen if SP truly recovered.

There had been a brief instant earlier in the day when I'd had a glimpse of a healthy SP. A reporter had asked how I'd feel if the whale survived; I had been nervously aware of the reporter and the camera but the question created a momentary, inarticulate oblivion. I waved my arms, trying to dispel that magnificent image of SP swimming, free and strong, long enough to say something. All I could manage was a single word: marvelous. Fortunately, that segment of the interview was deleted from the tape. On the local news broadcast, I therefore appeared less babbling, more communicative than I might otherwise have.

But now we asked ourselves the question in earnest. What if SP survived? Of one thing we were certain: not one of us at the table would permit the whale to be transferred to an aquarium. If he began to show signs of strength and started to take food on his own, we would insure that he would be returned to the ocean. There was to be no cement cage in which he would spend the remainder of his days.

With SP, everything was a matter to be planned, reasoned through. How does one transport a pygmy sperm whale from a wet storage tank to a site several miles offshore? We would lift him from the tank as he had entered: in a life raft hoisted by crane. We rejected towing him in the raft to open ocean; the ride would likely be rough enough to topple him from the raft too close to shore or, at least, to subject him to a bruising journey that could well reopen the skin wounds. If he bled profusely into the sea, the vigilant sharks would discover him. No, we would lower the raft into a ship's hold, filled with sea water, and roll SP out of the raft. He would not have to ride the ocean's bumpy surface and he would have some freedom of movement. Five or so miles out, we would slow the ship. SP would be placed back in the raft and hoisted out, deposited alongside the ship. We would nudge him from the confines of the raft and he would, once again, be free.

Bill and Dick described the ship we'd need; Bill was sure he could obtain the

Coast Guard's approval for its use. Bob considered whether and how we could tag the whale. They tried to calculate the appropriate distance from shore for the release. I struggled to stay in touch with their conversation but became lost in my own musings. I was caught up in the mundane and the majestic. On the one hand, I was troubled by the ship. I hated being on anything that was not firmly in touch with solid earth. The rolls and pitches never sickened me; they did frighten me. Their unpredictability, their uncontrollability made my muscles tense; I would fight the motion, holding my own body rigidly still against the sway. I could never trust the engineering, skill, craftsmanship, and laws of physics that kept ships upright under even severe conditions. A mere gentle roll triggered my lifelong battle for stability, security, safety, and always, above all, control. I have never learned a calm, graceful acceptance of what is inherently changeable, forever in transit, always fluid.

On the other hand, I could clearly see the moment of SP's release. He would swim away timidly at first, a few gentle up and down sweeps of his tail carrying him slowly away from the ship's side. Then he would dive, a shallow dive, and surface again, still near enough for us to hear his explosive breathing. Finally, knowing his confinement was over, he would swim strongly toward the horizon, toward the sea, toward the calls of other whales. He would not circle back; he would not make a spectacle of his leave-taking. He would simply resume his interrupted lifestyle. The four of us would follow him, first with the unaided eye, later with binoculars. We would keep him in view as long as possible, squinting into the sun. We might cheer and yell at first. But we would grow silent. With SP gone from our lives, we would smile at each other and then seek solitude. We would not know how to divide joy from sorrow, the fullness of life from its emptiness, intimacy from loneliness.

I knew I would be on that ship. I knew my fears were not enough to keep me from witnessing the parting. I would be frightened, tense, struggling for control, but I would be there nonetheless, quietly, calmly, joyously, poignantly centered in the magic of the moment.

COMING TO TERMS

Thursday, March 25, 1976. The water in SP's tank was once again chocolate red. There was no blood, only the thin feces characteristic of pygmy sperm whales. Medway assured us on the phone that he would arrive early; we decided not to change the water immediately but to wait until the force-feeding procedure. The shuddering convulsions had stopped and we had no desire to encourage their return.

While we waited for the vet, a large, old, but quite usable filtering system arrived, loaned by a nearby swimming pool firm. Dick and Bob worked on the unwieldy equipment. Very soon, water was circulating through the apparatus, being stripped of its foul material. By the time Medway arrived, the tank had cleared enough that it was obvious SP rode even lower in the water than he had the previous day. We still had no explanation for the increasing change in his position; we hoped for the best.

With the confidence born of easy initial success, we began the force-feeding sequence: the drain was opened, the tarps were freed and rolled back, the old mattress was submerged. On this day, Dick borrowed a torn, lightweight wetsuit. The bright orange material was stretched to its limit as he forced himself into the too small suit. He and Bob worked together, settling SP onto the mattress as the tank emptied. Medway took the ubiquitous blood sample and injected the whale with another dose of antibiotics. Once again, I was at the tank's edge, mixing the nutritious but unattractive brew.

As Dick straddled SP's lower back, Bob listened for the gurgling stomach and measured the appropriate length of tubing. The whale rested on his left side, as he had the day before. His right eye was just below me, staring unblinkingly upward. Bob worked the mouth open and began sliding the tubing past the conical teeth. With only a foot or so of tubing in place, Bob hesitated. He withdrew a few inches of tubing and then again methodically pushed it stomachward. He hesitated again, rocked back from his tight arch over the whale's head, and looked up at me, kneeling, his face tensed. The passageway to the stomach was obstructed. He pulled the tubing free and while he flexed its end, perhaps unconsciously trying to soften it, he described the curves of the dolphin's esophagus as it branched around the windpipe. It was both a review and a supplication, a prayer that SP's anatomy truly resembled the dolphin's.

He began again, trying to slide the tubing slightly upward, toward the hoped-for esophageal branch that should have circled up and over the right side of the windpipe.

Again resistance. This time SP heaved, a retching spasm running through his body. Bob shuddered in time with the spasm. Dick bent forward, his hands coming to rest gently against SP in a protective gesture. With the tubing pulled free, the three of us searched each other's faces. A small river of liquid feces ran over the bright orange latex encasing Dick's right foot.

We waited for the reassuring sounds of SP's breathing. Then Bob tried again. SP retched violently, repeatedly, his body writhing on the mattress. As the tubing came free, a flood of dark liquid issued from the whale's mouth. It was shot through with a myriad of tiny creatures, parasites, that caught Medway's attention. As Bob and Dick laid hands upon the suffering whale, the vet crisscrossed the tank's floor, delicately collecting the wriggling things with his forceps.

SP gradually calmed. The spasms contorted his body less frequently, with diminished force. Bob and Dick drew back, their bodies posed, frozen, in helpless attitudes of concern. I was on my knees, balancing precariously on the tank's rim, my head lowered to within a few feet of the whale's head. We said nothing. We waited, willing SP to breathe, holding our own breaths as if our growing urgency for a fresh lungful would finally force the whale to smack open his blowhole. SP was utterly still. No liquid ran from his mouth, no feces flowed, no twitch rippled his body. He was inert. Forever passed. Bob tapped the cornea with his index finger. Nothing. He tried again and there was a blessed sign: the eyelid reflexly swept down and up again. Bob yelled to the Guardsman at the pump and as water rushed into the tank, we frantically cleared it of equipment--Dick and Bob throwing tubing, handpump, syringes out, the rest of us scrambling to haul out the ladder the moment Medway had one foot on the tank's rim. As the water rose, we yanked at the sodden mattress, the gaiety of yesterday's struggle with it long since forgotten.

SP hung limply in the water, still not breathing, being pushed about by the water's flow. Bob and Dick placed the whale between them and walked him in circles around the tank. Finally, there was the precious explosion from the blowhole. SP was alive. With the tank filled, Dick clambered out, shivering, the torn wetsuit no protection against the cold. He restarted the filtering system while Bill, Jay and I relashed the canvas cover to the beams. The four of us crouched in the narrow passageway formed by the windbreak and watched Bob as he stroked, petted, comforted the whale. There was no disagreement, no hesitation: we would not attempt force-feeding again that day. Medway left, blood sample and parasites safely packed, agreeing to return the next day.

When SP's breathing became more regular, Bob emerged. He was shaken, pale, wordless. Jay took his place in the tank. For the remainder of the day, the two of them would alternate, one always in the water with SP. Our quartet, almost unrecognizable as the cheerful dinner companions of the previous evening, reconvened. Dick, now in dry clothing, wrapped his hands around the coffee cup for warmth; Bob sat hunched, snuggled in a blanket; Bill had the courage to ask what we could possibly do. Without nourishment, the whale would soon die. But another session like the last could kill him. We toyed with the idea of intravenous feeding but gave it up; Medway's difficulties in obtaining blood samples had already convinced us that the peripheral circulatory system was severely constricted, perhaps in response to the cold. Even if we could devise a way of keeping the delivery going as SP floated around in the tank, we would never be able to locate a vein large enough to accept a volume that would be significent. We would have to wait until the following day; we would have to try force-feeding again.

The group disbanded, each of us seeking the solitude with which to explore our dismal thoughts. I was tortured by the contrasting images of SP in agony, near death, thumping grotesquely against the mattress, and the moment of his fantasized release, SP looking sleek and graceful, swimming effortlessly. I asked whether my responsibility to him implied that I should argue for his release now; whether we were interfering with the symmetry of his life, forcing him to deny his evolutionary ancestry and dwell among land-locked creatures once again. At what point do even our most loving intentions become monstrous violations?

Now I recall my crazed drive to the station the day SP had arrived. I had wanted the whale to remain alive long enough for me to see it; my hopes had pivoted on my desires, not on the needs of another. In the hours after that drive, I had thought my role had shifted. SP had become a vital other, a creature who humbled me, and I had, so I believed, come to be an instrument he could use in his struggle. No longer had the

whale simply been a stimulant, something to propel me into awe, to carry me away from tedium, to be an exciting provocation. He was no longer my goad; I was in service to him.

But I wonder now about the authenticity of that shift. Certainly my focus was SP. But why? I was weary; various muscles had begun to ache with the unaccustomed strains of the last days. I had abandoned my students; with remarkable ease, I had discounted the training and personal idiosyncracies that had kept me tied to them the day SP was discovered. Now, suddenly, I distrust myself. My commitment had come too smoothly, too unthinkingly.

The dialogues with SP had been heavy with importance and urgency. They represented my fumbling attempts to reach out, in naked confusion, to another. I had believed them to be shared moments, times when two searched together despite the differences in their languages, their histories, their sensibilities. The questions I had asked now echo like a litany. The polite, self-deprecating form that had shaped them is peeled away. Underneath, there is only one ringing demand: you shall make me feel important. I had sought special knowledge. It was an inequitable bargain I had tried to strike: in exchange for my time, my attention, my concern, I had wanted SP to endow me with secrets.

When the stench of the rotting finback whale had overwhelmed me, I had been angry. After all, I had capped my pride and held in check the fear that could easily have turned me into a mutilator; I had strangled some of my strongest feelings, as if such a parody of humility had made me worthy of receiving mystery. In return, I required the solution to universal riddles to be forever sweet...bloodless ephemeral messages that I alone would garner. The putrid odor had been an insult to my preconceptions, an unexpected, unacceptable part of the proceedings. I had not been prepared to suffer the indignity, the frightening loss of control over my own body, my own being, that the smell produced. My carefully constricted sense of self had seemed sacrifice enough.

Now I know that my consuming interest in SP was more a matter of my search for meaning than of any altruism. I resented his stubborn refusal to become well and strong, to create a moment of triumph for me, to flesh out my dream of the soaring emotions that would fill me at the sight of his release. I was angry about his retching, the disgorged parasites, the flow of feces, the ugliness and horror of his writhings...they marred the exquisite beauty of my fantasy. He was dying, dammit. How dare he?

This was no humble supplicant, coming forth to ask, in trembling, the reasons why. This was a human being armed with pick and axe, with sword, with words, with preservatives amd dissecting pins, color-coded charts, sharpened probes, little knives, and magnifying glass, coming to dismember the mystery. This was a creature tormented by the unknown, ready to wring a comforting answer from the universe, no matter what the means--shattering rock, tearing roots from the soil, forcing butterfly wings forever open on display, cutting clam from shell, splintering bone, burning brain, caging life, even ripping open a cell, smashing its contents beneath a coverslip. This was one prepared to fragment any essence and then to dignify the atrocity by christening a newly found structure or calculating statistical properties or heralding the minutia as if it held the course of the future; one who was willing, ah no, anxious, to twist and crumple whatever might yield an instant of transcendence beyond the terror of despair, carrying the soul away from the imponderable meaninglessness, randomness, finitude of being.

I wanted SP to serve me but he refused. I was ready to release him, not because his dying required it, not because it would restore his elegance even in the course of dying, not because we had unintentionally interfered with the pattern of a life magnificently shaped by the course of evolution; I was prepared to release him in order to free myself from what he was forcing me to know in myself. It was not a question of whether we had violated him, blinded by loving intent. Rather, it was he who violated my delicate, protective wrapping of selfless concern with which I covered the insatiable mutilator within.

At the time, I only wondered whether we should set him free. I wandered toward the tank, threaded my way among ropes and boards, and sat on the edge under the canvas canopy. Bob was in the water again, gently applying salve to the whale's still-peeling back. The steady hum of the filtering pump was somehow soothing; it made conversation unnecessary. Bob moved away, probably to clear the filter's intake of any clogging debris. With no warning, without any noticeable stir in the water around him, SP softly, briefly moaned. It was the same low cry we had heard the day before. Nothing unusual preceded it; nothing unusual followed it. It had come, superimposed on the background

hum, hung in the air for seconds, and then it was gone, never quite intelligible but brutally unforgettable nonetheless. I had a fleeting image of SP under attack by sharks, his moan cut short by their gnashing teeth. I would not even mention the possibility of releasing him.

Instead I went to the telephone and called Jim. The young sperm whale in Boston was not faring well either. Our conversation was slow, unhurried; neither of us had reason to rush, neither of us had the energy or unfounded optimism for enthusiasm. The words were fully formed, spoken softly, as if the effort of shaping them consumed whatever strength we had but also mitigated the sadness they expressed.

It was a day of solemn waiting. There was little for us to do except keep watch over SP, the filtering system, and each other. Our tense boredom was broken, now and then, by the questions of reporters, by reports from Mark Pokras about the steady growth of the Marine Mammal Fund, and for me, by a telephone call from my former college roommate. We had lost contact with one another more than eleven years ago. In the interim, she had married and given birth to several children. Her suburban Philadelphia family had watched the local evening news the previous night. Through videotape, I had re-entered her life. In return for the moments I had unknowingly spent within her home, she had gone through whatever searching was needed to find me at the Coast Guard Station. Understandably, she wanted to discuss the course of our lives. That posed a problem for me: it was immeasurably difficult for me to focus on anything prior to SP. I knew a great deal had happened in eleven years but none of it would come to mind. I listened to her story and monosyllabically answered her questions. Finally, I was able to recall the name of the third who had shared our room, a woman I had truly cherished but whose name seemed to carry only hazy remembrances. I asked about her; I do not recall what was said but I do remember the relief of having the conversation take a new turn.

Our foursome met often, more to be among others who wordlessly understood than to plan any strategy. There was some desultory talk, much of it centered on the personalities of those who had become entangled in the adventure of SP. About the whale himself, we said little. Sometimes we retold the happier moments he had given us but it was too painful to sustain such reminiscences. We were all exhausted, physically worn out by the activities of the previous days and by the perennial state of alert, and emotionally depleted. We sought each other's company but even together, we found no solace. We each knew our whale was dying. We each knew that the odds of his survival had been minuscule all along. We each had believed we could bring forth a miracle. We each knew we had failed.

In the late afternoon, I sat at the tank's edge watching while Bob and Jay traded places. Bob said nothing as he climbed from the tank and stood, dripping a small puddle into the well trodden earth of the passageway. Jay moved SP gently through the water, whispering encouragement to the ever-weakening whale. SP rode so low in the water that even much of his body forward of the dorsal fin was beneath the surface. Jay brought him to my care while the two men fiddled with the filtering system, Bob working at the tankside apparatus, Jay working from within the tank. SP was quiet and calm beneath my hands. His breathing came slowly but regularly; it was still without congestion. The skin lacerations had healed quite well, with new pale skin filling the wounds. But within he was disintegrating. How agonizing to see the surface renewed while the innards malfunctioned. We could have ministered to the skin, we could have stemmed the bleeding, perhaps encouraged new growth; but we could do absolutely nothing about the disease or parasitic damage or internal atrophy that was taking his life. We did not even know what was awry; the parasites were plentiful but we could not know whether their presence was abnormal or simply part of a whale's lifestyle. For a time, it had been believed that whales became beached when parasites invaded their ear cavities and interefered with their sonar. Beached whales had been found with ear cavities inevitably packed with parasites. How whales continue to orient by sound when their ears are clogged we do not know; but so far as anyone can tell, all whales carry a large complement of such parasites. For all we knew, all whales might also carry the stomach parasites SP had disgorged that morning. We knew SP was not suffering from pneumonia or from an intestinal blockage. Whatever had created the shuddering convulsions seemed to have passed. We had no information about the blood samples. That left us with no well-founded theories and few hunches.

I stroked the whale and asked questions. My hands became greasy with the salve that liberally coated his back but my questions went unanswered. There was only the

mute presence of 1,500 pounds of sick whale.

Jay returned from checking the intake and outflow of the filter. I straddled the lumber, slipped free of the ropes, and walked heavily back to the Station. The inclined path was a challenge, my steps slowed with fatigue and gloom. Bill met me at the office doorway, softly telling me there was a woman within who wanted to see me. I did not want to face another reporter or friend from the past or curious stranger; I wanted only to be quiet, unchallenged, undisturbed. But I had no choice. Bill and I entered together; I collapsed in the nearest chair, my back to the room, my eyes toward the window, focusing on the tarpaulin shroud that covered the tank below.

I never heard Bill's introduction but when I turned there was a stylishly dressed and groomed woman before me. She looked remarkable in the context of that office cramped with the harsh, gray, functional desks, chairs, and panels. I expected almost anything from her; in particular, I awaited words that would no more fit the occasion than she belonged in that setting. But her voice was surprisingly gentle and sad. There was an urgency in her words and I slowly began to hear them. She said something halting about her son, and as she did so, a small face peered around the folds of her dress. His name was Marty. He looked at me, eyes so wide and calm, but he remained half hidden behind his mother. She explained that he had heard the radio reports about our whale and wanted to donate his savings. With that, two small hands emerged from the sanctuary of his hiding place, clutching a silver piggybank. I asked Marty if he wanted to put the money in the donation box himself. He nodded and the three of us moved to the office door. I pointed to the metal box among the windbreak braces. He walked ahead of us, down the path, a subtle awkwardness in his stride. His mother whispered that he was eight years old. I looked closely again at Marty as he moved toward the windbreak; something about him was puzzling. His mother continued: Marty's dog had recently died and the donation to the fund was his act of mourning and of consecration.

When we reached Marty's side, he was painstakingly withdrawing dollar bills from his bank and forcing them through the narrow slit in the donation box. I suddenly realized he had not meant to slip a few carefully guarded pennies and dimes through the opening; his silver piggy bank was crammed with bills. I turned to his mother in bewilderment, but she was sweetly watching Marty as he patiently, single-mindedly worked a bill into the box. It would take him hours to get each one of them into the slit that we had fashioned to accept small pieces of change. I asked Marty if his mother could take the money back to the office; he seemed uncertain. I suggested that the two of us could visit the whale in the meantime. His grin was an eloquent agreement to my proposal.

He unhesitatingly took my hand; his own was small, too small for an eight year old's. As we rounded the windbreak, he held back, his face a portrait of fear. Both he and I became aware of his stature, so frail and small in the face of the treacherous maze of canvas, ropes, and boards. I told him we could manage it together, and in that moment of trust between us, I realized the boy was retarded.

I kept him close, always within the circle of my arms, as we fought the obtacles. When we were safely within the shelter formed by canopy and windbreak, I invited him to the tank's edge. He was unsure, perhaps fearful of the water but longing to be near the whale. Jay was in the middle of the tank, SP at his side. I introduced Marty, and Jay nudged the whale toward where we stood. I sat on the tank's rim and began to stroke SP. Marty came a step closer, his hand outstretched but held unmoving at waist height, caught between extension and withdrawal. Jay spoke to him, describing the whale, first cradling the head, then lifting the tail into view. His monologue was serene and inviting. He explained the noises of SP's breathing. He identified the goo that covered the whale's back. He said SP was sick and while we didn't know how to make him better, we did know that he needed love. Jay in the water, Marty at the tank's edge, the whale between them, were in a world of their own making. I started to move away but heard Jay ask the boy if he wanted to pet the whale and saw Marty confidently sit on the cement rim, his hand caressing SP's back. Marty had not said a single word but now his clear voice broke forth: "He is nice." I turned away, blundering over the ropes, scraping myself against the wood, blinded by tears. Jay and Marty talked on, a conversation unblemished by pedagogy or patronization, a dialogue between two who were engrossed in caring. When I reached the open space beyond the passageway, I found Bob standing in his wetsuit, his hands clutching the old filtering device, his eyes unfocused, his cheeks lined with tears. We stood listening to the cadence of the voices, the words muffled by the filter's hum, but their meaning

undiminished. We looked at each other, then turned away, each overcome by the hopelessness and magnificence of it all.

Bill and Marty's mother came down the walk toward us. Jay climbed from the tank and brought Marty forth from the canopy jungle. Marty took his mother's hand and led her away to the parking lot, talking animatedly about his friends, SP and Jay. Bill had tried to dissuade the woman from allowing her son to give his more than $40 to the fund; he had not succeeded. We walked off in four different directions, unable to watch each other grapple with our uncontainable feelings.

When we came together again, we did not speak of Marty. Instead, we encouraged each other to leave the Station for a time, to resume a life in a world that did not include SP, the searing pain his dying was creating, the agony of our impotence, the unutterably piercing quality of his meeting with the boy. Bob agreed to go home for the night, sleeping away from the Station for the first time since SP had come. We would ask Peter Vanadia to remain, hoping he would manage if he was needed. Jay said he would leave for dinner but return to check on SP before quitting for the night. Bill and Dick drove to their respective homes together. I went, late but still welcomed, to a birthday celebration for a colleague. I recall almost nothing of the evening.

REMNANTS

Friday, March 26, 1976. The day began as I had feared it might: an early morning phone call announced SP's death. The death had been discovered at 4:30 a.m. by a Guardsman on rounds. The whale had died alone. We do not know whether death came as the whale hung passively in the water or whether SP raced around the tank, churning the water, in a final defiant act of life just before he died. The former is more likely; I prefer to believe the latter.

When I arrived at the Station, the tarps had already been stripped away, the boards removed, the tank emptied. SP rested on the bottom slightly tilted to one side. The steel gray of his back faded to white on his belly. A stream of feces still ran from his anal slit, marking a chocolate red stripe on the cement floor. The underside of his tail fins was scraped and crosshatched with fine cuts; it must have rubbed often against the rough cement. He looked small, reduced by death.

Bob and I stood together, in silence, at the tank's edge. Around us, Guardsmen worked, neatly stacking the lumber, coiling the ropes, folding the canvas. The windbreak stood, a reminder of what had been hope. The filtering system was dismantled and hosed down; the old mattress, that bed of yesterday's anguish and the previous day's joy, was dragged off to the garbage bin, water leaking from its edges.

It was not a time for eloquence. Bob stammered that he should have stayed at the Station through the night. We both knew it would not have changed the outcome. I muttered that he and I deserved some time alone with the dead whale. We both knew it would be pointless. In wordless agreement, we turned and walked the inclined path. No one in the office spoke; the communications room was, for the first time, completely quiet. We found Bill and Dick in the Station's mess.

There was disappointment; there was sadness. But do not misunderstand: we did not weep or wail, we did not sigh, we did not seek one another's touch. Peter Vanadia appeared; he was disconsolate. Our foursome had spent all its energies in the battle for life. We had lost but we had tried, doing everything we could imagine, anything that might encourage each one of SP's billions of cells to fight on. There was no cause for guilt, no room for self-criticism or wistful hindsight. Perhaps Peter's agitation was testimony to what he now wished he had done. I have seen it at funerals: those who feel they did not expend enough during life carry the heaviest burden of mourning during death.

We did what was now required: we planned our strategy. Neither Bob nor I wanted others to perform the autopsy. Not only did our responsibility to SP extend beyond his life; we also needed to learn from the whale so that never again would we have to guess at a pygmy sperm whale's anatomy. Dick was more than willing to grant us permission to do the work but he also wanted to have Jim Mead's approval. I agreed to phone Jim. Bill was concerned about Marty. He was fearful the boy would learn of SP's death at school or over the radio. He notified the communications room to withhold any announcement. Then, with the help of public school officials, he traced the boy's home address and phone number. Marty's mother was the first person outside those of us at the Station to know SP had died. She told her son.

My conversation with Jim was doubly sad. Boston's sperm whale had also died during the night. He would autopsy that one, then drive to New York to collect a beluga whale that had died in an aquarium. He was relieved by our offer to work on SP. We reviewed the measurements and samples he would need. But what will remain with me always are the first moments of our conversation. When I told him SP had died, Jim replied softly, "I'm sorry." My answer was, "I know." With that, Jim began to speak haltingly, troubled by the way he is so often received. Because he is Director of the Marine Mammal Salvage Program, because it is his business to collect data from dead whales, his presence is usually regarded with distaste; he is seen as a deathwatch, one who hungrily stands guard over the condemned. No doubt Jim has often watched whales die. No doubt he had also willed every one of them to live, to keep their intimate statistics from him, to refuse to yield their innards, to remain other than laboratory specimens. He despises the black outfit with which others imagine he is clothed.

Once Marty had been told and Jim had agreed to our plans, our quartet met again. We listed the materials we would need. Large kitchen knives would have to serve in place of flensing knives; two 50-gallon drums would hold large specimens. I called Mark Pokras and asked him to bring formalin, plastic bags, rubber gloves, a scale, measuring tapes, and two particular students from the college. One student could help us with the specimens; the other, Fred Hamer, was adept at scientific illustrations. We wanted him to render sketches of the relationship between SP's esophagus and windpipe. Bob phoned Medway; he was more than willing to join us for the autopsy. Dick notified the National Marine Fisheries Service; Bill prepared the official news release. Then we waited for the multitude to gather. We wandered, back and forth, between the tank and the Station; we drank coffee and occasionally talked; we sat at the tank's edge, our legs idly swinging against the drying inner walls, our eyes on the stilled whale; we waited. And we simply accepted.

It was late morning by the time everyone had arrived. Bob, Jay, and I accepted Bill's offer of foul weather gear. The vet refused; he was later to regret that decision, much to our mirth. Medway had been quite helpful and rather generous with his time. Nonetheless, we remained uncomfortable around him. He had maintained an aloof professorial manner that was irritating. We were not, after all, his students; had we been, I wonder if we would have found his style any less irksome. But what we each found most vexing was his attitude toward SP. Even in life, the whale had been a specimen in his eyes. Now, in death, SP was the object of his amusement. I was particularly struck by the vet's joviality on that day; it was out of keeping with his laconic brusqueness of previous days.

Medway had never offered his aid in the preparations for force-feeding. Once the whale had been settled on the mattress, he would administer antibiotics and sample the blood. Once the tubing was in place, he had only then participated, never touching SP, only working the handpump. When SP had gagged, the vet had ordered Bob to shove the tubing inward; as the whale vomited, writhed, nearly died, Medway collected the spewed parasites. But once the whale was dead, the vet was eager to become involved. He disdained any covering for his clothing; he patronizingly challenged us to cut into the whale; he alone found humor in displaying SP's penis when it was severed from the body.

I realized that the vet was more comfortable with death than with life. When there was nothing left to harm, when the possibility of inflicting pain had passed, when a mistake could no longer be fatal, he had no fear. He could then afford to be expansive; he was in control. Hating him and myself, I knew there was a measure of all that in me. I too was more certain, more at my ease, once the whale was dead. But I did not mock life.

Even the smallest foul weather gear at the Station was many times my size. I

slipped it on nonetheless, quickly pulling off my own clothing behind the inadequate shelter of the windbreak. It was not an occasion for undue modesty. When I repeatedly folded back the sleeves and legs, my hands and feet came back into view. The oversized boots Bill offered were awkward; I felt like a child masquerading in adult clothing.

I clumsily entered the tank, tape measure in hand, and began calling out the measurements Jim had specified. Martha Pokras kept the record: total body length--11 feet; maximum girth--6 feet; blowhole--5 inches by 1½; height of dorsal fin--4 3/4 inches; exposed length of a tooth--3/4 inches; and on. Knowing what would follow, I dragged out the procedure. Bob joined me in the tank; the two of us patted and fondled the whale under the guise of data collection. It was our farewell. We closely explored SP's skin, noting scratches, blemishes, coloration, spotting a few nematodes that formed hard little bumps. We counted the teeth that studded the lower jaw and examined the sockets of the upper jaw in which they were sheathed when the small mouth was closed. We bent close to the eyes, seeing only our own images coldly reflected; there was no warmth of an inner, perceiving light.

We had stalled as long as possible. Medway purposefully climbed down the ladder and, knife in hand, silently marched to SP's head. I knew I could manage as soon as the first incisions were made. But I could not watch the initial cuts. I walked as slowly as I could along the length of SP's back, squatted, pretending interest in the tail, then rose and moved back toward the head. My timing was good: where once there had been his left eye, there was now a bloody socket. The eye was already wrapped in paper; Dick carried it up the walk, heading for the freezer.

Medway made two deep incisions, one just behind the head, the second just in front of the dorsal fin. We needed measurements of the blubber thickness at those locations. I stretched the tape into the raw wounds and recited the numbers to Martha: 1 1/4 inches behind the head, 2 3/4 inches at dorsal fin. I handed her the tape in exchange for a broad knife.

Medway announced that he wanted specimens for his own purposes and called for a surface on which he could work. The Guardsmen lowered a slatted wooden table into the tank. We needed specimens for the Smithsonian and insisted on their priority. Our solution was a scheme that should have proceeded smoothly: Bob, Jay, and I would perform the actual dissection. We would examine the organs as we removed them. Each one would then be placed in a bucket and handed up to the student, Mike Melnick, at the edge of the tank. Mike would weigh and measure the organ while Martha recorded the information. Mark Pokras would take a small sample of the tissue and place it, with some formalin, within a labelled plastic bag. The bucket would then be lowered to Medway's table; he could do as he wished with the material. Finally, it would be hoisted out by Guardsmen and placed in a large garbage bin.

For the most part, our assembly line worked well. At times, however, the vet would modify the sequence. Perhaps he was anxious to speed up the process; perhaps he feared he would miss something. Whatever the reason, his reordering of the steps created problems. At day's end, we discovered that we had neither statistics on nor samples of the heart. Medway had carried it from the carcass to his table, bypassing the three who worked tankside collecting what Jim Mead needed.

But that disappointment came late in the day. Armed with well sharpened knives requisitioned from the Station's cook, we began our work. Bob and I cut into the belly. Blood flowed freely, mixing with the feces still oozing across the tank's floor. For a moment, the sight and smell nauseated me. We sloshed around in what had now become a red and stinking pit of gore. From the tank's edge, the scene must have appeared nightmarish: three of us swaddled in bright yellow slickers, glistening knives in hands, awash in the awful mixture, and a fourth, apparently disconnected from the main event, organizing bottles and scalpels in neat array on a picnic table. I looked up, trying to breathe air untainted by the fetid odor, and saw the ring of spectators disintegrate, as first one, then another, turned and hurried away. Bill, his face set, expressionless, came forward with a hose that issued clean water. Jay grabbed the end and worked it around the tank, washing the chocolate red flood toward the drain.

We went back to work. Yards of intestine spilled from the abdominal cavity. We followed the snaking tube forward to the stomach compartments. The entire digestive system was loaded with roundworms and flatworms, the parasites that had been so apparent in the whale's vomitus. Portions of the stomach lining were ulcerated and bloody. Perhaps

the parasites had been the killers after all.

We searched further. The huge liver appeared normal; it weighed in at more than 17 1/2 pounds. The little one-ounce spleen looked fine. The kidneys and adrenals gave no indication of disease or destruction. The fully developed testes bore testimony to the whale's sexual maturity. The heart was free of parasites; the lungs were slightly congested. Our gross examination of 1,500 pounds of whale revealed nothing markedly abnormal except, possibly, the worms within the digestive system. I kept searching for something larger, more impressive, to account for SP's death. I didn't find it; a later report from the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology added one small anomaly. Their microscopic examination of the skeletal muscles revealed some slight degeneration. I found comfort in that: the muscle degeneration may have been symptomatic of old age. While there is little certainty, pygmy sperm whales are believed to live about 30 years. We do not know what SP's age was, but it is possible that he simply completed his life span. I do find comfort in that thought despite the fact that I have absolutely no idea what determines a life span. Why don't the cells of whales and those of flies and humans and bats and aardvarks keep the same schedule? What forecloses the opportunities of another day, and another, and another? Why are there limits to life and why aren't the limits consistent?

We had pulled the innards free from their housing. Bob, Jay, and I were splattered with SP's blood and soaked with our own sweat. We bent over the whale, cutting, pulling, tearing; we crouched next to the dismembered organs, probing and poking; we lifted the bucket, again and again, shoulder height to the tank's edge. Underneath the slickers, shielded by the tank's walls from the breeze, we were baking. Even before we had begun to carve out the pieces of skeleton Jim had requested, we were growing tired. I began to wonder whether I had truly seen Jim and Charlie dismantle the 60,000 pound finback whale; they'd had the help of others in the removal of the sections, but they alone had done all the cutting.

We sliced along the whale's backbone and peeled the blubbler away in long strips. Bob and I squatted next to the lengths and searched them for nematodes. We picked out a few and added them to the collection of pickled samples we were amassing for the Smithsonian. With shoulders and backs growing weary from stooping and cutting, we avoided lifting the pieces of waste. Instead, we slid them along the tank's floor, now slippery with blood, traces of feces, water, shreds of internal organs, oil and fat. We pushed them past Medway, still stationed at his table, toward the wall of the tank closest to the garbage bin. As the chunks sloshed through the debris and collided with the wall, they created splatters of gore. Peter Vanadia had avoided entering the tank; he stood at the edge, hauling out the refuse as best he could. His refusal to join us did not spare him from either the filth or sore muscles. Pulling the greasy hunks to ground level was backbreaking, messy work. Occasionally a piece slithered from his grasp and sent up a spray as it hit the tank's floor. Neither he nor the vet could avoid the gruesome shower.

Using the rapidly dulling blades, we worked to loose the muscles from the bones of the spinal column and ribs. I pushed my hand deep into the meat and started pulling backwards, trying to establish some firmness against which to cut. But with my hand gone from sight, plunged into the fibers that had once created movements of the tail, I stopped, arrested by the odd sensation of warmth. The whale had not been dead long enough for its muscles to grow cold. I knew that; I would have predicted it if I had paused to consider it. But knowledge and experience are different universes. The warmth was an intimation of life. There was a horrendous, fleeting fear that we had pronounced death too soon, that we were engaged in vivisection. The terror was rapidly replaced by numb incomprehension: I did not understand what divided life from death. What, precisely, accounted for the change from perceiving eyes to mere reflectors? Why should the rich blood continue to turn red with its load of oxygen when there was no longer need? Why was my warm body able to respond to a warm body that would never respond again? Does consciousness fade, ebbing slowly like the warmth, so slowly that there is no sudden disappearance but a beginningless, endless, continuous process? Is death then an event, something that comes within a moment, or does its coming stretch forever through time?

I pulled Bob to my side and pressed his hand into the depths next to mine. The three of us--SP, Bob, and I--were linked together. The warmth SP still generated was greater than the warmth of our living hands. His heat was transferred to us; there was

little we could give to him. Even in death, even filleted, our whale commanded more presence than we. The mystery was upon me again but, this time, there was no trembling. The mystery had always before brought me to the very lip of an abyss, a place where the footing was loose and I had shook as the earth beneath my feet broke free in little clods that tumbled into the darkness; now the mystery carried me into the pit. There was nothing to grasp; no stuttering steps could hold me at the edge. There was only the warmth radiating through my hand and the echo of a low moan...no other sound, no other sensation, no sight, and for a time, no I. There was not even the question why.

Finally, I pulled back hard and saw my hand tugging at the muscle. I pressed the knife against the taut flesh and, with that, the surroundings were restored: Bob and Jay hard at work, the tank smeared red, Dick and Bill looking down at us, their mouths drawn in. The sun was suddenly intense, its light piercing, its heat nearly unbearable against my scalp. I moved to the hose and sent the cold stream over my head. I returned to the carcass and cut muscle from bone. With each section that was sliced and shoved away, the vertebrae became more visible. I worked single-mindedly toward the white column, my whole purpose in being focused upon its emergence.

We agreed that we did not have the stamina to clean the entire skeleton; we severed the tail and lower back from the remainder of the body, and using ropes, got them out of the tank and into the rapidly filling garbage bin. We bared the ribs on the left side to the breastbone, then cut the ribs on the right side free from the sternum. Working from within the chest cavity, we cut downward, toward the tank's floor, until it was possible to twist and lift the mass away from the right side of the chest. It took all three of us to bend, stretch, and ultimately cut through the almost nonexistent space between two cervical vertebrae. At last, a section of the spinal column, the left set of ribs, and the breastbone were free. We trimmed them of remaining large pieces of flesh and placed the bones in one of the 50-gallon drums.

We had been at work several hours and needed to ease our backs from the continuous bending. With impeccable timing, Dick came down the inclined walk, bearing a cardboard platter filled with food and drink. Our rinsing under the hose was not meticulous but we cleaned ourselves of enough of what covered us to feel presentable. Perched on the tank's rim, we casually downed steamed clams and cokes. Compared with our unhosed appearance, we were not an awful sight; compared with the normal scenes of life, we must have looked ghoulish. Bill moved away jerkily; his stomach rebelled at what he saw.

Jim had asked us to set aside the whale's head but before we placed it in the remaining 50-gallon drum, we wanted to explore the breathing and swallowing mechanisms. Initially, we worked from the cut, exposed surface forward, tracing the esophagus as far as possible. With one hand forced deeply forward into the head, Bob pushed his other hand down through the mouth. He was unable to complete the embrace; his hands did not quite meet. We cut into the white underside, tracing the path his hand followed through the esophagus. Gradually, almost delicately, we teased the muscular passageway into view. As we bared more and more of its length, a sing-song prayer filled my head: teach us, SP, teach us. A second passageway appeared, far less muscular than the esophagus . It ran, in a short arch, along the underside of the esophagus; we had cut it from its eventual termination when we had severed the head. But we could trace it forward and upward. It passed between the two branches of the esophagus and travelled steeply upward.

We moved to the top of the head and worked downward, trying to follow the path of the blowhole and windpipe. Not very far below the blowhole, the passageway was lined with muscles that effectively sealed off the route. When we forced our way through them, the passageway broadened into a smooth, unobstructed channel. It ran steeply downward; it was, most certainly, the continuation of the passageway that started beneath the esophagus and passed through the two branches.

We worked feverishly to expose the hidden meeting ground of the two passageways. We were, at long last, on the verge of discovering what no one had been able to tell us: the exact relationship between esophagus and windpipe. It was easy to become lost in the mass of bloody tissue; there were no signposts, no neatly marked charts. Again and again, we stopped, righted the head, and talked our way through its anatomy. We identified a few unambiguous features that could be used to keep us on course, to remind us of the correct orientation. All at once, everything was apparent. The windpipe did, indeed, plunge through the esophagus, dividing it into left and right branches. The branches joined again immediately behind the spot where the windpipe emerged to arch lungward. Just above

the point where the windpipe pierced the esophagus, there was an intricate cartilaginous valve. Our evolutionary development had produced a larynx; the whale's had produced this valve. We use our structure to tell stories, fabulous and otherwise, to make music, to scream in agony or rage, to speak of love and mystery. The whale uses the valve, in combination with the muscles up above, to keep the medium in which it lives from seeping into the lungs; the whale may also use it to sing, to squeak, to create whistles and pops, to moan.

The advice we had followed was correct: our whale's anatomy, at confluence of esophagus and windpipe, was similar to a dolphin's. We could never have pumped food from mouth to lung; the walls of the windpipe were sufficiently thick and firm that we were unlikely to puncture or compress them. During our second force-feeding attempt, the hose may have met the resistance of the windpipe's wall; more likely, it may have been blocked by esophageal walls swollen by the insult of the previous force-feeding or by the body's response to impending death.

Fred Hamer, our artist-student, was not content to see the apparatus from a distance. He climbed into the tank and while we cleared away the remnants of SP, he turned the head this way and that, absorbed by the form, memorizing the structure. His later sketches, in side view and top view, captured the intricacies of the relationship between windpipe and esophagus. Never again need anyone wonder whether intended sustenance might produce a drowning.

Medway stored his treasures and prepared to leave. He had no interest in our discovery and no intention of remaining longer. A promised report on his findings was his only farewell.

We briefly considered opening the skull for a look at the whale's brain. Not one of us had the strength left for such a task. Dick called me to the side of the tank and quietly urged me to remove two of the whale's teeth--one for Bob, one for myself. I told him neither of us needed a memento; we would both make do with memories. The head, missing the one tooth Medway had taken, was placed in the waiting 50-gallon drum. Both drums were filled with formalin and capped. I would later regret my clear instructions to pour in the preservative. There was a bin of maggots at the Smithsonian; they would have efficiently cleaned the bones of every scrap of tissue had I not called for formalin. Charlie and Jim would need to spend many awful hours boiling the specimens and working the bones free from the flesh.

By late afternoon, the tank was clean. A few Guardsmen cleared away the last of the rubble from its edges. The sun was fading, the breeze growing stronger. Bob, Jay and I hosed each other off. I began to shiver, my muscles weak, my body trying to contend with the contradiction of my torso soaked in sweat and my head chilled by the stream of cold water. From somewhere a Guardsman appeared with soap and towels, under orders from Bill to escort me to a private shower in the Station. I stiff-leggedly followed him. Long, languid minutes under the warm spray put an end to the shivering. I dressed and returned to the tank. No one was there. I stood next to the drums, one hand tracing formless lines on a lid. I stared, in disbelief, at the empty tank, startled to find that SP was not there. I tried to reproduce his moan but all that came was a sigh.

A F T E R M A T H

On the day that followed, I rode rough waves--towering crests of joy and amazement that carried me skyward, so high that my view to the horizon was unbroken; plunging troughs of sadness, so deep that fluid, dark walls threatened to crush me as they closed, ever nearer. My body was sore and stiff; no amount of warmth seemed to ease it.

Without souvenir, without a single photograph, without any tangible shred of evidence to convince me that SP had actually lived, I faced moments of utter confusion. I had only the cells of my being--the neurons in my head, the fibers of my muscles--to remind me of what had been. But nothing I could hold and turn, this way and that in the light, provided corroboration; there was no point of correspondence between inner and outer worlds.

Feeling foolish but knowing it was necessary, I phoned Bob. His day was very much like mine; so was his need. We regretted our casual refusal to take one tooth apiece from the whale.

Our quartet was to meet again on Monday and transfer the remnants of SP to Jim Mead. I spent the early part of that day trying to re-enter the comparatively predictable world I had left five days earlier. I was not especially successful. I moved through the once-familiar rooms and halls without the grace that comes from knowing, after long experience, how much effort is needed to free each desk drawer, what peculiar shape of the hand matches the contours of each knob, which colors and forms will appear as each corner is rounded. My desk top had shrunk, my chair had learned to squeak, my books had grown new bindings. No person was the same: some taller, some older, some more puzzling, several had acquired accents, a few were now complete strangers.

It was not the wisdom of self-understanding that made me leave the building as soon as possible; it was bewildered desperation. I drove to the headquarters for the local newspaper and bought the back issues that contained stories about our whale. Comforted by the narrow confines of my car, I scanned the pages for the only news that mattered to me. I read the words but I was transfixed by the photographs, at last finding the confirmation I needed. There had been a whale with whom I'd shared my life.

Dick and Bill were at the Station when I arrived. There was no cause to ask what each had experienced in the hours we had been apart. We each knew the strange tumult

all too well. When I sought Dick's permission to remove two teeth, he did not question the change in my position. The three of us moved down to the tank and pried open the drum that held SP's head. Stinging formalin fumes drove us back. Bill stirred the oily liquid with a hefty stick and brought the head to the surface. It had hardened in the preservative; the stiffened tissues seemed more a death mask than anything else. I sawed at the roots of two teeth with a small blade and finally twisted them free. Bill quickly withdrew his prop and the head unceremoniously sunk once again from view beneath the greasy froth. We slammed the lid home and hurried away. When Bob later appeared, I silently handed him a tooth; he momentarily rubbed it like a worry stone and then wordlessly pocketed it.

Jim arrived quite late. Spotlights played against the green truck as it backed over the lush lawn. Dick rescued the wrapped eye from the freezer while we loaded the drums and small box of tissue samples. The truck bed held portions of the young sperm whale and, covered with clear plastic, a whole beluga whale, its small white body looking ghostly under the spotlights. Now it also held torn pieces of what had once filled our lives, driven us to push beyond the limits of what we knew, brought us together, and given us meaning.

We gathered in the office but there was little to say. Jim already knew the details, and the rampaging emotions, broken again and again by cool curiosity, did not need to be described to him. He was more than familiar with the uncomfortable, tortured state of a mind that jolts back and forth between floods of feeling and dispassionate inquiry.

I sit now, years later, and think of the rituals of death. We are a peculiar species: we, among all others, have developed elaborate prescriptions for dealing with death. Our mourning is channelized by highly structured proceedings. There are particular words to be recited and chants to be intoned. Rules specify the burial place and time. No matter whether the directive is for wake or wailing, cremation or entombment, nakedness against the soil or housing of rich sarcophagus; no matter whether we bow our heads or raise our faces to the skies; no matter the style, we have our methods. No other species has need for such ceremony. What in our history has made us construct a fine mesh of institutionalized order with which to cover death?

I once believed the rituals of death to be grotesque and pointless. No longer. They come out of millions of years of evolutionary happenstance. They are the elegant, eloquent product of a mind that can jockey between emotion and reason. They are part faith, part disbelief; their function is to force acceptance of what is unacceptable, to acknowledge simultaneously our powerlessness and our mastery over that very impotence. In the midst of helplessness, they speak of control...control over the rage and fear that well up when we are plunged into mystery.

We had no funeral for SP. In part, that is why he continues to haunt me. In both death and life, he permitted no sense of control. He came uninvited, unexpected. He did not taunt us with wildness and fury, challenging us to subdue him. We could not speak condescendingly to him; we could only ask questions. And he held us in doubt with his cryptic answers. We could not cure him and know the surge of power that would have come with our choice to release him. We could not even glean the sense of mastery that would have come from knowing, naming, his ailment. He died when we weren't watching. When we dissected him, he gave us information; it was too late for us to give him anything.

He sent me, hands bloodied, into mystery. I am not certain I have ever fully emerged. Recently, in a dream, I was dying. I stood, arms resting on a table, with my back to a friend. She held a broad knife. She cut deeply into my back, pulling the thick muscle toward her and cutting once more against the taut tissue. There was no pain for me, only the strange tugging as my muscle came away, in a large slab. The procedure was not going to cure my unknown ailment; it was not going to prolong my life or make my remaining hours any more comfortable. But it had to be done. It served no clear purpose; it was necessary nonetheless. Later in the dream, I was amused by those who tried to comfort me with their words or little ministrations. I thought them fools; only the friend with the knife was part of the reality and meaning of my death. She had strained at her work and she had wept. The others remained tensely composed; they would not give themselves to what they could not understand and did not want to acknowledge.

Toward the close of the dream, I decided I would live on, and in the moment of that choice, the condemnation of death vanished. But I did not immediately tell those who tiptoed around me. I wanted to give them a bit longer to confront mystery; perhaps

one or two would stop fending it off. But not one budged from the sanctity of hard-won control. Not one quivered or trembled. There was sorrowful steadiness in every eye. No one raised a clenched fist to heaven. There was not a single wavering moan.

After Jim had turned the truck toward Washington, after our foursome had scattered, after I had travelled the arch of Brigantine bridge, after I had closed myself in my home, I drew out SP's tooth and placed it on the stack of newspapers. Only then did any tears come. I mourned without benefit of ritual. I began to shake, in grief and frustration, in anger, in fear. I clutched the tooth and watched my skin dry and tighten where formalin coated it. The anguished storm passed, and in its wake, I was once again alone in the universe, and trembling.

Dear Friends of Nature,

The enclosed check was in an envelope to be mailed to you to help in your efforts to save the Pygmy Whale. Then we heard the sad news of his death.

Please use the money to help in the future. The care and concern you gave "Semper Paratus" will not be futile. Love is never wasted.

—From a letter sent to the Marine Mammal Fund

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Jacqueline Ludel is Associate Professor of Biology and Psychology at Guilford College. In 1966, she graduated magna cum laude from Queens College, New York, where she was a recipient of the Woodworth Award in Pyschology and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. She was awarded a National Science Foundation Graduate Fellowship, and in 1971 she received her Ph.D. from Indiana University, where she was elected to Sigma Delta Epsilon (National Honor Society of Women in Science). She has been an Assistant Professor of Psychology at Jacksonville University, Florida, and an Assistant Professor of Experimental Psychology at Stockton State College, New Jersey.

Since her arrival at Guilford in 1976, Jacqueline Ludel has taught a wide variety of courses in biology, psychology, and interdisciplinary studies. In 1980, she received the Guilford College Board of Visitors Excellence in Teaching Award. She currently serves as chairperson of the Psychology Department and director of the Biofeedback Clinic.

Jacqueline Ludel was named a Danforth Associate in 1979. She has also been elected to Beta Beta Beta (National Honor Society in Biology) and Psi Chi (National Honor Society in Psychology), and her biography has appeared in the 14th and 15th editions of *American Men and Women in Science*.

In the past, she has served as a guest lecturer at the Shoals Marine Laboratory and as both a research psychologist and a staff psychologist for the Federal Aviation Administration. Her involvement with stranded and beached whales has taken place under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institution and the National Marine Fisheries Service; she is a member of the Board of Directors of the Marine Mammal Stranding Center, Atlantic City, New Jersey; she has been a correspondent for the Scientific Event Alert Network; and she has led both faculty and student seminars to the Outer Banks of North Carolina in search of whales.

Her publications include the textbook *Introduction to Sensory Processes* (W.H. Freeman & Co., 1978), which was released in an Italian edition in 1981; professional papers, such as "Language Acquisition in Chimps and Dolphins: Anthropocentrism—Still and Again," which appeared in the fall 1982 issue of *Coevolution Quarterly*; reviews of books in her fields; works of prose and poetry that have appeared in past issues of *The Guilford Review* and *Womansprouts*. She has written a brief account of the life and work of Margaret Mead aimed at 12 to 16 year old readers; that book will be published by Franklin Watts in the early spring of 1983.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of *The Guilford Review* is devoted to the theme of moral education. The articles which are included examine the various ways we are educated in morality and the underlying moral dimensions of modern knowledge. Guilford College professes to offer moral education and the questions which these articles raise include the question, "Can virtue be taught?" as well as the question "How can it be taught?" .

---Donald Millholland
Editor for this issue

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CONTENTS

Donald Millholland	EDITOR'S PREFACE MORAL EDUCATION	1
Mary Feagins	PERIPATETIC PEDAGOGY	7
Grimsley Hobbs	TEACHING MORALS?	15
Carroll S. Feagins	IS THE COLLEGE "A COMMUNITY OF LEARNING"?	18
Ann Deagon	THE QUAKER QUESTION, 1969	23
Robert Scott Gassler	VALUES, ECONOMICS, AND THE GUILFORD CURRICULUM	29
Donald Millholland	FROM NIHILISM TO RELIGIOUS FAITH	32
CONTRIBUTORS		44

EDITOR'S PREFACE

MORAL EDUCATION

Donald Millholland

The Guilford College catalog commits the college to offer "moral education." Recent statements of purpose stress the fact that education at Guilford will, among other things, help individuals "to examine and strengthen their values." In 1848 it was stated that a Guilford education "should confirm us in the practice of virtue." Can virtue be taught? This question was first asked by Plato, and I would like to first consider his answer to the question in the Meno, Protagoras, and the Republic. I would also like to see what we might learn from Plato that might help us understand moral education in a modern setting. For Plato, virtue and knowledge were not separable.

In the modern educational world the pursuit of knowledge is often carried on without reference to morality. A Friends college emphasizes moral education. Some people see a conflict between moral excellence and intellectual excellence. I would like to clarify these questions and attempt to answer them. Before we ask the question, "Can virtue be taught?" we must ask the question, "What is virtue?" The word virtue is the traditional translation of the Greek word arété. More recent translations from the Greek use the word "excellence." In his book The Greek Philosophers, W.K.C. Guthrie points out that the word indicates the essential purpose of anything or anyone. It could be applied to a thing like a hammer and ask what it is good for and whether it is good enough to perform its function. In other words, is it an excellent hammer? The word, arêtê, can be applied to a shoemaker and a statesman. If you want to be an excellent shoemaker, you must show what a shoe is, and what it is meant for; you must know the best materials and the best methods for using them. An excellent statesman should have an understanding of the state, know where he is leading it and the best means by which it can reach its goal. What is an excellent human being? It is easier to speak of the excellence of a doctor or a sculptor than the excellence of a human being.

> Greek conceptions of what made a man an excellent or admirable man differed widely at different periods: thus in Homeric society arété consisted primarily of prowess in warfare and personal splendor while the standard fifth century conception placed much more emphasis on social attributes such as fair-dealing and self-restraint (see Adkins, Mind and Responsibility) at the same time assigning a central place to intellectual attainments.[1]

In the Protagoras, Socrates confronts Protagoras, the Sophist, who professes to teach excellence. Hippocrates comes to tell Socrates that Protagoras has come into town and he wants to become his pupil. Socrates questions him:

> Tell me, Hippocrates, you are planning to go to Protagoras and give him money in payment for services to yourself. What sort of man is it that you are going to, and what sort of man are you going to become as a result?[2]

Socrates states that if you give money to a doctor or a sculptor for teaching you, you would expect to become a doctor or a sculptor. Hippocrates is brought to see that since Protagoras is a Sophist he would be paying him to help him become a Sophist. They both think there is something shameful about Sophists, although Hippocrates believes Protagoras can teach him rhetoric.

[1] C.C.W. Taylor, Commentary Protagoras, p. 74.

[2] Plato, Protagoras, 311b, p. 3.

Sophists did not believe in any absolute truth. Protagoras was famous for having said that "man is the measure of all things." This was interpreted to mean that all truth is relative. No man's truth is truer than his neighbor's. The Sophists did not believe in religion and therefore the only attitude left was to create one's own values, and try to make them prevail. This is why they taught rhetoric so people could learn the techniques of good speechmaking and thus win the admiration of crowds. This would bring power and prestige and therefore there appeared to be good reason why the citizens of Athens would pay the Sophists so they might learn their technique and have an advantage. Sophists were often hypocritical and appeared to affirm religion and some basic values, but they could be easily exposed and their skepticism appeared cynical. This is why Plato/Socrates were so critical of them.

Protagoras was a great orator whose services as a teacher of rhetoric were much in demand. Like other Sophists he believed truth to be subjective and relative. "Protagoras, however, allowed room for conventional views of truth that although no one opinion is truer than another, one opinion may be better than another."[1] If one man believed that it was all right to steal and everyone else thought it was not all right to steal, they could try to introduce him to a better belief. It would be better for everyone if no one stole and obeyed the law, since there is no Truth, the better belief is not a truer belief. Better is a pragmatic term.

When Socrates asks Protagoras what he teaches, he answers, "What I teach is the proper management of one's own affairs, how best to run one's household, and the management of public affairs, how to make the most effective contribution to the affairs of the city, both by word and action." Thus Protagoras believes he teaches excellence.

Socrates responds by saying since all Athenians are already wise, they can't be taught. In their democracy anyone can get up and give his opinion on the conduct of public affairs. Furthermore, it appears they are unable to teach this kind of aretē. Some have it and others don't, and those who have it do not always produce children who have it. Socrates is being ironic, but Protagoras doesn't see it and proceeds to tell a story. It is a myth of creation which shows that Zeus gave man a conscience when he saw that the human race was about to destroy itself. Everyone has it and agrees to law and order because they see the need for it in order to preserve the race. This is a kind of social contract. As a Sophist, Protagoras does not believe in the gods. This story appears to support the idea that respect for law and order is a pragmatic necessity. Protagoras cloaks this secular basis for morality in religious terms to make it appear more attractive and this is an example of his art. Protagoras believes that even at their worst the sons of Athenians are better than those who were not raised in Athenian households. Some are more talented than others and Protagoras can give them more polish so that they can be more outstanding.

Plato makes it appear that Protagoras is convinced that aretē is a kind of knack in the administration of public and private affairs. Socrates identifies aretē with knowledge and believes that this might be taught but obviously not by Protagoras, since Protagoras believes only in opinions. While Protagoras believes that some opinions may be better than others, he does not believe, as Socrates does, that we can arrive at Truth. Socrates understands "Truth" to include knowledge of the unchanging universals which are the basis of all that is. To know this is to know the ultimate balance and harmony beyond the flux of time, and this is as beautiful as it is good. Moreover, to know it is to love, to desire it and to desire to be like it. The more one knows it, the more one likes it; and the more one is like it, the more one knows it. Thus knowledge allows one to find balance and order in oneself.

While the whole community of Athens tries to teach its children to be excellent, Protagoras could still claim that he is an especially gifted interpreter of the kind of excellence called for by the community, and therefore he could help. Some pupils may not have the aptitude for excellence, however.

Protagoras is not a simple relativist. He does show that citizens will limit their freedom in order to satisfy basic requirements of justice in order to make for a stable society. (328 C.) He is not clear about what is meant by justice. In 329 D. Socrates implies that all virtues are different names for the same thing.

[1] Guthrie, p. 69.

> Goodness in the soul depends on its possessing a certain order among its constituents to which we give the name sōphrosuné. Someone who has that order in his soul will always act as is fitting towards gods and men and will never pursue or avoid anything other than what he should, i.e. he will be just, holy, and courageous, and all these ways of acting will spring from one state of the soul.[1]

This state of the soul is what the Republic calls the just man. Excellence as Plato understands it gives beyond what Protagoras teaches.

In the Meno dialogue the question is raised as to whether excellence can be taught. They try to define excellence (arété) and show it has something to do with being temperate, courageous and wise, but do not arrive at a full definition. They do not appear to believe that it can be taught since good men cannot always teach their children. They conclude that if some people are virtuous it must be a gift of the gods. This is not very satisfactory and Plato gives us a hint at what he really intends us to learn from this dialogue when he shows Socrates in conversation with an ignorant slave boy. To everyone's amazement Socrates leads him to some basic mathematical and geometric truths and provokes him into thinking.

This appears to show that everyone has knowledge within him which needs to be brought out. Socrates thinks of himself as a kind of midwife who can bring about a new birth, a birth of the soul. This would appear to be a proof of immortality since it seems to Plato that the boy must have been born with this knowledge within him. This gives support to Plato's belief in the pre-existence of the soul.

Now it appears that we have a kind of answer to the question as to whether excellence can be taught. There are two meanings to excellence and two meanings to the term "teaching." Meaning (1): excellence is the conventional wisdom of the Sophists. They can help one to learn what will please the crowds and how to fit in with social convention. But they only impart information; that is how they teach (1). Socrates' understanding of excellence (2) involves an exact knowledge like that of mathematics which will give one insight into perfect goodness which they will be attracted to and love. By identifying excellence with knowledge Plato means that a truly good and excellent human being is one who loves wisdom above all else. Such a person would inevitably be temperate and have the courage of his convictions. Plato's model is obviously Socrates himself, who faces death courageously, whose worldly needs are simple and who is certain of his beliefs.

How can such excellence be taught? It is not easy. Certainly young children are simply told how they ought to behave (teaching 1). What they are told is excellence (1), is acting in accordance with conventional moral rules. As human beings mature, they need to reach a point where they become moral beings because they see for themselves what is ultimately right. Their excellence (2) comes as a result of their learning what is true excellence and loving it. Human beings often come to the point where they question conventional moral standards but sometimes they conclude that they have the right to interpret morality to suit themselves.

Another theme in Plato's dialogues is whether or not any man does what he knows to be wrong. Most people would say that this often happens as good intentions get dragged down by desire. Socrates points out in the Protagoras and other dialogues that what really happens is that people often identify the good with pleasure. They therefore do whatever will please them most. If they do what others believe is bad, they believe it is good because it will lead to pleasure. Healthy people will always choose what they know is good (pleasant) and avoid the bad (pain). Thus no one does what he knows to be bad.

The problem is that if people are ignorant of true excellence (2), wrongdoing comes as a result of ignorance. The trouble is that many people are doubly ignorant. They are ignorant of being ignorant. Socrates' manner of teaching (2) is to provoke them into recognizing their ignorance. Then through dialogue he can get them to discover the Truth within. You cannot teach people to think by telling them how it is done. You can only teach them to think by raising questions which make them think for themselves. That is not all, however, for one must help them discover the ultimate and unchanging

[1] Taylor, p. 103.

truth that lies within them. Ultimate excellence (2) is not identified with pleasure. It is identified with loyalty to the truth.

In the Republic there are two senses of justice just as we have seen there are two senses of teaching, and two senses of aréte. The first definition is justice understood as doing your duty or fulfilling your obligations as defined by your community. The second definition of justice is Plato's description of the just man or just state. Justice in Plato's definition is understood as order, balance and harmony of the soul and the state when wisdom prevails. Justice is a value of character. When it is argued that power makes right, or the unjust man is happier than the just, those who argue it understand justice in sense (1). I may find it pleasanter not to fulfill my obligations, the powerful may impose obligations upon me because of their power to do so. Plato's sense of justice (2) shows that the unjust man is one who is unstable, fearful, god forsaken, i.e. diseased. If I am just, no one can impose obligations upon me that I believe to be wrong to fulfill, no matter what it costs me. Socrates refuses to bow before the power of Athens and therefore courageously faces his death.

When Plato describes education in his ideal state, it is described as a rigorous and long period of time as students learn about the world. Gradually they come upon the threshold of Truth as they are trained in mathematics which trains them to think abstractly. Then they come to understand universal definitions of justice and have an insight into the Good. The Good is a quasi-religious term for Plato. It is a kind of ultimate balance and order that is as beautiful as it is true and which one is attracted to imitate. One can know it only after one has become just, and when one knows, one becomes even more just. Not everyone will realize this, but everyone could have the sense to let those who have this vision of the Good provide moral leadership.

At age 30 a person may be educated enough to be introduced to dialectics (teaching 2). At age 50 the best will reach a vision of the Good. Plato would be extremely cautious about introducing someone to teaching (2). Obviously much of their early education is teaching (1). They are told the right opinions to hold by those who hold them as knowledge. Plato was convinced that those who were well educated could engage in critical reasoning and that the truth would emerge. They could realize justice (2), and those who lived under justice (1) would have the good sense to grant them the power of leadership and follow them. They would be excellent (2) leaders who could engage in dialectics (teaching 2) and also teach those who followed how they should behave, teaching (1), until they can be brought to see the Truth for themselves (teaching 2). Such a state and such a person would be just in both senses of the term.

It is not easy to teach aréte. It is difficult to mold character and train people to think for themselves with the confidence they will come up with the Truth.

Guilford College professes to teach aréte, but does it do so in sense (1) or sense (2)? Is it a just college in sense (1) or sense (2)? There is certainly a sense in which everyone in the college community is made aware of his/her obligations (justice 1), but Guilford also hopes to influence the growth of character (justice 2) and helps students learn to pursue the Truth (teaching 2) that they might become moral leaders (justice 2) in their communities.

Our concern for moral education is in keeping with the traditions of the Society of Friends. The phrase, "the teacher within," so often occurs in the writing of George Fox. The inner light is another concept that indicates the Truth lies within us if we would be open to it. Thus it is important to Quaker educators that students begin to look within themselves for the answers to life's basic questions. Fox said to Margaret Fell, "You will say, 'Christ saith this, and the apostles say this'; but what canst thou say?" All of this means that in a Friends school each individual has a very special importance and what each individual has to say when he voices his deepest concerns, requires our attention.

The kind of education implied by this does not try to indoctrinate students or simply feed them lots of information. It is the kind of education that challenges students to think for themselves and which raises important moral questions for them to think about. Although a Friends educator may be concerned that his students come out right, he cannot tell them what they should believe. Nevertheless, our community and our curriculum should be such that it challenges students to achieve intellectual excellence as well as moral excellence. For Plato they were the same since one could not achieve the height of intellect unless one had overcome the distortions of his appetites and prejudices.

Overcoming these distortions makes one a better and brighter person. If we are successful in our efforts, students will leave this college with a concern to become community leaders with a vision of what is good. That will enable them to stand for what is just and right.

Some academic institutions have made it plain that they teach intellectual excellence but they are not concerned with developing character, nor are they concerned with the moral dimensions of all knowledge. They profess intellectual objectivity and freedom of thought. We have come to see the limitations of this approach as a result of the nuclear age and problems of our environment. This first type of institution I would call type A. Type B is an institution which prides itself in being a moral place and imposes a strict moral code, a conservative political ideology, offers a conventional, traditional curriculum taught in traditional ways. Type C would be a college which emphasized the moral implications of all knowledge and the value of developing moral character or arete in sense (2) which would be taught primarily in sense (2). This would mean respecting the freedom of members of the community while desiring that they would come to the Truth.

Guilford tries to be type C. There is a suspicion, however, that it is type A, institutions which turn out the leading scientists, political scientists, scholars, etc. There is no reason, however, that type C institutions cannot offer as good a training in the academic disciplines as type A.

If Guilford tries to be type C, I wonder how well it molds character to the point where members of the community can be in dialogue about the truth. Plato was conservative in his estimate that one should not engage in dialectics until one is over 30. We try to get our students involved in critically examining their values that they might become stronger and more virtuous (arété 2). We even hope they will have some vision of the Good before they reach the age of 30.

We exist in a world that is more Sophistic than Platonic. The world more often sides with Protagoras who said man is the measure of all things and Thrasymachus, who, in the Republic, asserts that justice is in the interest of the stronger and that injustice pays. Would our graduates stand against the skepticism of our time for ideals of peace and justice which transcend the petty concerns of nationalism and cultural ethnocentrism? We hope so. We design our curriculum to expose them to other cultures and interdisciplinary studies which should cause them to question any narrow thinking they may bring with them to college.

The world has always needed moral leaders who had a clear idea of what was right and stood over against the conventional wisdom of their time with courage and serenity, and pointed the way to a more just society. I wonder how well we give students this vision of the Good.

Socrates' unswerving loyalty to Truth and Justice leads him to come into conflict with conventional morality. He stood for the principles in a world that was opinionated, prejudiced and skeptical. Protagoras appeared within his more limited view to argue at least for a recognition that it ought not be hard to get people to see that acting lawfully is to their own advantage, that life is pleasanter when there is law and order. He pleads for a conventional wisdom.

Over and over again, history's great moral leaders were those who stood for principles and went beyond conventional morality. In more recent times this was true of the civil rights struggle and the anti-war movements. Yet given the skepticism of our time there is a danger that they represented simply another opinion which they made prevail by the power of their rhetoric and actions, and thus it was not a truer position.

If Americans are more tolerant of the rights of some minority groups, it is not necessarily because they are convinced that these groups were right after all. Their rights are granted for fear that their power would upset peace and tranquility. Socrates would not approve. He pleaded for a breadth of vision that would provide a higher standard of justice which would transcend all situations and by which all worldly definitions of justice could be judged. Only those with such an ideal can provide moral leadership and appeal to what is best in us.

Here are some queries we should consider:

Do we bring out the moral dimensions of all knowledge?

Do we respect the inward wisdom and strength of each individual?

Do we reflect this respect for individuals in the way we teach and the development of our curriculum?

Does our community challenge students to think about the significant moral questions of our time?

This issue is devoted to ethical questions which affect education.

PERIPATETIC PEDAGOGY

Mary Feagins

Imagine, if you will, Plato and selected members of his Academy taking off by plane, by train, by bus, without forgetting how to be good pedestrians as well. Do not carry your imagination too far with this character. The fact that he has just recently founded his novel institution of higher education, with the result that Athenian youth need not depend on peripatetic lecturers of foreign origin any longer, would cause Plato to hesitate to promote "off-campus" education at this time. The local youth should rather be joined in Athens by other students from abroad. Still, Plato remains a good model for the teacher who would venture abroad with students expecting soundly earned academic credit for their educational jaunt. Although he proved himself capable of delivering "lectures," he considered lecturing, according to A. E. Taylor, not the most essential part of teaching. He represented in person and method the type of advanced mind best suited to lead the younger person in pursuit of truth.

"Experiential" education is what this would be called by Claude Shotts, Guilford's first director of off-campus studies and an admirer of Dewey. The teacher engaged in this activity for "Academies" abroad is as often a woman as a man. And academically oriented spouses are good combinations for such itinerant education. There are, however, certain identifiable traits, attitudes and methods that are essential for any degree of personal success in each experiment; and there are unique opportunities, not available in the ordinary classroom, which enable the teacher and students to learn together. It is these that are to be illustrated here.

Peripatetic teaching, both inside and outside unfamiliar classrooms, requires, above all, a fine balance of stability and flexibility in the disposition of the person in charge of the group. Having left behind the fixed setting of assigned class and office space, familiar eating and sleeping arrangements, to enter into shifting scenarios, the teacher, who has now become also director, dean and counselor, must be able to produce an orderly atmosphere conducive to the unhampered sharing of ideas, fresh, stimulating and unsettling as they are in frequently changing environments. It takes something of the wizardry of an Alexander Calder to create this pedagogically pleasing "mobile."

It has been done successfully, however, even under conditions requiring the greatest patience and ingenuity. There was the time in Leipzig when no provision at all had been made for a classroom and the professor felt it absolutely necessary to bring the students together within the privacy of four walls for a lecture and question period on a topic in physics. The perfect solution was the proffered use of the hotel bar! It was only a matter of timing. In the morning, this place provided the quiet setting desired. (Let it, in the evening, return to the informal din likewise having its place for a different approach to an ebullient exchange of ideas!) Similarly, in Munich, lacking the facilities of a well equipped campus laboratory, these same students were introduced to the world renowned Deutsches Museum, where hands-on experimentation as well as demonstrations of important achievements in the history of physics are available.

Regular use of a glassed-in terrace or a breakfast-room, between clean-up time after breakfast and setting-the-table time before lunch, has often been a satisfactory substitute for the conventional classroom. This type of improvisation in hotels causes little culture shock for students. Being provided with hot coffee or tea, a variety of warm soft drinks, or sometimes even beer, but <u>never</u> a glass of cool, "normal" water as refreshment during a seminar under the auspices of a ministry of education, whether in the East or the West of a divided Germany, may, on the other hand, produce a disappointing jolt in hot weather. At the same time, the "hosts and hostesses" will probably never cease to judge harshly the "guests" who cannot refrain from mentioning the merits of drinking-fountains or glasses of water with ice. Here is a constant opportunity for the teacher to help keep expressions of disappointment or sometimes even of undisguised

disgust inaudible. The happiest occasion becomes one where there is no member of the group who exhibits an attitude other than one of appreciation for customary local demonstrations of hospitality. The value of gratitude for missed "creature comforts" long taken for granted and now waiting "back home" should be weighed against the value of learning to understand and even to appreciate different customs abroad.

The very possibility of a teaching of values, often questioned, seems more evident to the itinerant teacher. The real potential for a scaling of values is worthy of discovery and of frequent discussion. Learning to recognize and to compare values while traveling together goes on for teacher and students alike. Wherever the more experienced and more mature person is exercising leadership in this direction, teaching must be logically admitted as an ingredient in the process. The higher the value in any scale of values being considered, the greater the importance of maturation on the part of both students and teacher.

Take for example the love of country, which has usually been highly esteemed among civilizations. Students must recognize this as equally valid for citizens abroad as for themselves. This may, however, be theoretically admitted while thoughtlessly overlooked in actuality. The behavior of a group of young U. S. citizens on one occasion illustrates this. A mixed group of five or six students were walking with linked arms down a wide sidewalk in front of the old opera house on Unter den Linden in East Berlin. They were almost directly across from the classical building serving as a national memorial, with its eternal flame burning for those who were victims of fascism and militarism. At the time for the changing of the guard, a crowd of tourists always gathers to witness the ceremony. Perhaps they thought they would not be noticed from across the way; probably they were not thinking of appearances at all. The fact is that the students could not resist an open expression of mockery going into their imitation of the goose-step with raucous and hilarious laughter. Their accompanying teachers were both embarrassed and angered and immediately called a halt to the spectacle. It was only the question as to how they would feel if visiting students from Russia or any other foreign country were to make fun publicly in front of the guard at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington that produced in them an awareness of their disrespect, a feeling of remorse and a return to sobriety.

There was a special irony about the episode just described. One of the students involved was an attractive, vivacious Jewish girl, whose participation in the summer program had taken place only after the overcoming of some real apprehension on the part of her mother. Having experienced the horrors of a concentration camp and still bearing the tattooed evidence on her arm, the mother had been torn between her strong desire to have the daughter get acquainted with their German roots and her feeling of reluctance bound to unshakable memories of the Nazi scourge. The daughter had finally persuaded her mother to let her go. As a member of the group, she had easily become a source of infectious good humor among her peers and had won the admiration of the leaders of the program for her good-natured handling of a problem: of supposed necessity, she had brought an oversized suitcase containing the extra clothes to be worn later when she was to visit relatives. She never seriously complained about the trouble its "schlepping" around caused her, did not impose on her already, but more sensibly, encumbered friends and gave it a name and the personality of a pampered pet. Similarly, the daily breakfast Brötchen, which could become tiresome in texture, she gave a further diminutive name, something like Brötli, making them more welcome to all. Indeed, she entertained everyone with apt Yiddish expressions and clever histrionics. Beneath this, however, was a seriousness not lost on her companions. The fact that she, of all students, could enter into the moment of frivolity and disrespect provoked perhaps undue disappointment and ire in her teachers. She felt the concentration of attention on her when all were sharply rebuked and were reminded that the unbecoming behavior was also taking place close by the square where the Nazi book-burning had been carried out. In retrospect, those responsible for the public rebuke of the group were forced to reconsider their own feelings and acts and to weigh the disvalue of youthful thoughtlessness against the obvious value of a cheerful camaraderie among friends of differing backgrounds, demonstrating a closeness of bond on the very spot were it would have been prohibited a generation earlier. The feelings of indignation and anger on the part of the teachers subsided.

On the other hand, these same teachers felt proud of another student who was sufficiently quick-witted to teach a lesson to a young arrogant guide of the same host-country. It was the only time, actually, that there was cause for disappointment in a Betreuer, provided each summer for assistance to the group. He had been displaying an overweening sense of superiority over his young charges. They were, as a matter of fact, not as immature as he was trying to make them feel; they had figured out for themselves that he was bending over backwards to spout the Party line because he felt insecure as the brother of one who had defected. He also showed signs of envy of such material items as the impressively labelled bluejeans worn by most students. He had to approve of their levelling effect in our society (not realizing that the labels themselves caused them to be not always as inexpensive in the U.S.A. as they appeared); yet, he had to disapprove of his own attempts to acquire a pair for himself. He was also quite a "womanizer"; and this was resented by both men and women of the group, who had acquired the characteristics of a family with brother-and-sister relationships. The fact that he was a handsome youth with an admirable fluency in the English language in no way compensated for his perpetual remarks concerning the flaws and foibles of the capitalistic system without any apparent recognition of democratic elements that ought to be extolled by one belonging to a "democratic" republic.

The day of reckoning came. The teachers and students were faced with an unwanted excursion planned for the group by the Reisebüro but not included in the original plans requested by the organizers of the program. Since it had always been the practice to have the students choose their own group leader, the teachers turned over the problem of weighing the desirability of a possible substitute for this excursion to the student leader. He called an ad hoc meeting and the pros and cons were excitedly put forth. This took some time, and patience was another virtue lacking in the guide. He turned to the teacher standing nearby and said: "Oh, your American youth is so immature! Why can't they make up their minds?"

To the not-so-secret delight of the teacher, the student leader had overheard the remark and turned to say quickly: "At least, we are given a choice."

Living and traveling as a closely knit group provided many such opportunities for comparing political values. It became apparent after a little experience that there was only one indispensable rule for the governing of such a relatively small group, between fifteen and thirty: if any member of the group started to behave as though not a member, disregarding group decisions and acting like a "free" or unrelated agent, that member would be required to leave the group. Over a period of years, it was necessary to invoke (merely firmly mention with clear firm intention!) this rule only a very few times. It worked without ever having to be acted upon. The role of the teacher was to point out the values, being discovered daily, which were essential to group life and learning and which fostered respect and good will among others with whom the group came into contact. What was meant by "acceptable" behavior evolved from and was defined by daily experiences and discussions. It was not so intangible that members were not able to recognize and try to abide by it.

Traveling and studying as a group brings into question assumed concepts of freedom perhaps more than any other value. This becomes even more evident when a group is moving between East and West Germany. Recognizing that both countries share a common history causes one to examine and re-examine their changing attitudes toward and diverging interpretations of this value. A totalitarian regime or the dictatorship of one party has to justify an order which approaches regimentation by demonstrating that self-imposed restrictions for the common good are the sine qua non of any freedom at all. Any other kind of freedom becomes license and erodes the necessary security required by society. The problem is to define "self-imposed" and to explain external restrictions satisfactorily within what is called a democratic system.

Two obvious restrictions of freedom are recognized by students from both the East and the West: freedom to travel outside one's country in any chosen direction and freedom to market the constructive products of one's own creative imagination. No amount of economic justification seems capable of removing the East German students' feeling of being prisoners of their own country with only limited visiting privileges to similarly governed countries. They try to understand the declared necessity for this self-sacrifice but find it difficult to accept, theoretically, for long-run goals, or actually, as a present limitation imposed on their education. They feel some hope as exceptions are

beginning to be made in granting visas for certain profession-related trips outside socialist countries or even extended stays in connection with some areas of study, such as religious studies in Rome, for example. But, as one young woman put it: "I would return, if I were allowed to travel; all my ties are here. I just want to visit the West. We are told about the evils of capitalism; we can see its attractions on television broadcasts from the West. I can't believe it's as bad as our leaders picture it or as good as the West presents it. I'd just like to see for myself."

The restriction on freedom to make use of one's own constructive ingenuity is not as easily observable by visitors but was described by a citizen who was deploring this situation within the Warsaw Pact countries. An inventor of any device that might be advancing local manufacturing could not prevent the removal of this invention, or even the manufacturing involved, in order that it might be handed over to another, less advanced, member country of the Council for Mutual Economic Assistance. The German Democratic Republic is, in this respect, still far ahead of other Council members and this fact is duly noted as constant attempts to bring about a better economic balance affect their political freedom. Individual patent rights are thus controlled by the state in the interest of the development of other "satellite" countries. Inventors are not at liberty to contact competitive industrial firms with a view to selling their inventions.

A surprise for most students is to discover that there are three kinds of retail trade within the German Democratic Republic, which they have assumed to be entirely devoid of private ownership. There are state-owned enterprises (HO), cooperative retail trades (Konsum) and a small percentage of retail businesses consisting of privately owned restaurants and shops of craftsmen. The latter can be recognized in that they bear the family names of the owners. What members of our peripatetic school must be ready to expect is this kind of testing of the glasses through which they are observing and, when the flaws of false assumptions are found, to be willing to readjust them frequently.

At no point is this statement more applicable than at the crossing of the boundary between the two Berlins. Entering into the East, students who have been thoroughly briefed to expect feelings of depression may spend two weeks with just those feelings, if they are not sufficiently inspired to remove the film from their glasses and to see objectively. They deplore the quality of the coffee and the lack of fresh fruits and vegetables readily available in their past experiences. They are incensed to find that some recreational and dining facilities are already reserved for the evening and that those open to them may close by midnight or earlier. They are especially offended by areas that have not been completely restored from the ravages of war without the advantages of a Marshall Plan.

Students, on the other hand, may be pleasantly surprised to discover that opera and theater are of excellent quality and accessible at modest prices. They can eat the fresh parsley and lemon slices scantily decorating their dishes, which are high in protein and carbohydrates but regrettably lacking in some vitamins. They may learn, too, that the method of restoration and modernization of housing has much to be recommended for our own housing projects. In East Berlin, there is only temporary displacement of occupants, who will return to their renovated apartments at the same low rent.

All members of the traveling school have the opportunity to make casual or, sometimes, lasting friendships; and, in their exchange of views, may discover that points of view may augment each other. East German youth may find security in assured employment; at the same time, they may wish that they could have more time and freedom to seek their choice of employment before being forced to accept a job not always of their choosing. Likewise, visiting students from the West may find it difficult to explain the relative merit of freedom to prolong their education and to change their own minds in the pursuit of a career and search for a job in a country where employment is not necessarily assured.

In moving from the East to the West, members of our group usually do experience the feeling of re-entrance into a relatively free world. Part of this is merely relief at having gone through the ordeal of a thorough scrutiny at a border entry, which they find hard to accept as proper within the boundaries of what was once one city. (That German neighbors could have awakened one morning to find themselves separated by a wall stealthily constructed during the previous night is a fact of history that remains shockingly incomprehensible to those staring at the evidence for the first time.) But it

is more than a feeling of relief. West Berlin has for a long time been publicized as a bastion of progress and freedom surrounded by a land of slow growth and repression. The very name Freie Universität, given to the newer school of the West (the older Humboldt University has remained a part of the Eastern sector) exhudes an aura of freedom. And the fact that West Berlin is famous for its night-life adds to the atmosphere of liberty which greets those who love to stay up till dawn for their further edification and recreation.

Teachers sometimes have to remind students that visitors to countries farther West experience similar feelings of apprehension at points of entry and that even the students themselves will experience relief at having cleared their own customs in a city like New York. Furthermore, it might be a sobering experience for anyone who happened to witness a long procession of quiet but determined professors, with their families and students, carrying banners in a demonstration against a ruling of the Freie Universität requiring professors to submit copies of their lectures for clearance before delivering them to classes. This did happen, not too long ago. The results of the protest may have been positive. The lesson that is still worth learning is that academic as well as other freedoms have to be carefully guarded even in "bastions" of freedom.

Unadjusted spectacles may color how the students view the occupation of West Berlin by Allied Powers, whose beautiful homes, incidentally, occupy the most attractive suburban areas. Consequently, no enlightening similarities may be seen when this is compared to the unwelcome presence of the USSR in East Berlin. Some are surprised to learn that West Berlin has representation in Bonn, but no vote. Whatever democracy is enjoyed exists by the grace of occupying powers, and what is to be deliberated at the city hall is, beyond certain routine matters, subject to the approval of the occupying powers.

In short, the students and their teacher have ample food for thoughtful discussion on the value of freedom when confronted with such taken-for-granted terms as the Freie Deutsche Jugend in the East and the Freie Universität in the West. Outsiders should be less prone to take for granted this use of the same adjective by two such different republics and be more ready to consider differing connotations of terms. This means that our teacher must always be on the alert to emulate Socrates, Plato's own teacher, and to evoke, or provoke, earnest discussions as exemplified in the Dialogues.

There was an evening, for example, when our teacher and students had been invited, as was usually the case at least once each summer in East Germany, to meet a group of the Freie Deutsche Jugend, this time in Leipzig. (The Freie Deutsche Jugend, a political group, has something in common, by the way, with the Quaker group, Young Friends, in that "youth" and "young" is a term that extends often to middle age, when it comes to a large percentage of the leadership. So this group had members from the age of the students to the age of our teacher.) When our group entered the meeting room, their German hosts and hostesses had already congregated at one end of the table, leaving room for their guests at the other. Plenty of room for comfort and refreshments but not very conducive to dialogue! Our Plato, or Socrates, good-naturedly said that he always preferred a "gemischte Salat." Never mind that he misapplied the gender or case of "Salat," the leader of the FDJ understood him and mixed up the seating arrangements so that the entire evening provided stimulating dialogue between members of small groups rather than a more formal and more easily jarring confrontation of one group with the other.

The techniques of formal lecturing or less formal discussion in improvised but regularly visited classrooms can be continued as customarily practiced in the home-country. The additional opportunity to attend seminars or lectures, arranged by host governments at national or local levels and led by their highly qualified personnel, heightens courses for both traveling teachers and students. It is also a good test for teacher and student alike when either is faced with any question posed by a genuinely puzzled stranger. Such was the case after a session in the Haus der Lehrer (a center for education and information in East Berlin) when a very intelligent and well read young student spent much of his dinner hour trying to explain the theoretical and practical differences between the Republican and Democratic candidates of our "two-party" system to a young East German pedagogue who could not distinguish any perceptible difference in the platforms presented before a recent election.

Having political or ethical arguments of a friendly sort from various points of view also teaches participants to beware of a weakness that can be easily displayed by any party, if care is not taken to curb it. This weakness, described by the late

Cornelius Krusé, was one quickly discovered and immediately outlawed in the philosophical debates of the East-West Conferences held at the University of Hawaii. It was called "criss-crossing." It consists of the natural tendency to weigh the theoretical, the ideal values of one's own culture against the actually practiced values of an opposing culture. Since there frequently is quite a gap between the value of democracy, for example, in theory and in day-to-day practice and, similarly, between that of autocracy in theory and in practice, it becomes easy to present the theoretical merits of one type of system as opposed to the actual demerits of the other! Our traveling scholars have to be on the alert for lapses into this sort of criss-crossed comparison and to choose illustrations from either theoretical or applied values, using the same category for both sides of the comparison.

Another weakness to be guarded against is that of using freely accepted terms, such as that of "democracy" cited above, without recognizing cultural differences in definition. As has been stated, in changing environments one is often forced to evaluate, or at least to re-evaluate, what one has been taking for granted. One may ask: what is the difference between "democracy" in a democratic United States of America and in a German Democratic Republic? or between the "republic" of the USA and the German Democratic Republic or the Federal Republic of Germany? This question can be the basis of a good academic discussion in any classroom, but it takes on additional significance when encountered in the different countries.

A consideration of contrasts can be supplemented by the recognition of common problems which the two adjacent political entities, East and West Berlin, are solving together, such as water and sewage, telephone, some public transportation, and exchanges of bordering tracts of land where mutually beneficial. One interesting phenomenon now in process is the rebuilding of the historic "Evangelical" Cathedral in East Berlin by local workers with funds provided by the Evangelical Church of the West. This represents much needed hard currency for the East while encouraging support of churches desired by members in both countries. Coincidentally, the organist for this church, we were told, is a West Berliner, who comes over regularly for that purpose.

There are other illustrations that could be mentioned of cooperative efforts available for further consideration by our student groups. One more story substantiates this. It has to do, not with a course in political science or ethics, but with a course in opera. Through an acquaintance in Munich, the teacher had heard of the interesting position of Chef Dramaturg, fulfilling an important role in connection with the National Opera House. His functions include public relations, selection of operas to be performed, securing of singers, use and re-use of stage settings and other tasks requiring great expertise. The obvious value that an introduction to this person might provide for his students moved the teacher to make his acquaintance. Herr Schulz, the current Chef Dramaturg, proved to be most willing to do whatever he could to make the opera course especially meaningful to the visiting class. Could he give a lecture, he asked, describing his own role at the opera house? Where and when were classes held? How about his coming the following Monday?

The teacher was delighted with this eager response to his tentative inquiries. But he had to interrupt to say that he and his group would be in Berlin for a seminar at that time. This interested Herr Schulz. What were their plans for Berlin? Were they visiting East Berlin? Well, there had been plans made for cultural events in the West, since published programs were readily available in Munich; and yes, they were going to East Berlin but had not been able to make plans in advance. At this point, Herr Schulz crossed the room and picked up one of his office phones. By the audible half of the conversation the teacher gathered that he was talking to his counterpart at the Komische Oper in East Berlin. He quickly arranged a tour of that historic opera house, an invitation to a dress rehearsal and reserved tickets for the performance of that same evening.

What was to be the climax of the whole affair was the nature of the performance itself. It was called "Das Land Bum Bum" and was a modern adaptation of an old Russian tale for children. It did not sound too prepossessing. However, it had all the profundity for adults of an "Alice in Wonderland." It was a delightful satire on political and economic life in contemporary East Berlin. The charming story with its colorful setting was equally entertaining to adults and children, while its subtle message beneath the bursts of laughter was not lost on the grown-ups.

The sequel to this anecdote was an enlightening lecture, given by Herr Schulz to the students, and another opportunity to witness a dress rehearsal, this time of a new production of "The Magic Flute" which they attended upon their return from Berlin. This opportunity was enhanced by the fact that the class could compare this performance in the National Opera House with a more traditional one which they had earlier witnessed in Munich's Gaertner Theater.

Almost any course of study may be enhanced when taken abroad. The most obvious illustration is the study of a foreign language. Here, some conventional methods of the fixed classroom and the artificial media, helpful though they may be, are usually better abandoned, or adapted with abandon to altered circumstances and supplemented constantly with the live laboratory of the street, restaurant, museum and theater. There must be, of course, regular assignments, reporting of current events, of visits to historical sites, museums, etc., all in the target language, German in this case. Allowances have to be made for the level of language proficiency. Prerequisite minimum levels can be insisted upon and are frequently included in the entrance requirements of programs abroad. It is also quite rewarding to have in the group enthusiastic beginners. Granted that the more preparation individuals bring to any experience, the more, theoretically, they can get out of it; neverthless, if persons wish to learn all aspects of a language, the best place to learn it is where it is spoken, no matter at what level of learning persons happen to be. Teachers may have an easier time of it when all students of a group have similar fluency and similar interests. But what experienced teacher is not aware of the fact that even in the traditional college classroom a variety of psychological factors and levels of proficiency have to be taken into consideration within every group formed after placement tests? This is not an insurmountable obstacle abroad.

Keeping journals is a good method for measuring progress in a foreign language. Challenging but also realistic expectations can help students to improve from whatever levels they may have started. The number of entries required to be handed in for constructive criticism and grading can be determined on an individual basis.

To measure progress in conversation, the students should be assigned to small groups who work with organized and graded material previously selected with regard to actual places visited and other subjects studied. It has proved very effective to assign a more advanced student to each group; the teacher is then free to float from one group to another and to assess the progress of the leader as well as that of the others. The role of "teacher's assistant" must be carefully explained and, at the end of the course, evaluated. It may include, when the opportunity arises, translating for guides in museums where translators are not provided. This is one way in which advanced students can demonstrate their skill publicly or actually develop a skill not previously practiced. When done cooperatively, with the teacher ready to fill in wherever there is any hesitancy, this has proved to be a successful learning experience without causing any loss of time for the native non-English speaking guide.

It is necessary for the qualifications of all students to have been analyzed as soon as the roster of membership has become available. The teacher has, if possible, become personally acquainted with each one before departure. Often a large number of students have come from the home college and are already known. Depending on varying circumstances, leadership roles may be rotated; and if, as sometimes happens, an error in the teacher's early judgment becomes evident, the assignment of roles and grouping of individuals can be tactfully changed without any loss in learning.

So that all students can participate in self-evaluation as well as evaluation of the other members of their small group, the teacher should offer clear definitions of criteria for the grading of progress in conversation at the end of the course. This can be done anonymously by providing all members of each group with identical slips of paper with descriptions of criteria and a listing of all members of that group, preferably not more than five or six. The following, containing fictitious names, has proved to be, in almost all cases, a valid form for evaluation:

1 means excellent in all criteria
2 means above average in all criteria.
3 means good in one criterion or average in all.
4 means below average in all criteria.
5 means unsatisfactory in all criteria.

Criteria:
contributions to the conversational efforts of the group, actual progress noted in the individual's (a) comprehension and (b) oral expression in class, readiness to speak the target language outside of class.

Charles Smith	_____	Angela Watson	_____
Beverley Pearce	_____	John Jones	_____
James Blackwell	_____	Betty Dobbs	_____

More often than not, the averaged evaluations of the students have coincided with those of the teacher. How the respective evaluations of students and teacher are to be weighted should be clearly understood by all in advance. Usually the evaluations can be weighted equally with a feeling of satisfaction on the part of the teacher and of fairness on the part of the students, even when some may be disappointed in their own scoring and performance. It is perhaps too obvious to need mentioning that traditional testing and grading can be fitted into busy schedules near the end of any course needing them for academic credit.

The evaluation of a summer or semester of study abroad can never be adequately formulated in the distribution of academic grades, no matter how fairly they may have been calculated. The value of the programs can really be measured in no way that is better than in the demonstrated transformation of the persons returning from their experiences. What they have seen, heard, tasted and smelled; what they have said, done and felt; persons they have encountered - all these have become part of their own personalities. Those who have taken full advantage of the opportunities provided by a program, who have not closed their minds and senses to new environments while longing and searching for only the familiar, may return as immediate, radiant demonstrations of the value of "experiential learning." Some may not realize the value of the experience until much later. Some, even, may come back with no apparent evidence of widened horizons; this can happen when one does not get beyond the company and the limited interests of another or a few like-minded members of the traveling group. Most, however, return transformed and eager to promote this kind of education.

As they attempt to share their experiences, they may have moments of great frustration, discovering that what has enriched their lives can, in a certain sense, never be appreciated by another who has not been directly involved in the same program. Moments of excitement will more than compensate, however, for moments of frustration. They will bring new insight and new understanding to what might otherwise be only familiar, perhaps even unappreciated routine existence. Their new persons will be more aware of inequities and possibilities for improvements around them. They will remember alternative ways of living, some to be feared and avoided, some to be desired and attempted. When they have moments of pessimism, of fading hopes for the peace and balanced welfare of future generations, they may find a renewed cause for optimism in their personal experience of kindred feelings abroad.

An article in "Mother Jones," a publication deemed worthy to be on the library shelves of the American Friends Service Committee in Philadelphia, recently reported, with full documentation, on a movement for peace in the GDR, expressing a spirit of hope not expected from that area by many of us. How much more significance this report must have for those students or teachers who have encountered this spirit in the flesh of individuals with whom they personally have spoken in that country and elsewhere.

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Plato may have failed in his attempt to establish a republic in Siracusa, under a tyrant who did not really understand what he was fostering. Plato might very well be proud, however, to have left for posterity his record of an inquiring and ever maturing mind engaged in stimulating dialogue with younger minds and serving still as a model for teachers - at home, in Athens, in both Berlins, or anywhere that peripatetic souls may wander.

TEACHING MORALS?

Grimsley Hobbs

I DEFINING THE ISSUE

Whether we can improve a person's morals through teaching is a broad topic, and one which is subject to several different approaches. Certainly Christian schools and colleges have thought that they were making a significant moral imprint upon their students, and many parents would likely agree since for generations they have been willing to pay high tuitions to send their sons and daughters to such institutions.

The issue could be treated narrowly as to whether a person could be made to be virtuous through specific courses in morals, or treated more broadly as to whether the general background and "atmosphere" within which any course is taught (e.g. in a Quaker-Christian college) inclines the student to a general "value-orientation." It is argued, correctly I think, that without becoming doctrinaire, Christian colleges provide a superior background in which a student can mature into a concerned and socially responsible human being. For the purposes of this paper, however, I shall concern myself only with the more narrow question as to whether persons can be morally improved through specific instruction in morals.

Plato has written engagingly on this subject and comes to the conclusion that one cannot be so taught. This point has also been recognized by generations of distressed parents, when they find their sage advice to be disregarded as their children strike off in their own directions seemingly to "reinvent the wheel"! Plato argues convincingly that if virtue could be taught, then the children of the wisest and most virtuous leaders (e.g. Pericles) would be without flaw. Also the proverbial minister's children would presumably never become scoundrels. Too often, however, the reverse is the case; hence it appears that virtue cannot be taught.

I agree with this argument in one sense, for we cannot make people good through teaching in the way in which we can make a person into a mathematician or a chemist. Clearly, being virtuous involves more than merely mastering a body of information. Yet there can be little doubt that the study involved in an ethics course, for instance, has a valuable impact upon the student. Often they seem to be helped to sort out their thinking and priorities as to what is good or bad. How can this be?

II THE ROLE OF HABIT

To answer this question, certain preliminary distinctions may be helpful. When considering the teaching of morality, many people think only of some privileged set of ethical "answers" which should be conveyed to the mind of the child/student. Here the information is seen as coming from the outside. If and when this is accomplished, a "proper" course of behavior is expected to result. On this view, one's success in teaching is judged by this follow-through in conduct.

There is a sense, of course, in which this approach to instilling ethical behavior is very effective. An important part of what parents do in family life is to deliberately habituate children in practices which will be useful to them throughout life as they relate to other people and to the expectations of society as a whole. Aristotle makes much of this method in his celebrated Nicomachean Ethics as well as his Politics. Typically a child is trained to feel aversions towards disapproved types of conduct (lying, stealing and the like) and these become a settled part of his character long before the child becomes aware (if indeed he ever does) of the true theoretical justifications of these precepts.

There seems little doubt that even today much of what passes for morality is of this habituated (and essentially unthinking) sort. As I see it, the important

question is whether the above procedures, useful in themselves, can properly be considered as teaching morality, or for that matter, as even helping a person to become moral in the full sense of the word. My opinion is that while such habituation does indeed promote patterns of socially approved conduct, the conduct is chosen merely on the basis of ingrained feeling rather than from conscious moral deliberation and self-directed choice. Here one is trained to tell the truth in the same manner in which he may be trained to like escargot or turnip greens. Such a choice does not reflect his own determination except insofar as a habit has been introduced and strengthened from the outside. As I see it such conduct, properly speaking, should not be considered moral.

III THE NEED FOR CONSCIOUS DELIBERATION

An action should be considered moral (and truly representative of a person) only when it is preceded by a deliberate weighing of the factors in a situation and a conscious choice made. Actions which do not result from such reflection may be "good" in a utilitarian sort of way (i.e. achieving pleasant consequences for oneself or others) but such acts will lack moral quality for they do not result from moral effort. Good consequences, after all, may stem from a great variety of actions. They could result from unthinking habit or even pure accident. An act intended to be evil, for instance, may have beneficial consequences without thereby becoming a good act. What makes an action morally good is the exertion of a distinctive moral effort, i.e. a deliberate effort to thoughtfully explore and then to do what is good. Another way of stating this is no action should be deemed morally good which is not done because it is morally good. If this is the case, personal reflection upon the circumstances and possible goals of action are clearly essential.

IV THE NEED TO STIR THINKING

I have indicated my opinion that morality is not to be understood merely as a series of actions or course of behavior, however beneficial, but rather through a course of thought. Given this view it seems clear that moral questions which stir personal reflection are more instructive than prefabricated moral "answers" or habitual conduct. How can we best stimulate this reflection?

Moral reflection may be initiated both by direct and indirect stimuli. The direct route comes through facing real situations in daily life where we must respond and make a thoughtful and often irrevocable choice. Indirect stimuli can also exercise these same thought powers, but at one remove, as we consider other people's problems, choices and the known consequences of their actions. We read about a variety of human predicaments each day in the newspapers, and these easily become food for ethical thought. Ethical texts also can focus and heighten deliberation about these matters. I have found, particularly in medical and business ethics courses, that dealing with such current issues as abortion, genetic engineering, paternalism, euthanasia, falsification in advertising, environmental pollution, reverse discrimination, and the social responsibilities of business (to name only a few) set students thinking in such a way that they often become personally troubled by these issues and thus make them their own. Classroom procedures can focus the situation and introduce relevant background considerations, but in the last analysis the students take the questions into themselves. The point is that it is scarcely possible for a student to engage with such problems without exercising and strengthening his/her own moral and reflective powers, and they cannot do this without an increase in moral insight, thus taking a step towards coming into full possession of mature moral powers. Such procedures, let me emphasize, do not involve being told what is right and what to think, but focus deliberation in such a way that it results in self-directed choice.

Insofar as the student exposure to moral issues and problems is by design and is well calculated, it seems fair to consider this a form of teaching. The final "truth" will indeed grow out of personal insights gained in such a manner, but it seems unnecessarily narrow to deny this the name "teaching."

In reaching this conclusion I have not proven Plato to be wholly wrong, since I too am arguing that perception as to the good can only arise through personal reflection shaped and deepened through experience. In the last analysis it will emerge

as a development out of the thought processes of the learner. The teacher's role is so far as possible to see that the issues are presented and understood in their full dimension so that the insight when it comes will be broad and deep.

IS THE COLLEGE "A COMMUNITY OF LEARNING"?

Carroll S. Feagins

Anyone at all acquainted with the promotional literature of private colleges, especially smaller ones, has been struck, no doubt, by the frequency with which certain phrases show up in the publications, including even the catalogs, of those institutions. Apparently employed by each such college in an attempt to point up its uniqueness, these expressions tend rapidly, instead, to become clichés of academe. But not long after that point has been reached, they are usually replaced by new and "more relevant" ones, the use of which is believed to reflect the colleges' awareness of "the changing needs of our changing society."

Every now and then, on the other hand, a particular term may gain such widespread and persistent use that it seemingly refuses to follow the path just indicated. Far from eventually fading forever into literary twilight, this kind of phrase comes to have the status of being a very apt and pithy articulation of a "truism." As such, it is thought to have always a very important educational significance and to be always profoundly relevant to changing society's changing needs.

One of these truism-status expressions is to the effect that a college is "a learning community," "a community of learning" or "a community of learners." The claim may be put in several ways.

Now, despite its continued general use by "the educational community," this phrase leaves me uneasy, disquieted and even at times downright skeptical regarding the truism it is supposed to capture so well. Such a response is, no doubt, generated in part out of a total of almost forty years of living as a teaching faculty member in three such "learning communities." On the other hand, the term in question sometimes seems to me to have some appropriateness - but an appropriateness the true significance of which is lost for the most part, I fear, on many, if not most, of the persons who either write or read the kind of college publication indicated.

It may be that colleges, in so identifying themselves, have been unwittingly caught up in a practice manifest throughout our country since at least the end of World War II: the practice of referring to the body politic primarily in terms of various subgroups within it. The rapid growth within our society of rapidly changing big institutions, especially political and economic ones - which both overarch and penetrate all the other contexts in terms of which our people have traditionally and most comfortably "felt at home" in their world - has tended to fragment us as citizens into special-interest groups.

The resulting strain in our efforts to be whole is apparent everywhere. In the political context, for example, witness the proliferation within the electorate of scores of such groups - groups whose members, frequently organized nationally, tend to think of and to practice democracy as being "pressure politics," perhaps a "nice" contemporary equivalent of the "might makes right" ethic. As a case in point, I recall the marked disillusionment of some Guilford College students who once participated in a kind of blitz-march on Washington for the sake of opposing a piece of proposed legislation. The disillusionment was geared to a prior belief that the converging on Washington of thousands of college students from all over the country seeking dialogue with their representatives and senators could not fail, merely by force of numbers, if nothing else, to carry the day. Our Guilford students, as well as those from other colleges, were simply stunned at the way many of them were politely turned away or even ignored.

As a people, we are by this time quite familiar with - and some of us have financially supported and/or personally participated in - various kinds of public marches, vigils, demonstrations, strikes, witnessings, confrontations, letter-writing campaigns, and so on. And many non-supporting and non-participating citizens are inclined to honor

those actions, provided they are non-violent. But it must not be supposed that "taking to the streets" in non-violent direct action as a means of participating in democratic government is necessarily self-justifying. Indeed, when non-violent direct action is undertaken in the spirit of "pressure politics," it lends itself to the weakening of democracy, especially at the grass-roots level, and may well work against the ideal of a whole, integrated citizenry. To put it another way, non-violent expression is not necessarily the same as enlightened participation by citizens in democratic processes of government.

The ambiguity in the worth of non-violence, as a means or technique employable for or against human goals, is also what, in the final analysis, separates non-violence from pacifism. Non-violence may serve any end, good or bad, that is not inconsistent with its own character as non-violent. The range of values and practices which pacifism may embrace is in principle, however, never as wide as that of non-violence. Although non-violence may be used for pacifist purposes, it may also be used for purposes inimical to pacifist values. There is nothing about non-violence which makes it inherently pacifist in character. And there is nothing about pacifism which makes it inherently non-violent in character. The two are really different in kind. That need not keep them, however, from happily working together on proper occasion.

But I have digressed. The point I wish to underscore is that it is increasingly difficult in our society for people - especially young people - to grow up into whole persons and to live out their lives as whole persons. Could it be that such a context is what we have in mind when we speak of the college as "a learning community"? If so, just exactly what do the members of that community do? Is the existence of such a seemingly special-interest group or community justifiable in today's world? And what is the good of it in our social fabric?

To answer similar questions regarding other frequently identified "communities" in our culture does not seem to be a difficult task. Take, as examples, "the business community," "the farming community," "the medical community," "the scientific community" and "the artistic community." I think that few, if any, of us would find it hard adequately to formulate what the members of each of these "communities" specifically engage in as members of their "community." And this would be true of such communities whether collectively or distributively thought of. Certainly, when the members of these communities meet in formal gatherings, what they talk about most is clear. If this is true, it would seem to be so in part because the members of each such community just named share at least their non-private lives in pursuit and practice (often highly competetive) of certain common endeavors: professions, occupations, careers, etc.

But are we to speak of the members of the "learning community" as being professional, occupational or career "learners"? Perhaps some would answer "yes" to this question. It seems to me, however, that such a reply is ill-conceived and has very misleading implications for both the world of formal education and the world of everyday culture, popular or elitist.

Although perhaps all human beings who survive birth and infancy are, to some degree, learners for the rest of their lives, not all are learners by virtue of profession, occupation, career or special interest. Most are learners, I suspect, because, perhaps somewhere along the line of schooling, it dawned on them that, other conditions being equal, a life lived with an important place for learning throughout its duration is a life truly worth living. Thus, probably most members of "the farming community" recognize that continual learning about farming operations and their role in the national economy, as well as about problems caused for them by international developments of all relevant kinds, enriches an agricultural way-of-life. Moreover, the habitual occupation-related learning of farmers need not remove them from learning in relation to a broad set of human values they may espouse as experiences that contribute much to an abundant life, whether on the farm or elsewhere.

To my mind, a college is best thought of as the chief "service agency" through whose proper activities a society seeks, usually for the last time formally, to reinforce and otherwise enlarge and promote certain commitments and practices in the lives of its later adolescent and younger adult members. And the overall end aimed at is, initially, a very important enrichment in the quality of these individuals' lives. But beyond that - and perhaps even more significantly - it ultimately embraces an elevation in the level of society's own quality of life, the better to be achieved especially as its "colleged"

members generously share at large the benefits of their college experience. The commitments and practices, referred to above, have to do, I believe, with a life-long cultivation of that life-style in which a very high premium is placed on the habitual disposition to espouse and practice the virtues of an open, searching mind and the affections of a compassionate heart. By "open" mind is not meant one thereby empty of or weak in belief. By "compassionate" heart is not meant "bleeding heart."

Traditionally, colleges have tried to be good stewards in these matters by putting their younger persons - individually or by groups - into as much regular daily touch as feasible with older persons. Over a period of time, usually not exceeding four academic years, these persons ideally come to be seen as attractive embodiments, in varying degrees, of the life-style of commitments, dispositions, practices and expressions identified above. The most frequent formal occasions for such contact are usually called classes. And the activity, ideally shared by all persons having anything to do with such classes, is usually focused on a certain subject or area of subjects of concern to at least a significant number of persons within the larger society's population.

It is frequently said that, in the classroom, the function of the older persons is to teach in such a way that the younger persons' out-of-class studies are augmented by further learning. I have no objection to this way of speaking, provided it is understood that we are thereby talking only about certain vehicles of cultural endeavor - modes of the college's agency in relation to society - and not about the fundamental goals of living in "the college community."

Our society needs members who have an habitual attitude of open-minded dealing with any human concern whatsoever and who effectively play their disciplined part in carrying that endeavor forward. At its best, college means, for all its participants, getting caught up in that ethos in a manner not likely to be achieved in quite the same way in any other context.

The central figure in the college's effort in all of this is the good teacher. College alumni/ae have always told us this. That it is so is due to good teachers' inspiring and encouraging effect on students. And that effect follows from good teachers demonstrating in their own persons the kind of truly civilized living always desperately needed in society. In the classroom, at a sports event, in faculty-office or faculty-home or dormitory-room conversations, at social affairs, at concerts or exhibitions, in the library, in labs - in all these, the good teacher is an incarnation of the inquiring mind and the compassionate heart. And it is the repeated first-hand experience of being touched by teachers of such calibre which, more than anything else, moves students to aspire to lives similar in quality and range of inner resources and outward expression.

I am not forgetting that good teachers do, after all, teach something other than themselves as model members of society! As a matter of fact, the good teacher does not teach that at all. Only persons of intellectual pride and self-adulation, wrapped up in themselves, would attempt to do that, and their students would not be deceived. Good teachers are teachers who wish to share with students the life of open inquiry and compassionate caring as they have experienced it to be in the context of a particular subject-matter or area of subject-matters. Thus, the good teacher teaches courses in a field of vital concern to a society, a society which is enriched whenever more of its members are like good teachers in the way they involve themselves in their society.

Members of "the farming community" may assuredly live lives of inquiry and compassion regarding subjects and populations related to farming in general. And good college teachers may live out their lives of mind and heart leading - and following - their students in reference to subjects of interest to them. But some farmers may come to participate in the life of inquiry into and concern about many aspects of life which go beyond, without in any way denigrating, the farming life as such. And good college teachers may do likewise in reference to the community of learning context. Certainly, good teachers are good because of their visible enthusiasm for certain subjects and visible delight in initially stimulating students to have a promising interest in those subjects and in subsequently strengthening their interest, enlarging their understanding and deepening their appreciation. But the ultimate test of good teachers is whether they visibly carry over into the larger context of society itself the very qualities characteristic of them in the narrower setting of the community of learning. And it is possibly, if not probably, the case that good college teachers are often attracted to such larger service through the inspiration, not only of books or colleagues, but also of

students. There seems to be an ubiquitous, liberating effect on all - teachers, students, staff members - who have the college experience: occasional, at times even frequent, self and institutional transcendence.

Teaching is not, as such, knowing. Nor is knowing, as such, teaching. A teacher as such is one who deals with knowledge - and it may be ambiguous in extent, level and quality - in such a way as to open minds to an unending search for meaning and truth and to inspire in hearts an increasingly sensitive and creatively responsive awareness of values. I said before that the good teacher is the central figure in the college's attempt to fulfill its mission in society. I must now add that the absolutely essential focus of the good teacher's efforts as such a central figure is not: (a) doing scholarly research; (b) publishing such research; (c) writing learned books; (d) attending professional meetings; (e) reading papers or participating in panel discussions at such meetings; (f) keeping up-to-date in reading x-number of professional journals subscribed to by the college library. Although obviously and importantly related to the crucial focus of the good teacher's function in the college's mission, none of the activities just listed necessarily, in and of itself, justifies itself as being primarily a service to college teaching. When such activities do, as a matter of fact, so enrich the teaching enterprise - and such takes place only because the teacher determines that they shall - then they do not interfere with or detract from that function. Such activities, not so determined, may come to seem of great importance because of another misunderstanding about the identity of the good teacher's crucial focus. This view holds that having stimulating and scholarly relationships with one's departmental or faculty-wide colleagues is, in the final analysis, what living in a college is all about for the college teacher. But this activity, like the preceding ones, and for the same reason, turns a valuable contributory function into the very end it serves.

Good teachers are those, who, in a certain way, regularly succeed in sharing with students their competently achieved knowledge of some subject-matter or developed field of inquiry. That "certain way" is grounded in their own love of learning and questioning and in the joy and delight they take in seeing others - their students - respond positively and appreciatively to what they seek to share so enthusiastically with them. To the degree that this enterprise succeeds well, teachers and students share themselves with each other and life-long friendships are formed. It is only in this way, it seems to me, that one can meaningfully and truthfully speak of a college as being a "community" at all. The largest population segment in a college is, of course, the student group. In this, there is constant annual turnover - departing graduates, arriving freshmen. And, for most students, as stated earlier, four academic years are the time they will actually live on a direct day-to-day basis in the "college community." I believe that what gives substance to the on-going "community" aspect of a college is primarily its body of long-time faculty members who love the college, love their subjects, love teaching, love students and at least like most of their colleagues.

Much of the conversation at two annual college-community events, Homecoming and Alumni/ae Day, turns inevitably to faculty members. Some are remembered as "characters," both inside and outside the classroom. Some are recalled for their wit. Some are recalled for how they exploited the classroom with their own personalities. Some are recalled for their dullness. Some are remembered for how much they knew. Some are remembered for how much time they gladly gave to students who sought their help or advice in academic or personal matters. And so on. But some are remembered as good - even great - teachers. It is this last-named group with whom I have been dealing in these pages.

I have also been denying: (a) that colleges are institutions made up of and serving only special-interest groups; (b) that colleges are groups made up of learneds and learners, set apart from and having little concern for the day-to-day life of the society which supports them but tends to think of them as suspect "eggheads" easily cracked - the old "town-gown" tension or opposition; (c) that colleges have little to do with a student's wholeness of life during and after college; and (d) that colleges are made up of people who are professional, occupational, career or special-interest learners.

I have also been urging that the value colleges have in our social fabric consists in their standing for and exhibiting, primarily in the lives of their good teachers, a richness and wholeness of experience which most of their students find alluring and seek to emulate in different ways in their own lives. So-called "students," on the other hand, who never think about a subject beyond what's been assigned and then only at the

times they've been told to will likely never come to have their inner resources enlarged and enriched by merely reading required textbooks or other materials and by merely sitting in classrooms. They will likely seldom be touched or moved by what good teachers in fact seek to share with them. For the most part, such persons might better have never entered the college community at all. But, for all others, good colleges are strongholds of a society's endeavor to achieve unfragmented living.

THE QUAKER QUESTION, 1969

Ann Deagon

I am in love with ambiguity, and have very little sympathy with people who believe that every question has a solitary answer, and that education is the process of systematically pruning away all the wrong guesses until every idea (and every student) stands straight and tall and uncomplicated and rigid - like telephone poles along the highway to cultural consensus. And I suspect that the road to Hell is really paved with right answers.

But let me add this to my preface as a caveat emptor (Let the buyer beware!): I am selling something, or I wouldn't be up here. I think I am selling questions instead of answers, but one can be just as dogmatic as the other, and it may be just as dangerous to you to buy somebody else's question as somebody else's answer.

I was asked originally to speak to you on the subject of the place of religion on a liberal arts campus, or Quakerism and Education - and I refused, feeling that Quaker and educator though I may be, I am not sufficiently weighty to make authoritative pronouncements on these topics - at least not without warning you that weightier Quakers than I would be quaking in their graves, or their administrative channels.

But if I am not qualified to speak on the Quaker Question, my training as a linguist may have given me some insight into the Quaker Question; and I'll subtitle my talk today: The Interrogative Mode in Quaker Education.

Linguists and philosophers, combining their forces, have been telling us for some time that the structure of language, the instrument by which men sort out their concepts of the nature of things, determines in part the structure of those concepts. Having made God a noun, we are obliged to equip him with adjectives and use him as the subject of a verb. On the other hand, had we made him a verb, we might have been even more embarrassed to determine his tense, his mood, his voice (active or passive), and his person and number. As a matter of fact, considerable theological controversy has centered around the question of whether the Holy Trinity was singular or plural (in one of the Medieval mystery plays the part was taken by a male trio) - and some have even suggested a heresy I admit I find tempting: that the deity is neither He nor They, but She.

At any rate, having once involved God in syntax, we are compelled by the nature of our sentence structure to make declaratory statements about him, ask questions of or about him, or give him commands. (Although I suspect that he may actually be employed more often as a simple exclamation than in all three other constructions put together.)

Religion has traditionally used all three of these patterns of expression, although the commands are generally somewhat softened by archaic diction. "Incline thine ear" or "Vouchsafe unto us" we say, apparently to disguise, either from ourselves or from the deity, the fact that we are telling him to listen and to give.

Prayer, of course, is not the only form of the religious imperative. Turn about is fair play, and the deity (or some earthly proxy) has on occasion issued commands to us: for instance, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," or "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." These are statements, actually, in the future indicative, but we rightly construe them as disguised imperatives. Even the painted sweatshirts and the little buttons that say "Love" are simply new modes of the old religious imperative - at least if you believe as I do that God is a verb, and the imperative of God is Love!

What we believe about religious matters is implied in prayers and commandments, but stated most directly in the creeds and other formal proclamations of organized sects. The declarative mode in religion is clear enough in the creeds which some of you customarily recite as part of your worship services: for instance, "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth" - a statement which technically tells us only something about you (You believe this), but which is probably meant to tell us something about God.

I suppose that almost every religious sect has assembled somewhere some statements pertaining to its faith and practice - even Quakers have a manual by that title. Yet the Society of Friends seem more reluctant than many other sects to entrust the essence of their beliefs and way of life either to imperatives or to statements. Friends have no official prayers or creeds in which Quakerism has been dogmatically formulated.

The Book of Discipline of the North Carolina Yearly Meeting of Friends records that

> the earliest Quaker advice on Christian practice was issued by the famous gathering of Friends at Balby in Yorkshire in 1656, a statement that well describes the spirit which should characterize all books of discipline: 'Dearly beloved friends, these things we do not lay upon you as a rule or form to walk by, but that all with the measure of light which is pure and holy may be guided, and so in the light walking and abiding these may be fulfilled in the spirit, not from the letter; for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.'

It is very much in this same spirit that the North Carolina book of discipline begins, with an introductory statement entitled "The Expanding Appreciation of Truth." I would like to read this statement in full.

> Human understanding of truth is always subject to growth. This basic principle also underlies the development of the organizations and institutions through which the spirit of Christianity is made operative in life. While fundamental principles are eternal, expressions of truth and methods of Christian activity should develop in harmony with the needs of the times. God, who spoke through the prophets, and supremely in Jesus Christ, still speaks through men and women who have become new Creatures in Christ, being transformed by the renewing of their minds and, therefore, able and willing to receive fresh revelations of truth.
>
> Frequently, however, men see 'through a glass, darkly,' and may misinterpret or make incorrect applications. Therefore, as the stream of life flows on, bringing new conceptions, insights, and situations, it is necessary to strive constantly for a clearer comprehension of divine truth that will enter vitally into personal experience and become a creative factor for the redemption of human character and the remolding of society on the Christian pattern. "A religion based on truth must be progressive. Truth being so much greater than our conception of it, we should ever be making fresh discoveries." (London Yearly Meeting, 1920)

The passages I have just quoted are statements, some of them even implied commands: but their direction is to open the mind, not to close it. There can be commands which leave the hearer free; there can be statements of belief which do not limit faith but liberate it.

I started out, if you recall, to talk about questions, and those of you who have had some contact with Friends are familiar with the Queries, part of whose purpose is stated to lie "in helping each member to determine through self-examination whether he is living a consistent Christian life." One thing that impressed me very much when I first began to learn about Quakerism was the difference in form between the Quaker Queries and the type of religious question that had plagued my childhood. The church in which I grew up provided me with a booklet designated The Shorter Catechism (I might as well admit right here that I never progressed to the longer one), which I was encouraged to memorize both by promises of spiritual benefit and also by a bookmark of many colors, a clump of ribbons designed to fit into my Bible and tell me where each separate book began. As I was as little a Biblical scholar then as I am now, I really needed that color-coded bookmark, so I set to work learning the questions and their accompanying answers.

The first one was: "Who made you?" Answer: "God." "Why did He make you?" "For His own glory." I am confident that in the minds of many people this answer rings still with all the resonance of eloquently formulated truth - only not to my ten-year-old ear, that blushed to hear attributed to God such egotistical motivation. At any rate, through that summer ordeal of memorizing my catechism, I came to an awareness I hope never to lose: that even the eternal questions are often coupled with only momentary answers - and if one has a choice he should engrave in his mind not the answer but the question, and ponder on its meaning. For only out of the individual mind can authentic answers grow.

On first looking over the Friends queries, I was struck by the fact that there were no answers printed, and none meant to be given formally. When the queries are read in Quaker meeting, due time is to be allowed for thoughtful consideration but no response need be made except inwardly by the members of the meeting. Reading them over, I began to understand why. They are rather embarrassing questions, and so formulated that they somewhat resemble the old one about "Have you stopped beating your wife?"

Consider the query on Standards of Life:

> Do you observe simplicity and moderation in your manner of living? Do you give proper attention to the rules of health? Are you careful to avoid all the places of amusement that are inconsistent with Christian character? Do you practice total abstinence from tobacco, narcotics, and alcoholic beverages?

One almost wishes for a printed YES, an official hypocrisy in which one could acquiesce without really calling one's conscience into question. Other queries strike deeper, as the one on Peace:

> Do you consistently practice the Christian principles of love and good will toward all men? Do you work actively for peace and for the removal of the causes of war? Do you observe the testimony of Friends against military training and service? Do you endeavor to make clear to all whom you can influence, that war is inconsistent with the spirit and teaching of Jesus?

There are other queries on Race Relations, Business Responsibility, and Social Conscience, all of which ask basically, "Are you helping?" And what one of us can answer fully "Yes"?

The queries are not questions which challenge the mind. One is not asked, "Do you believe that God is an active agent in human affairs?" or "Do you believe that war can be justified?" but only "What are you doing to stop war?" They are questions, instead, which challenge the conscience and the will, whose object is not belief but action.

I was tempted to prepare a speech for today proclaiming a new religion, replacing the cross with a question mark and reversing all the commandments: "Thou shalt have no gods; lead us into temptation" - a new dogma for a new age when every fact and faith and value is being questioned, and the sole heresy is to have found an answer. I think I could have done this and made clear that denial is in itself dogmatic, and questions without answers are the tree without its fruit.

But Friends believe in answers as well as questions, and are convinced that in their worship and in their human service they are finding truth. The tense is important - not that no one has found it in the past, but that the process is continuing; and the day we rest on yesterday's findings and lay aside the search for today's, we are false to our commitment.

The value of the question does not lie in itself, but in the path it opens into experience or knowledge or truth. Even the bitterest and most unanswerable questions - of Jesus on the cross: "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"; or of Pilate's intellectual despair: "What is truth?" - even these questions are intensely fruitful in the compulsion which they lay on us to seek for answers in the deepest of our religious and intellectual experience.

So far you may be wondering whether Quaker education means just to have the sermon on a Thursday. But the search for truth and the meaning of human life is the stuff of education as well as of religion, even of education at its most secular. In fact, the parallels between the college and the church are multitudinous, and I have known a good many college professors who wear their eggheads like a halo. The college has its ritual and its dogma, its sacred halls and its sacred cows. It has its denominations, from the established state universities to the tiny heretical sects of unaccredited anti-universities that are springing up around them.

As for you, the congregation, you demonstrate your piety by your presence, and by the money which your fathers (for the most part) have dropped into Guilford College's collection plate. And we all recognize that your presence here, as well as in some church pew, may have very little to do with the search for truth and the answers to man's eternal questions. You may be sitting here, as some sit in churches, for financial reasons (to get a higher-paying job), for social reasons (to get a higher-paying husband), or simply out of inertia. And who's to say what I myself am doing here? But happily, as

in church, a little of the real stuff may rub off on us - if we can recognize just what the real stuff is.

The college, like the church, must communicate with its constituency through statements, commands, and questions; and the proportions in which these forms occur may tell us something about the quality of the educational experience offered by the institution. I have in my briefcase a stack of more or less official communications which you as freshmen have received from Guilford College. The catalog is one - whose 150 pages of statements are in the main disguised imperatives; and though as a matter of fact I wrote the text myself, I can't recall that it contains a single question mark. The letters you received from various student and administrative officials contain only one interrogative sentence. It reads: "May we suggest that you wait before bringing pieces of furniture from home since most rooms will not accommodate them?" Then there's the Student Handbook, containing, as it states on the first page, information and regulations - that's statements and imperatives again. At least the title, The Pathfinder, does imply some question, like "Where am I?" or "Where do I go from here?" - which possibly reflects your current state of mind.

Despite its somewhat arbitrary tone, the catalog does try to convey something of the Quaker spirit of seeking when it states:

> Quakerism has been traditionally a mode of life rooted in simplicity, regard for the individual, peace, and social concern. It has also been a mode of inquiry, the search for truth by the individual sustained by the whole community of seekers. Today Quakers make up less than one-fifth of Guilford's student body, but the Friends tradition continues to enrich the college's atmosphere of free inquiry.

Free inquiry, personal choice, the problem-oriented approach - these are key words in describing a concept of education in tune with the Quaker conviction that truth is eternal, but methods and insights change, and revelation continues. The individual is sustained by the scholarly community, but the responsibility of seeking falls on him as an individual - so our emphasis on independent study, the student freely choosing the terms of his intellectual growth.

Our statements, then, at least imply the existence of eternal and immediate questions to which each man must seek an authentic answer. Even our rules and regulations, if you can believe it, are shrinking in letter and broadening in spirit - though who can foresee the day when they'll be replaced by a set of corresponding queries: Do you continually strive to park your car in the designated areas? Do you prayerfully endeavor to return all reserve books as you would have others return them unto you?

What sort of queries does the college address to its students? I imagine your fingers ache from filling in the countless forms and questionnaires inquiring after your grandmother's maiden name, your father's monthly income and the state of your personal smallpox inoculation. But the questions you have been subjected to so far, as you no doubt surmise, are nothing to the ones you will encounter in the next few months. Quizzes, tests, mid-term exams, finals, form an ascending order as rigid as the angelic hierarchy, and in the view of many professors, quite as sacred. The administrative questionnaire may annoy, embarrass, or simply bore, and always ends in costing you money; but what about the professorial question? What is its nature, and what its purpose?

The very typography of examination blanks indicates the variety of the questions you will be facing. There will be pages of closely typed and carefully compressed true-false, multiple choice, or fill-in questions. These leave only minute and exacting spaces in which your long hours of study and meditation can be validated only by the aplomb with which you insert T, F, A, B, or C. Such an exam is rarely a medium through which genuine sharing of intellectual enthusiasm can occur. Yet it serves neatly one of the many aims of testing: to determine with comparative accuracy whether the student has mastered the elementary information on which more advanced and independent thinking must be based.

At the opposite pole is the sheaf of paper with a single unnerving question printed at the top of page one, and all the other pages blank for your response. But the essay exam has its own wide poles, from the predictable request for a brief summary of the textbook or the teacher's lectures, to the deliberately startling inquiry that forces you to junk everything you'd prepared and meet a new idea hand to hand for an exhausting but exhilarating hour. (It's obvious which sort of question I admire, though my usual

recipe is about two-thirds of a cup of A B C and a pint of "Good Lord, the woman's out of her mind!")

Being a classicist, I do this partly in memory of Socrates, whose supremely educational inquiries (in that they raised more questions than they answered) so infuriated the citizens of Athens that they sentenced him to death. Socrates confessed himself wiser than other men only in that he was aware of his own lack of knowledge - a sort of intellectual humility not too often found among members of our profession.

But some two thousand years later Goethe's Professor Faust, with a quadruple doctorate and tenure assured, was still tormented by this same awareness. He opens the play saying:

I've studied now philosophy
And jurisprudence, medicine,
And even, alas! theology--
From end to end, with labor keen:
And here, poor fool! with all my lore
I stand, no wiser than before:
I'm magister--yea, doctor--hight,
And straight or cross-wise, wrong or right,
These ten years long, with many woes,
I've led my scholars by the nose--
And see, that nothing can be known!
That knowledge cuts me to the bone.

That knowledge drove Faust like Socrates to a life-long search for the impossible truth; and though they sought it in widely distant spheres - from the marketplace of Athens to the deeps of Hell - each followed it passionately to the moment of death.

This campus is not Athens, whatever our optimism - nor is it Hell. But to experience the full involvement of education, we must perhaps experience the temptations and torments of the damned as well as the vital creativity of the Greek moment. At any rate, we must not be content to lead - or be led - by the nose. But back to the question of questions.

Perhaps the most Quakerly thing about the questions you'll be asked here is their variety, for one of the basic qualities of Friends is their willingness to tolerate variation. We have no official college policy which would limit the type of question I might ask you - or the type of question you might ask me.

And that brings up a happier possibility: not all educational questions are asked by the professor, and the lively interchange of challenge and response between student and teacher can be the most stimulating feature of a course. Nor must all such interchanges take place in class or after class, or even on campus. You remember that one of the communications you received from Guilford College was an invitation to visit faculty homes. In the past these sessions involved discussions of summer reading. This year they were purely social, but I'm sure you discovered that the homes of most of our teachers are open not just to you but also to your ideas. The welcome we offer is not simply altruistic. Without you we are those trees falling in the wilderness, making no sound because there's no one there to hear.

It was in the syllabus for the new Man in the 20th Century course that I finally found the sort of questions I was looking for. The first topic, Problems of Conflict in International Relations, deals - as Quakers have traditionally felt themselves compelled to deal - with the question of morality in social relationships. Its first lecture is an interrogative: Whom Do We Call "Enemy"? Among the references listed are others featuring the terrifying questions of our time: William Fulbright's article "Vietnam: Where Do We Go from Here?" and Bertrand Russell's "Has Man a Future?" The second unit of study asks: "Will human beings so populate the earth as to make its continued habitation terrifying?" (I'm omitting from my list an occasional inappropriate inquiry such as "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?")

The introduction to the syllabus provides another type of question as a guide to study:

1) What is the magnitude of "X" problem and how broad is the consensus that it actually is a problem? . . .
2) What are the origins and antecedents of the problem?. . .
3) What are the concepts, methods, techniques, and other tools for understanding

the problem?. . .

4) In what ways is the specific problem related to others in the whole spectrum of difficulties experienced and articulated by man?

These questions were not designed to test your memory, or evaluate your performance under stress. They are asked in the hope of stimulating a perceptive curiosity about what you are reading, an attitude of personal inquiry into the meanings of things, which will serve your education better than almost any other quality of mind you may be blessed with.

For what I mean by the interrogative mode in education is not embodied in the quiz or questionnaire, the seminar or the symposium, but in the minds of all parties to this act of education.

There are those who feel that learning is a thing, a massive conglomerate of facts and accepted ideas, capable of being catalogued and computerized, and served like wine and wafers to the pious by us, the high priests of the cult. And when you see us solemn in our gowns and hoods some late May afternoon presiding over a formal graduation, you may well wonder what it is you've swallowed. Too many of us professors have come to view ourselves as high priests and the student body as a demonstrably inert flock that we must shepherd by hook and crook into the company of the educated. And you out there have been all too willing to be herded along - bleating occasionally, it's true.

Let me stop here to make a confession. I made this speech - or most of it - several years ago. In the passage of time, though, a lot of things have changed. It may be that the sheep is on the other foot now, and some valuable things like academic freedom and democratic process may go under in the stampede. The education fanatic who not only believes his own dogma but is willing to enforce it on others by violent means is at least as likely to be a student as a professor - and the sheepskin he's after may well be mine.

It's easy to say that those who see the world in black and white simply lack grey matter; but the fact remains: The dogmatism that so neatly divides human beings into the saved and the damned, the patriots and the subversives, the revolutionaries and the reactionaries, can tear a campus or a country into pieces. Only one thing, I think, can save our people whole: a generation (and you'd best pray it's your generation) educated in the realities of life in the 20th century, aware of the range and meanings of its choices, and motivated by compassion rather than bitterness.

It would be fine if we professors could provide you such an education, neatly packaged. We do try.

But the truth is that we cannot educate you any more than we can save your souls. In education I for one believe in the priesthood of all believers, the community of students and teachers as fellow searchers for the moment of truth.

For some of us see learning as an act, a deliberate encounter of the mind with mind, with matter, and with the void that still surrounds mankind despite his exploding knowledge and technology. It is to this encounter we invite you: not just to a partnership, but to a passion; not to a routine, but to a resurrection.

VALUES, ECONOMICS, AND THE GUILFORD COLLEGE CURRICULUM

Robert Scott Gassler

The Guilford College statement of purpose is very clear about the importance of values in a liberal arts education.

> [T]he Quaker-Christian tradition...places special emphasis on helping individuals to examine and strengthen their values, recognizing that the wise and humane use of knowledge requires commitment to society as well as self.[1]

What helps make the economics program at Guilford College different from most other economics programs is the degree to which our faculty are committed to the goal of helping each student see economic problems and policies as questions of human values. Students are sometimes frustrated by our refusal to tell them the "true facts" or to reveal finally the "right answer," but our goal is that they come to realize the place that their own values have in formulation of the questions, the discovery of partial answers, and the evaluation of possible policies.

The Guilford economics faculty comes to the subject with an unusually wide variety of different perspectives, skills and backgrounds. All three are well grounded in the mainstream "neoclassical" tradition in economics, but one or another of us can also claim to have studied with leading figures in the conservative "Chicago school," the increasingly influential "radical political economy" movement, the eclectic and interdisciplinary (and somewhat ethereal) "social economics" group, and/or the only outfit in the country that trains economists to rely on survey research (the Univeristy of Michigan). Finally, we are conversant in most of the newer approaches which grew as offshoots of the other schools, e.g., "rational expectations," "supply-side economics," "post-" or "neo-Keynesianism" and "disequilibrium." For a staff of three, that is quite an accomplishment. It is, however, increasingly important that faculty be able to keep up with new approaches, since the economics profession is fragmenting, as the new generation of economists attacks the establishment views from all sides, and the establishment itself reorganizes for a counterattack.

Fortunately Guilford's cooperative spirit and sense of community render these analogies to combat rather out of place. The three of us get along remarkably well in spite of - nay, often because of - our different and often complementary points of view. Thus Guilford students are able to benefit from study in a department that, both by structure and conduct, forces them to reevaluate ideas from different perspectives.

How is this task accomplished? How are students helped to see that there are different ways to look at a problem, that some of the differences in perspective are differences in values, and that the students themselves have to learn the difference between respecting different viewpoints and losing respect for a discipline with no final answers? We do not know. We do, however, build into our teaching several different ways of considering the question of values in economics. Moreover, we are able to do so at the introductory, intermediate and advanced levels and in courses both within and outside of the economics department.

Within a week upon starting the principles course, most students will encounter the distinction between "positive" and "normative" economics, that is, between "fact" and value, science and ethics. Then almost immediately the two are shown to be extremely difficult or even impossible to separate; one way or another the point is driven home that description and prescription can become easily entangled; we cannot logically prescribe "ought" in ignorance of what "is" or "can be," but we often simply see what we want to see.

Sometimes the best illustrations of these mergers of "fact" and value come from examining the differences between stylized "conservative," "liberal," and "radical"

[1] Guilford College Catalog, 1982-1984, p. 1.

traditions on political economy. In the principles course we have experimented with different ways of presenting this material directly; as variations within and between these traditions proliferate, this task becomes more and more difficult.

One important difficulty is that there are really two grand paradigms in economics, and most U.S. economists are trained in only one. Most of the conservative and liberal viewpoints in economics are variations on this "neoclassical" paradigm, differing only in their emphasis or interpretation. However, the growing radical, post-Keynesian, and other movements derive partly from the Marxist paradigm - or, more often, from an amalgam of Marxist and non-Marxist ideas. In the next few decades it will become increasingly important for students to understand something about the Marxist vision - whether they become economic theorists or executives temporarily stationed in Europe or private citizens trying to make sense out of the situation in some Third World country. Therefore, it is important for the economics curriculum to include a significant amount of attention to Marx. Unfortunately, only one of us in the department is thoroughly trained in both neoclassical and Marxist theory - though the rest of us are working on it, with his help.

For majors, the core theory sequence provides another opportunity to stress the diversity of thought in the profession. In macroeconomics the controversies have been stylized (almost sterilized), and the so-called "Keynesian-monetarist controversy" has been reworked, updated, and revised in the textbooks. Thus the task is often to show the different interpretations of the "comprehensive" neoclassical model.

In microeconomics, the task is similar but not so cut and dried, having as much to do with choice of topics to emphasize as anything else. Here, however, a spectacular example of the limits of economic theory is possible: the so-called Fundamental Theorems of Welfare Economics. Briefly, it can be shown that the "Invisible Hand Theorem" is not true in general: only under certain very restrictive and unrealistic conditions is it possible to demonstrate that free markets lead to efficient allocation of resources, and only under even more restrictive conditions can it be shown that the resulting situation maximizes social welfare. Moreover, it is possible in principle to design alternative systems that will do the same thing, systems no more ideal or unrealistic (and no less) than the free-market system. We are not talking leftist rhetoric here; this is neoclassical mathematical economics. Even Milton Friedman, though a bit reluctantly perhaps, would agree. It is through the careful exploration of the assumptions, the logic, and the conclusions of such powerful theorems as these that one can explode the complacent nonsense that passes for economic "philosophizing" on both left and right. (The same sort of reasoning, by the way, has been applied to democratic governmental activity, with similarly unsettling results.)

Most other courses in the program are tied to concentrations, such as Intercultural Studies or Environmental Studies. These are by their very nature problem-oriented, policy-oriented, and therefore value-oriented. President William Rogers in his inaugural address at Guilford outlined five major world problems he thought should be addressed seriously by liberal-arts colleges in the next two decades: population, just distribution of resources (both currently and over time), environmental deterioration, the electronic information revolution, and increasing social anomie. Our courses in labor, environmental-resource economics, and development address directly the first three, and several other courses touch on the last two. The need is to show how different points of view can be analyzed using economic methods and to respect students' right to choose their own view. The fact that a number of our best students in recent years strongly disagree with my own perspective bothers me in some ways but in others attests to our ability to resist the temptation to purge prospective majors who refuse to become intellectual clones. Believe me, not every economics program operates this way.

The economics faculty have participated in courses outside the department. My interdisciplinary course on "Models for Peace and Justice" last year turned out to be more broad-ranging than planned. In a discussion of the creationist-evolutionist controversy, I argued strongly (both as devil's advocate and as one with scruples about scientific methodology) that indeed evolutionism is "only a theory." At least one student picked up on the idea and wrote a paper criticising what she saw as sloppiness on the part of some scientists defending evolutionist positions. We had a number of experiences like that in the class: students seemed to have enough confidence in their own positions

to criticize the ideas of those with whom they agree and agree with some of the statements made by those they criticize.

That, I suspect, is what intellectual life and moral education are about: the ability to take a position and defend it, and the courage to look at it critically yourself. The economics faculty at Guilford College are too young and inexperienced to know how to go about teaching these, and we are too old to claim that we do know, or even to believe for sure that anyone does. However, it may be enough for a start to claim that we keep the relation between knowledge and values high on our list of themes to stress in class.

FROM NIHILISM TO RELIGIOUS FAITH

Donald Millholland

Albert Camus and Michael Polanyi have shown that contemporary nihilism has resulted from the secularization of Christian beliefs under the impact of the modern critical movement. They have also shown how this resulting secular humanism was in turn subjected to criticism to the effect that a passionate avowal of injustice became distorted into a hatred of society that led to the establishment of totalitarian ideologies. I shall discuss their analysis of this process and indicate their alternatives, for it is my contention that they reveal the possibilities for a return to religious beliefs.

I.

Albert Camus began his writing career with his thesis on Plotinus and St. Augustine at the University of Algiers in 1936.[1] Camus discussed the principal themes of Hellenism and Christianity in that work. Hellenism, according to Camus, asserts that man is self-sufficient and carries within him the ability to explain the universe and his destiny. Camus found Hellenism lacking in that it did not take the fact of sin and death seriously. What Camus found lacking in Hellenism, he found fulfilled in Christianity. Christianity shocked man into an awareness of sin and death. Its key doctrine was that of the Incarnation. It is "the divine coming into contact with the flesh in the person of Jesus Christ: the extraordinary adventure of a god taking upon himself the sin and misery of man, humility and humiliation presented as symbols of redemption."[2] The awareness of sin and death leads to man's confession that he cannot save himself. Camus stated that since man could not ascend to God, God descends to man. Salvation was made available to man within this world of suffering. God takes man's sin and misery upon himself and helps man in his struggle to overcome it. Camus realized that Christianity had resolved his own problems, but only in principle.

Camus spent a happy boyhood on the beaches of Algeria until he became ill with tuberculosis and nearly died. This, together with the deterioration of European stability, had made him sensitive to the extent of human misery. He saw the doctrine of the Incarnation as a possible solution, yet he could not accept it. His alternatives appeared to be either a return to Hellenic optimism, or an attitude of profound despair. He chose neither. Eventually he found a substitute for the Incarnation - a kind of natural grace upon which he could rely in his moments of deep anguish about the human condition.

In The Rebel, Camus described others who rejected Christianity and gave way to a desperate violent revolt against both man and God. He pictured these "metaphysical rebels" as having accused God at the bar of justice. Their critical minds had not permitted them to believe in the Incarnation. Unlike Camus, they had pictured a world without hope under the rule of an evil God who refused to aid man in his misery.

Camus' analysis of the Marquis de Sade presents us with an interesting example of this. According to Camus, Sade began by protesting the cruelty of an unjust God who permits death and cruelty. Sade then turned to an inverted form of rebellion by deciding to imitate God and collaborate in His campaign of cruelty and hate. Sade sought to identify himself with the power of heaven and hoped to find the same arbitrary freedom he saw in God. He demanded total freedom and total power. Like totalitarians of today, Sade demanded absolute power and total dehumanization. He extolled capricious crime. "Crime, which he wanted to be the exceptional and delicious virtue of unbridled vice, is today only the dismal habit of the police state. These are the surprises of literature."[3] What began as the quest for total freedom ended as the demand for total servitude. Sade's initial protest against the cruelty of God became distorted into an intense hatred of man.

Dostoevsky's Ivan Karamazov is another important example of a nihilistic attitude. Camus believed that Ivan put God on trial and refused Him in the name of Justice. When God is denied, all is permitted. Camus found that this attitude leads men to say that universal happiness cannot be obtained by the immediate freedom of choosing between good and evil. It comes only through the domination of the world through violence. All means are permitted. This is nihilism.

Camus' analysis of the rise of modern nihilism is similar to that of Michael Polanyi. Polanyi believes that the secularization of Christian moral passion, which at first had good effects upon the improvement of society, gradually gave way to nihilism under the impact of scientific positivism. This nihilism was a combination of intense moral passion and severe criticism of all human values that led to a passionate pursuit of power and profit through any means which were effective, without regard for persons.

Polanyi believes that moral passion arose in ancient Israel. The Hebrew prophets found themselves evoked by the glimpse of perfection implied in their religious beliefs. They made a vehement plea for the people to reform. This gave rise to a Messianism that found expression in the ideas of the Kingdom of God and the second coming of Christ. Frustrated in their hopes for moral perfection in this life, they looked for its fulfillment in the future life beyond history. So long as this Christian belief was held it provided an escape valve for this pent-up passion for moral perfection. This belief came into question during the Enlightenment.

> The modern critical movement destroyed the communion between the Christian conscience and the person of Christ, and in so doing it pent up a vast accumulation of unsatisfied moral desire. Barred from their opening toward eternity the hopes and passions of Christianity overflowed into the secular world, transforming themselves into a belief in historic progress and generating unlimited demands for political and social reform.[4]

The philosophers of the Enlightenment taught that perfection was in human reach without the need for the Grace of God. It was only necessary to establish a just and enlightened government. The French Revolution elevated the desire for unlimited social improvement to a dominant principle of government. Polanyi believes that, whereas there had been reforms in the past, the French were the first to establish such a government. The logic of this secular messianic revolution leads to terror, according to Polanyi.

> If society is not a divine institution, it is made by man, and man is free to do with society what he likes. There is, then, no excuse for having a bad society, and we must make a good one without delay. For this purpose you must take power and you can take power over a bad society only by a revolution; so you must go ahead and make a revolution. Moreover, to achieve a comprehensive improvement of society you need comprehensive powers; so you must regard all resistance to yourself as high treason and must put it down mercilessly.[5]

Moral passion which began the revolution to improve society led men to hate the society that failed to live up to its own ideals. This hate led to the desire to destroy society. Polanyi calls this distorted moral passion moral inversion. Nihilism was further strengthened by the growing belief that man was a mere animal or machine. Man was defined as a mere physical bundle of desires bent on self interest. The new materialistic scientism was taken up as a passionate cause. The Russians were among those to seize this principle, according to Polanyi.

> These nihilists decided to reject in earnest all action that was not merely selfish. Nihilist theoreticians declared war not only on religion, but also on philosophy, morality, and the manners of human intercourse. They posed the question whether it is permitted to cut the throat of one's mother, and answered, 'Yes, why not, if I desire it and find it useful?' They declared this followed from the scientific conception of man as a mere machine or mere animal, and in this I think they were right.[6]

The skepticism of scientific positivism added to the process of moral inversion. Man's passionate moral concern led him to the hatred of existing society and his materialistic view of man led him to spare no means in destroying it. This intense passion for self interest, either for the class or individual, has been behind the totalitarian ideologies of our time.

Camus and Polanyi show us that the secularization of Christian beliefs has led to a passionate desire for justice in this world. Man's attempt to become the secular messiah and establish the empire of man had led to violent political expression. The modern critical movement which initially secularized Christian beliefs combined with a scientific positivism that has led to a skepticism about the nature of man and allowed for his brutal treatment. Neither Camus nor Polanyi called for a return to a pre-critical, pre-scientific age. Both recognize the benefits that have come from man's freedom from superstition and those religious restraints that impeded scientific inquiry and social improvement.

II.

Unlike Jean Paul Sartre, Albert Camus believed there was a human essence that preceded human existence. He believed this essential nature of man was revealed in rebellion.

> Who is a rebel? A man who says no. But if he refuses he does not renounce: he is also a man who says yes from his first movement. A slave who has received orders all his life, suddenly judges a new command to be acceptable. What is the content of this 'no'?[7]

Camus answered his question by saying that the rebel feels that things have gone too far, and there are limits which cannot be passed. When a dictator imposes his will on the rebel without regard for his human worth, the rebel will not tolerate this treatment. Camus found that the rebel affirms that he has a human nature. No one can treat man in any way he finds useful. The rebel affirms something which has been denied. If man rebels, and his rebellion becomes another form of tyranny, more rebellion results. Camus pointed out that "when revolution in the name of the power of history becomes a murderous and immoderate mechanism, a new revolt will be consecrated in the name of moderation and life."[8] This principle of rebellion puts man on guard lest his indifference to human misery lead to violence or his immoderate demand for absolute perfection leads to nihilism.

> Analysis of rebellion leads at least to the suspicion that there is a human nature, as the Greeks thought and contrary to the postulates of modern thought. Why rebel if there is nothing permanent to preserve? It is by all men at the same time that the slave asserts himself, when he judges that by some order, something in him is denied which does not belong to him alone, but which is a common place where all men, even the one who insults and oppresses him, have a community.[9]

Camus believed all rebellion is grounded in human solidarity and the true rebel's sense of justice precluded his being unjust in his rebellion. Otherwise he would deny what he is affirming.

Camus showed us a simple and a dangerous principle at work in human history. It is a principle of rebellion that reveals a constant demand in the historical process for the emergent justice and freedom for all men. When this is denied or distorted there is nihilism. Camus expressed the hope that man had learned this lesson from history. He looked forward to the overcoming of nihilism. He felt it would come as men tired of their "adolescent furies."

> Each one says to the other that he is not God; here is the end of romanticism. At this hour when each among us must tend the bow in order to meet the test and conquer, in and against history, that which he already possesses - the brief love of this earth, the thin harvest of the fields - at this hour when a man finally comes to birth we must leave this era and its adolescent furies. The bow bends, the wood cries. At the summit of the tension, a straight arrow of the freest and surest quality will fly.[10]

Like Camus, Michael Polanyi looks forward to the end of nihilism. The Marxist revolution in Eastern Europe revealed the kind of nihilism which shows contempt for individual civil rights, a hatred of bourgeois society, a denial of obvious facts for the sake of useful propaganda, and holds out a premise of a glorious future to excuse its violent disregard of human life. The recent "revisionism" among Eastern communists reveals men's weariness with this ideology. "The revolt of communist intellectuals

in Eastern Europe rebelling in the name of truth and natural human sentiments, provides proof the Marxist has gravely misjudged man's real nature." Polanyi cites the confession of one of these revisionists, the Hungarian Miklos Gimes. Gimes reports how he and his comrades had come to believe in two kinds of truth. The truth of the party and the people are different. The communists taught that truth and political expediency are one. Any lie is therefore true if it is expedient. Even a trumped-up political trial can be true. Polanyi reports that more and more Eastern European communists speak of "vomiting" their past. The events in the Eastern Europe countries would seem to bear this out. Revisionism is to be found in most of them today.[11] It appears they have learned that a peaceful revision of their society will get them further than violent revolution. Their rulers have learned to gradually give in to their demands in order to maintain stability.

Polanyi believes that all the historic antecedents of moral inversion "are present today as they were before." I take him to mean that even if we see the dangers of nihilism and find them revolting, the same skepticism about the nature of man remains. Polanyi has devoted many books, lectures, and articles to an attempt to restore man's place in the universe. In order to do this Polanyi believes we must overcome the skepticism of scientific positivism. He does not want to return to "a pre-critical dogmatism." "The rule of a dogmatic authority is no more acceptable today than it was in the days of Voltaire."[12] Polanyi does not want to go back on the moral aspirations of Christianity "and become as calmly indifferent to social wrong as secular antiquity was."

III.

Albert Camus came to his knowledge of the nature of man through his experience with nature and human relationships. In L'Envers et L'Endroit Camus described some experiences in Europe during his first trip to the continent. One of the places he had visited was Prague. He had gone there alone and had found it lonely, cold, and dark. One event which depressed him even more was the death of a man in a room next to his in the grim little hotel where he stayed. What struck him about it was that a servant had found the man several hours after he had died. Camus had not known him. No one had known him. He had died alone and no one had noticed. This experience haunted Camus even after he had arrived in Italy. He stayed with some friends in Vicenza. One day around noon Camus took a walk up to a point overlooking the beautiful countryside. He was thrilled with the beauty of the scene and then he remembered Prague. Before all this abundant beauty he felt desperate. He felt thrown back upon himself and his death. He rejected the hope of immortality. "What good would it be to live again in my soul, without eyes to see Vicenza, without hands to touch the grapes of Vicenza, without skin to feel the caress of the night on the way from Monte Berice to the villa Vilmarana?"[13] He felt truly desolate.

> At this extreme point of this extreme consciousness all rushed back and my life appeared to me as a whole to reject or receive. I had need of grandeur. I found it in the confrontation of my profound despair with one of the most beautiful countrysides in the world. I felt there the force of being conscious and courageous at the same time.[14]

Again and again Camus reports experiences where he received the courage to live through his experiences with nature. This dialectical movement goes from his sensitive despair and concern about the human condition to the reminder of the grace in nature. He can never forget the one for the other. Always he reports these experiences along the shores of the Mediterranean.

> I admire the fact that one can find on the shores of the Mediterranean certainties and rules, that one can satisfy one's reason and justify an optimism and a social sense. For in the end, what struck me then was not a world made to the measure of man, but a world which withholds itself from man.[15]

Nature teaches man his poverty, according to Camus. It also gives to him his meaning. When he thought of his poverty as a child, Camus commented that poverty gives everything its price. "At a certain degree of wealth the sky itself and the night full of stars seem naturally good. But at the bottom of the scale the sky takes on its full meaning: a grace without price."[16] Camus' experiences with nature left within him an "invincible summer" even when confronting the horrors of the twentieth century. It was because he

affirmed life and loved it so deeply that he rebelled against those who would deny it. His love of life was so intense he would not even deny it in his rebellion. His love could not turn to hate. Not only did Camus live out of the grace of nature, he also lived by the grace of friends.

> When I was young, I expected people to give me more than they could continuous friendship, permanent emotion.
>
> No I have learned to expect less of them than they can give - a silent companionship. And their emotions, their noble gestures keep their full miraculous value in my eyes wholly the fruit of grace.[17]

A silent companionship for Camus was one in which friends did not have to talk about themselves in order to be heard and accepted. They do not have to demand love. They can be gracious unto one another.

Camus returns to these themes of grace in The Rebel. "Thrown into unworthy Europe where die, deprived of beauty and friendship, the proudest of races; we Mediterraneans still live by the same light."[18] What is this light? Camus calls it "solar thought." Europe has committed a grievous sin against nature by imposing the tyranny of history upon it. "When nature ceases to be the object of contemplation and admiration it can be nothing else but material for an activity which seeks to transform it."[19] Western man has sought to make nature conform to ideas. Historical absolutism, which is implied in historical development, consists in denying nature for the sake of an ideal. This includes denying the lessons nature teaches and denying that man has an essential nature that must not be violated. Men are not infinitely malleable and neither is nature. Nature is prior to human experience.

> But historical absolutism, despite its triumphs, has never ceased to hurl itself into conflict with the invincible demand of human nature, of which the Mediterranean, whose intelligence is intimately related to the intense light, guards the secret.[20]

Man must be measured against Nature. The world is not made to man's measure, but men act as if it were and Nature and human nature cry out in Promethian protest. "The men of Europe, abandoned to the shadows, have turned their backs upon the fixed and radiant point."[21] Europe no longer loves life. "Its blind puerile men declare that to love a single day of life amounts to justifying whole centuries of oppression."[22] Camus alludes, no doubt, to existentialists, such as Sartre, or Marxists, who want to transform man and society into their historical ideal. The men of Europe have acted as if they were gods and were free to do whatever they chose to do. They give way to resentment and a hatred of life and blind commitment to ideology.

At high noon Camus learned the lesson of nature. Europe is now at the meridian. Camus believes that there is a limit under the sun which tells the man who sees the sun at its zenith that he is not God. Man lives by the grace of nature, but the men of Europe do not know this.

In his many novels and stories, Camus portrays different types of men. In The Fall Jean Baptiste Clamance is a caricature of the existentialist like Sartre who forces men into servitude by his confession of the desolation of the human condition through his own penitent admission. It is a man like Dr. Rieux, in The Plague, who articulates Camus' own view. Rieux is the patient physician who treats those who are sick with the plague. He loves life and seeks to affirm and preserve it. He does not catch the plague (nihilism).

I have already stated that Camus and Polanyi have shown us that the same critical attitude which secularized Christian beliefs until they became known as secular human aspirations turned on this secular humanism and left us with nihilism. Polanyi observed that the same elements that began this process are still among us. If the persuasive prophecies of Camus and Polanyi appeal to us, there is no guarantee that this same skepticism will not once again lead man into nihilism. I would agree with Michael Polanyi that we cannot return to a pre-critical dogmatism. Our room for maneuver is very small indeed, unless we can revise our understanding of critical reasoning. Michael Polanyi has succeeded in showing us that our model of knowing and proving things according to critical reason is false and misleading. I would like to indicate how he has done this. In addition I will indicate how Polanyi has revised the theory of evolution to give man a noble role within that process.

IV.

Michael Polanyi has pointed out that the process of knowing involves the personal involvement of the knower as he tacitly dwells within the clues of his environment, and grasps coherent patterns of meaning. His view offends those who assert that the less personal and more objective we are, the more likely we are to arrive at the truth.

Polanyi contends that in each act of comprehension in the knowing process, there is a tacit co-efficient. This is easily seen in the example of our recognition of a friend's face. We cannot specify how we recognize his face. We rely upon clues which are tacit. The same is true in the descriptive sciences where the recognition of types of plants relies upon clues which are not specifiable. Another example is that of consciousness. Psychologists cannot specify it in all of its aspects, yet they recognize whether or not a man is conscious. In order to achieve greater levels of comprehension, men must rely on non-specifiable clues which are tacit. The great advances of science from Copernicus to Einstein were made possible by creative scientists who imaginatively went beyond the conventional. Polanyi believes that even the simplest acts of observation require tacit skills. The knowledge a man acquires is gained by his willingness to grasp coherent patterns of meaning as he dwells within the clues around him. The knowledge he acquires is uniquely his, and he is responsible for it, hence it is personal knowledge. According to Polanyi, man is an active participant in the knowing process and not a passive recorder of data.

Polanyi finds "that we can know more than we can tell."[23] He gives an example of this in an analysis of an experiment by Lazarus and McCleary which showed psychologists a process of knowing called subception.

The two men presented a person with certain nonsense syllables, and after showing some of these syllables, they administered an electric shock to the person. "Presently the person showed symptoms of anticipating the shock at the sight of the 'shock words'; yet on questioning he could not identify these syllables."[24] He knew when to expect a shock but he could not tell what made him anticipate it. Therefore, he showed he knew more than he could tell.

Erickson and Kuethe developed this idea. They exposed a person to shock whenever he uttered associations to certain "shock words." "Presently, the person learned to forestall the shock by avoiding the utterance of such associations; yet on questioning it appeared that he did not know he was doing this." Polanyi believes the subject acquired a skill without realizing it. This clarifies the statement that we know more than we can tell. The experimenters observe that their subject knows more than he can tell. The subject reveals this in his behavior; yet, when asked, he seems unaware of it. The subject knew it in one sense, but his knowledge is tacit. From this experiment it is possible to see that men often acquire knowledge of something without being aware of having done so, and then come to rely on this tacit knowledge in actions such as those described.

Polanyi calls the simplest act of knowing in less complex organisms personal. Even the worm, in surveying its environment, is involved in personal knowing. We are not accustomed to calling worms persons and yet their knowing is personal. Polanyi considers the knowing of all living organisms personal, since they involve responsible commitments of an active center. A simple organism must make certain decisions and may meet with success or failure.[25] An animal may make simple choices on the basis of his implicit grasp and commitment to the structure of his own organism and environment. Man is involved in a more complex pattern of knowing and being.

Polanyi obviously is using the word "person" to indicate any active center of individuation at whatever level of organic complexity. Scientism has tended to interpret man from the animalistic point of view. By describing man's behavior as if it were mechanistic, it would seem to deny the personal element in man. Polanyi might have asserted a radical distinction between man and less complex organisms in order to preserve the personal. Instead he calls all life gradations of the personal.

Polanyi implies that we should revise our concept of the personal. Does this devalue man? If we accept his analysis of the personal, I cannot see that it does. On the other hand, Polanyi does not ascribe anthropomorphic characteristics to animals. A simple animal may make simple mistakes but not commit moral evil or sin. Polanyi's main purpose in refuting scientism is not to return to a mystical or romantic

individualism, but to recall man to a fulfillment of his basic capabilities that are his as a result of his place in the process of evolution. In making man into an object, scientism has devalued all life. Man alone is capable of such universal depravation. His stubborn tendency to deny all of life, including his own, its natural fulfillment shows the extent of his fallen nature. He refuses to accept his calling.

Polanyi has shown that the denial of the personal factor in Knowing and Being became particularly demonic with the rise of scientism. In particular this stemmed from the belief that scientific knowing was impersonal and objective. It would seem that scientific theories, unlike other generalizations, can be proved or disproved. Polanyi shows us that this is a false image. He cites Sir Karl Popper as having said that "though not strictly verifiable, scientific generalizations can be strictly refuted."[26] Polanyi points out that scientific generalizations cannot be strictly refuted either, since an apparent contradiction may turn out to be an unreal contradiction; therefore it would not be scientific to abandon a theory at the first contradiction. "Verification and falsification are both formally indeterminate procedures."[27]

Are scientific statements meaningless generalizations if they are not strictly verifiable or refutable? Polanyi points out that such generalizations are behind medicine and technology. The point at which a theory is dropped or accepted is often difficult to determine. The history of science is full of passionate controversy among scientists devoted to strict scientific method. The controversies surrounding the acceptance of Freud's or Rhine's theories, or others like them, require something like conversion. The new theory may have internal coherence. "Any such framework is relatively stable, for it can account for most of the evidence which it accepts as well-established, and it is sufficiently coherent in itself to justify to the satisfaction of its followers the neglect for the time being of facts, or alleged facts, which it cannot interpret."[28] Learned audiences may be hostile to such theories because they fear the long range conclusions they point out. They may account for the same basic evidence from another framework.

To accept the new theory requires a leap across a logical gap that is a sort of conversion. There is no specifiable point at which acceptance of the new theory must, out of logical necessity, be made. Just such a leap made acceptance of Copernicus' and Galileo's theories possible. The same facts at the time would have justified denying them. Without such leaps scientific progress is impossible. The idea that the scientist accepts a theory with complete objectivity is false. Any theory of knowledge which states that the truth or falsity of a statement depends upon strictly empirical verification is false and misleading. It leads to the kind of doubt that asserts all things which are not in that sense tangible are unreal or meaningless. This is one of the ingredients of modern nihilism. The modern mind distrusts any allegation that cannot be strictly verified. It is based on a false quest for certainty.

Science progresses as man commits himself to living in the world about him and begins to observe it and assimilate clues as to its meaning. This in turn gives rise to greater understanding that contains clues which allow the minds committed to its particulars even greater levels of comprehension.

Polanyi believes that all assertions made by scientists have a bearing on reality. "To hold a natural law to be true is to believe that its presence may reveal itself in yet unknown and perhaps yet unthinkable consequences; it is to believe that natural laws are features of a reality which will continue to bear consequences inexhaustibly."[29]

A man who has committed himself to the implications he has grasped is gripped by an intense intellectual passion that evokes from him the response to realize what he has grasped. He asserts his vision with universal intent in the convivial context of his articulate cultural framework among his peers. He is responsible to his vision, his peers, and to society. Should he become dogmatic in his passion, he may turn his intellectual passion against all existing intellectual frameworks. This is an example of inverted intellectual passion and therefore intellectual nihilism results.

In the evolution of Being, Polanyi sees the principle of emergence as life began and progressed by moving toward and through the open possibility of higher achievement culminating so far in human achievement and implying certainly future evolution toward higher levels in an inexhaustible process of ascendent evolution.

How can we account for the rising levels of emergence? How do lower levels achieve higher levels of being in the process of evolving? Polanyi sees that lower levels evolve toward higher levels.

> (1) Living beings must be possible, i.e., there must exist rational principles, the operation of which can sustain their carriers indefinitely; and (2) favourable conditions must arise for initiating these operations and sustaining them. In this sense I shall acknowledge that the ordering principle which originated life is potentiality of a stable open system; while the inanimate matter on which life feeds is merely a condition which sustains life, and the accidental configuration of matter from which life has started had merely released the operations of life. And evolution, like life itself, will then be said to have been originated by the action of an ordering principle, an action released by random fluctuations and sustained by fortunate environmental conditions.[30]

There is a movement that gradually develops new integrations that lead to a higher level of being. Gradually beings adapt themselves along the lines of continuous evolutionary achievement. In the emergence of a new species its individual members have greater individual control over their environment. Each level of being implies the next step in the process and the individuals on that level have the implicit clues to the next level within them. Over long periods of time, beings slowly evolve toward being more complex, as an egg matures into a chicken or a child into an adult. Each new advance is pre-figured or implied in the past. Thus, it is a slow fluid evolving process toward greater and greater individual control. By relying on its present state of Being, the individual can gradually achieve greater complexity and thus greater control over its environment, because it bears the possibility of improvement within itself. The evolutionary process leading toward greater individual control has so far resulted in man as that being who is the most complex and can exert the most control over environment.[31] Polanyi calls this process toward greater individuation, ideogenesis. Polanyi makes a distinction between inanimate and animate levels. The laws of physics and chemistry apply to the inanimate substratum. In turn, the higher level relies on this substratum. It dwells in it much as consciousness dwells in man's body. It could not function without the lower level and hence would not be, and the lower level continues to be, but not to function or live. A corpse is dead and yet continues to be. There are strata in living organisms from the lowest level, such as an amoeba, to more complex levels of being, such as the higher animals. We can see these strata of being in an individual human being.

> The most primitive form of life is represented by the growth of the typical human shape, through the process of morphogenesis, studied by embryology. Next we have the vegetative functioning of the organism, studied by physiology; and above it there is sentience, rising to perception and a centrally controlled motoric activity, both of which still belong to physiology. We rise beyond this at the level of conscious behavior and intellectual action, studied by ethology and psychology; and, uppermost, we meet with man's moral sense, guided by the firmament of his moral standards.[32]

We can see this as the structural levels of all living beings which obviously place man at the highest level, since he comprises all of them. As we descend the scale of being, we go to the lowest level, the only distinction being that it gives shape to inanimate matter.

None of the higher levels can be explained by laws governing the lower levels. Therefore, none of the biotic operations at a higher level can be accounted for by the laws of physics and chemistry. Now we must point out that we do in fact recognize these levels, although we cannot "prove" them in terms of the laws of physics and chemistry. There is no reason why we should. Man cannot be reduced to a level where he can be treated as if he were an inanimate thing. We cannot deny man's moral consciousness on the basis of that form of positive empiricism which denies reality to everything which cannot be subsumed under the laws of physics and chemistry. Polanyi recognizes, however, a certain note of tragedy in this structuring of being, in that all higher levels must rely on lower levels and thus there is a tension between them.

The beginning of individual tragedy occurred when the first simple organisms no longer survived as such in their progeny. Man as the present culmination of this

process is indeed a tragic being. It is odd that the fact of his complex individuality is at the same time the source of his tragedy. Because he is supremely mortal he is the noble individual that he is. That his heightened powers must work through the lower levels of his being adds to his agony. Of such is the grandeur and misery of man. It is through this mortal, noble creature that the future of the process of life moves and its future import is built on the basis of his noble achievements. It is built not upon man, but upon individuals dwelling together in the meaningful structures of life.

If this is the source of man's dread as he faces the fact of this individual mortality, he may fall into nihilism by turning his passion for achievement into hatred of the structures in which he dwells.

> Has man's intelligence then broken through the limits of his own powers? Yes and no. Inventive efforts can never fully account for their success; but the story of man's evolution testifies to a creative power that goes beyond that which we can account for in ourselves. This power can make us surpass ourselves. We exercise some of it in the simplest act of acquiring knowledge and holding it to be true. For in doing so, we strive for intellectual control over things outside, in spite of our manifest incapacity to justify this hope. The greatest efforts of the human mind amount to no more than this. All such acts find their example in the Pauline scheme which imposes an obligation to strive for the impossible in the hope of achieving it by divine grace. I mention this here, for ever since I read Reinhold Niebuhr's Lectures on the Nature and Destiny of Man some twenty years ago, my inquiries into the theory of knowledge were guided by the idea that the Pauline scheme represents best the mechanism on man's striving for ideals beyond his reach.[33]

V.

The stable open system Polanyi referred to is explained by an illustration drawn from observations of a simple gas flame. "It represents a phenomenon of constant shape, fed by a steady flow of combustible material and releasing a continuous flow of waste products and of the energy produced by combustion."[34] Its identity is not defined by its physical chemical topography. Its shape, however much it varies, is determined by operational principles. The potentiality of a stable flame results in the ordering of random fluctuations and yet this order is not determined by the physical chemical properties which release these ordering principles.

These ordering principles are in a sense waiting to be released although the timing of their release may be determined accidentally. This is how he viewed the process of evolution. Polanyi noticed the cumulative changes over long periods of evolution. These changes are not observable in the short contemporary span. In the short span, variations can be explained by the present day theory of evolution. "They must appear as random mutations establishing themselves by their reproductive advantage."[35] The long range evolutionary significance of these changes are overlooked by geneticists.

Polanyi believes that the rise of human consciousness shows a logical process of achievement. Now anyone might view the overall process of evolution as a logical process of evolutionary ascension but Darwinist theories of evolution claim this process is accidentally determined. For Polanyi it revealed a purpose. He denied that any entirely accidental advantages can ever add up to the evolution of a new set of operational principles. Some adaptive changes such as protective coloration can rightly be described by natural selection but they form no part of long range evolutionary achievement.

The use of human consciousness cannot be determined merely by its adaptive advantage. This advantage can form a part of evolutionary progress only because it is adaptive "in a particular way, namely on the lines of continuous ascending evolutionary achievement."[36]

I believe Polanyi meant that evolution was the process of actualizing in fact what was already established in principle. Thus when consciousness emerged it could not and cannot be said that its identity or its stability was determined by its previous state. The "how" and "when" of a new evolutionary stage may be determined by accident but not the "what," not the new operational principles, and not the goal toward which these changes are ultimately directed. Even when accidental fluctuations allow for the

possibility of emergence we must explain why they not only prove to be adaptive but why they prove to be so in a way that ultimately leads to the use of human consciousness. I believe Polanyi meant that the overall direction was pre-established and gave the impulse toward achievement. Polanyi was a distinguished physical chemist and yet he devoted much of his effort in the later years of his life toward the overcoming of a reductionism that denied what could not be verified through physics and chemistry. He believed this reductionism was responsible for denying purpose in the evolutionary process. The recognition of purpose in the evolutionary process. The recognition of purpose in the evolutionary process would become obvious were it not for this skepticism. Human beings have been noted for the emergence of consciousness as well as the emergence of moral, intellectual, and spiritual achievements but once again such achievements have been called into question by so-called scientific reductionism. Just as some neuro-physiologists deny consciousness because it is not physically or chemically analyzable so also moral, intellectual, and spiritual values are denied. Polanyi's theories could point the way toward their re-affirmation.

Critics of Camus and Polanyi would point out that since there is no scientific basis for a belief in humanity's moral sensibility, material, economic, military, social and political variables determine the development of civilization. Thus material factors determine justice in any society and not the conscience of human beings. Yet, according to Camus and Polanyi, it is the belief that human values are unjustified that allow materialist consideration to take hold of events and yet it is ultimately the outrage of humanity that ultimately refutes injustice. While it may be that economic factors help determine the timing of moral action, they do not determine the shape of moral action, but this is the essence of Polanyi's and Camus' disagreement with their critics.

But Polanyi found the model for his scheme in Christian theology. The striving efforts at any stage in any evolutionary development do not determine evolutionary achievement. We do not have the capacity for such achievement but nevertheless the emergence of higher levels of being takes place ultimately. Thus it may appear as a lucky accident or as a kind of grace which overrides our feeble efforts. It is always a possibility. If an analysis of human striving appears to be tragic in the short term, its hopes for a higher level of being may be justified, but if a higher form of being is possible, it will not come through human efforts. It is at this point that an opening for theology is possible. Even if its operational principles are not derivable from physics and chemistry, we need not close ourselves off from them on that basis.

Both Camus and Polanyi found their way beyond nihilism. Camus saw a secularized form of grace and judgment in nature and history. He appeared to have hope in the inevitable rebellion in the name of justice and affirmation. Camus and Polanyi believed that evil in the form of nihilism resulted from the distortion of a basic moral impulse for the good. Camus expressed his faith in the basic sense of justice and hoped that mankind would be mature enough to tire of revolutionary nihilism and respond to the grace of nature. If not, it faced the active judgment of history. Polanyi was also optimistic that a return to basic human values would come as human beings learned to respect them once again.

But Polanyi clarified the natural grace which is the ground of hope in the future of mankind. His analysis showed that the elements which led to nihilism are ever present and like Camus he believed we must be wary of them. Polanyi, however, believed his understanding of evolution and his own overcoming of reductionism led him to the knowledge of ontologically grounded principles which guaranteed achievement even if powerful mistakes occurred in nature and history. More than Camus, Polanyi leaves open the possibility of a higher form of Being and his concept of its pre-established ground gave him hope for the future no matter what happened.

Camus' experiences with nature are very much like mystical experiences. Had he not been partly affected by modern skepticism he might have recognized his experience to be more definitely religious. The judgment and grace Camus saw in nature and history are like the judgment and grace of God. Polanyi saw an ordering principle in nature as a result of his victory over skepticism. This makes a religious interpretation of evolution possible.

Neither thinker invites us to return to a pre-modern mentality. They do show us the way religious beliefs might be affirmed while taking the modern challenges

to faith into account. The moral problems reflected here are in the background of all educational discussions.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

NOTES

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[25]Personal Knowledge (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1958), pp. 358-359.

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[27]Ibid.

[28]Personal Knowledge, p. 151.

[29]"The Logic of Tacit Inference" (An Address to the International Congress for the Philosophy of Science of Jerusalem, August 25, 1964), p. 1.

[30]Personal Knowledge, p. 384.

[31] Ibid., pp. 384-385.

[32] "The Emergence of Man" (A lecture delivered at Duke University, March 2, 1964), p. 9.

[33] "Science and Man's Place in the Universe," p. 76. Polanyi refers to The Nature and Destiny of Man--A Christian Interpretation (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1943).

[34] Personal Knowledge, p. 384.

[35] Ibid., p. 385.

[36] Ibid.

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EDITOR'S NOTE

This issue of The Guilford Review, devoted to works in progress by faculty and alumni, provides a rich sample of research and creative work in a variety of areas. Some contributors, such as sociologist Paul Zopf and economist Robert Williams, present recent research in their academic fields. Others, such as political scientist William Burris and physicist Sheridan Simon, offer selections from their creative work in poetry and science fiction. Alumni are represented by Gwendolyn Bikis and Jeffrey Martin, who publish poetry and fiction in addition to pursuing their chosen professions, and Elizabeth Heritage Farquahar, a lawyer who finds time for research in religious studies.

The number and quality of submissions was impressive. Several are being held over for the spring 1984 issue, which will focus on interdisciplinary studies. Faculty, staff, alumni, and others with close ties to Guilford College are invited to submit manuscripts for consideration by February first.

--Ann Deagon, Editor

The Guilford Review is published in October and March by Guilford College. It is limited to the writing of faculty, staff, alumni, guest speakers and others associated with the College. Material for publication should be submitted to: The Editor, The Guilford Review, Guilford College, Greensboro, N.C. 27410.

Copies may be ordered from the same address for $3.00 per copy, $5.00 for a year's subscription. The following back issues are available for $1.50 each: #2 Woman and Mythology; #3 Myth in Multiple Perspective; #4 Poetry and Fiction; #5 Creative Process; #6 Women in Change; #7 Women on the Social Scene; #8 Development of Sex Roles; #9 Science and the Imagination; #10 Conflict Resolution; #11 Quaker Issues; #12 The Old and the New; #13 Peace and Justice; #14 The Inward Journey; #15 The Image of Childhood; #16 Came the Whales; #17 Moral Education.

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C O N T E N T S

Paul Zopf	DEMOGRAPHIC STUDIES	1
Jane Caris	A VISITANT . . . (poem)	9
James Mc Nab	RAYMOND RADIGUET IN PARIS	10
Catherine Holderness	MANAGEMENT INFORMATION SYSTEMS	16
Jeffrey Martin	HOW CAN A WOMAN . . . (poem)	19
Gwendolyn Bikis	GOD'S COUNTRY (story)	21
Scott Gassler	BENEVOLENCE IN ECONOMICS	28
Sheridan Simon	THE LAST LIBRARIAN (story)	37
William Burris	ROOMS (poem)	41
Elizabeth Farquhar	MESSIANISM IN DANIEL	43
Alice Johnson	EXCLUSIVE PLACES (novel)	46
Marnie Gutsell	NIGHT JOURNEY, GARDEN (poems)	53
Robert Williams	CRISIS IN CENTRAL AMERICA	54
Contributors		61

PAUL ZOPF

The report that follows is principally an account of the projects I undertook during my study leave (1982-83). Both are books, and while one is a complete and copy-edited manuscript accepted for publication, it is still in press and has not yet been released or described elsewhere. The other has most chapters in second or third drafts, a few in first draft. It, too, has been accepted for publication, but considerable work remains before it will be complete. Therefore, given the present status of both books, they are "works in progress."

Population: An Introduction to Social Demography represents the culmination of long-term changes I have made in the demography course I teach at Guilford College, and is a textbook for students taking their first or second course in population topics. Its principal focus is the study of demographic facts in the larger social, cultural, and economic context that molds various population realities and is shaped by them. At the most human level, Population deals with people's perceptions of reality - past, present, and future - as guides to their demographic behavior, especially reproduction. Consequently, while the book treats extensively the birth and death rates of populations, their patterns of migration, and their basic characteristics, it is even more involved with the broader social setting of those features and the motivations that shape them.

The social demography approach generates many complex questions about basic causation. Why do some countries or groups within them have high birth rates and others low ones? Why can people in some societies or classes expect to live an average of only 40 years, while in others they can look forward to 70 or 75 years? Why do people migrate from one country to another or shift around within their own borders? The task of Population is to attempt some answers to these and similar questions, but especially to raise the questions and to underscore the complex relationships between demographic variables and their social antecedents.

But the analysis doesn't stop with the social causes of population realities, for the other large phase of social demography concerns the results of population conditions. Therefore the book also examines the consequences for social systems of high or low birth rates, death rates that are poorly controlled

or close to the minimum, and particular streams of human movement. What happens to a society that has a huge proportion of children as a result of high fertility and falling infant mortality (e.g., Mexico), or to one with a relatively large elderly population because of low birth and death rates (e.g., the United States)? What are the economic consequences of population growth or decline and of the numerical balance between men and women, unskilled and skilled workers? How are social and political relations structured by the proportions of whites and blacks, natives and immigrants, city dwellers and farm people?

Thus, in approaching many of these strategic matters, Part I of the book considers population realities and problems, including the population explosion; the goal of zero population growth (ZPG); the nature of population dynamics at the world level and in the United States; and the age-sex profiles of various human groups. Part II studies the only possible components of population change - fertility, mortality, and migration - in their various combinations. Part III deals with several human systems and their demographic dimensions, including rural and urban systems, races and ethnic groups in larger systems, marriage and family systems, economic systems, and educational systems. Finally Part IV concerns human efforts to manipulate population conditions, especially growth rates, by the implementation of official policies. Taken together, these elements are the principal substance of social demography in its intricate richness.

The following excerpt, which should illustrate some of the approach I have taken, comprises the first few pages of Chapter 1:

THE POPULATION EXPLOSION: MYTHS AND FACTS

How many people live on the earth and are their numbers a problem? How many will there be in the future and will they be able to support themselves, preserve the world ecosystem, and provide a decent quality of life? What does massive population growth in some parts of the world mean for the level of living everywhere; will it erode the great affluence enjoyed by the industrialized nations? These questions and their elusive answers have intrigued demographers - people who study human populations - since Thomas Malthus, an English clergyman, first warned of the results of excessive population growth in his famous Essay on the Principle of Population (1798).

But the questions have grown more urgent in the twentieth century, especially since 1945, for in that brief fraction of human existence population growth has become a massive reality. Just as Malthus warned, human populations have increased at a geometric rate, crowding their habitats and creating a legacy of problems for generations still in the future. If we trace the growth of the world's population from 1650, which the fragmentary demographic data allow, it is obvious immediately that human populations have grown at an increasing rate in the twentieth century. In 1650 the world housed less than 600 million people, and it was not until about 1850 that their number had doubled.

But the next doubling took only 90 years, and in the 40 years between 1940 and 1980 the number of human beings virtually doubled again. This steady reduction in the time it takes for population to grow by specific amounts is Malthus's prediction of geometric growth come true. And it isn't over, for at the present growth rate the world's population will increase from about 4.4 billion in 1980 to something near 6.1 billion in 2000. At this pace the next doubling will take only 41 more years. These patterns result from centuries of acceleration in the annual average rate of growth, from roughly 0.05 percent in the period between the birth of Christ and 1650, to 0.5 percent between 1650 and 1950, to 1.9 percent between 1950 and the present.

The population explosion seems destined to continue for some time, and although its magnitude may diminish and its rate slacken, the world will still add billions of people to its numbers before it reaches something close to zero growth, perhaps about the year 2100. Even in recent decades, when the concern about population growth has become a resounding alarm and the object of national policies, growth rates in most parts of the world either have risen or have failed to decline significantly, more than offsetting the reductions in some other sections. As a result, the world's base population available to reproduce has grown so large that even when the rate of growth does decline significantly, the sheer numbers of people still being added to humankind will long perpetuate the problems of overpopulation, geographic maldistribution, and exploitation of the ecosystem. Some countries, mostly European, are hovering near zero population growth (ZPG) and will probably reach it soon, but all except the earliest elements of a trend in that direction are undetectable in the world as a whole. Therefore, because all groups of humanity are unavoidably bound together by interdependence,
interdependence, overpopulation and excessive growth in some places are everybody's problems.

Source of the Explosion

After thousands of years of very slow growth, why should the human species suddenly increase so rapidly? Demographically, an increase in the world's population can occur only if the gap between birth and death rates grows wider, thus pushing up the gate of natural increase (births minus deaths), although net immigrations can also swell smaller populations. Consequently the demographic source of the explosion has been a marked expansion in the rate of natural increase, largely because death rates have been reduced drastically by improvements in nutrition, sanitation, and medicine, while birth rates have fallen far less or even risen. Even in the brief period from 1947 to 1975, the average annual rate of natural increase expanded 46 percent, from 13 people added to the population for each 1,000 already alive, to 19. Between 1975 and 1980, however, only 18 were added annually, so the world rate has begun to fall, having already dropped dramatically in some specific places.

Most remarkable are the data that document the rapid fall in the death rate and the slow change in the birth rate. Between 1947 and 1981, the crude birth rate declined in the world as a whole by 22 percent, but the crude death rate decreased by a phenomenal 53 percent, largely because of reductions in infant mortality and a higher proportion of children in the population. And the pattern was repeated in the regions already dealing with large populations, many of them ill-housed and poorly fed. Asia's birth rate dropped 26 percent, but its death rate fell 58 percent; even in Japan, which managed to pull its birth rate down 55 percent, the crude death rate fell 60 percent and the population continued to grow. In Latin America the birth rate fell 20 percent, but mortality plummeted 47 percent. Africa, which now has the world's highest birth and death rates, managed to reduce mortality by 38 percent at the same time that its birth rate rose 8 percent. In North America and the Soviet Union, on the other hand, birth rates fell by about a third, while death rates dropped only about 10 percent, making those two areas good prospects for eventual zero growth if the trend continues. Europe, which has the world's lowest rate of natural increase, experienced a 39 percent reduction in the birth rate, but one of 29 percent in its death rate, thus allowing the already low rate of natural increase to become even lower.

Even allowing for improvements in record keeping during the period from 1947 to 1981, there can be no doubt that death rates have dropped spectacularly, while in most areas birth rates have decreased far less, thus making the population explosion a stubbornly entrenched phenomenon. In fact, the term is a bit misleading, for "explosion" implies a sudden release of energy followed by a rapid abatement, whereas the population explosion, once released, began to dissipate slowly and in only a few parts of the world. Moreover, even as the rate of natural increase declines significantly it will still add much larger numbers of people to the population than was true a few decades ago, simply because the base reproducing population is so much bigger. Therefore, whereas the rate of natural increase of 13 per 1,000 added about 30 million people to the world's population in 1947, the rate of 18 per 1,000 added 81 million in 1981. So even though the rate of increase was less than one-third higher in 1981 than it had been in 1947, the increase in absolute numbers of people was more than two and a half times as great. That condition reflects one of the great dilemmas of the population explosion: Even though rates of growth will decline significantly, absolute growth will continue to be larger and larger for a long time. As a result, even moderate reductions in the growth rate have to be classed as inadequate in any effort to solve the problem completely or even reduce its impact significantly over the long run.

In brief, then, the huge upsurge in the world's population since the end of World War II is due largely to the profound reductions in death rates, especially infant mortality, unaccompanied by equally significant decreases in birth rates. Demographically this is easy to measure and understand; socially and culturally the divergence between the two rates reaches into the medical revolution, human values and attitudes,

arrangements of social institutions, religious beliefs, economic conditions and people's perceptions of them, national policies and ideologies, and other complexities in human societies and cultures. To understand those matters we must turn to social demography - the study of population facts as causes and effects of social and cultural conditions.

* * * * *

The second book that emerged from my study leave is entitled America's Older Population, which still requires substantial rewriting during 1983-84. It is a monograph that is partly descriptive in a demographic sense, and that examines the significant characteristics of older people and the ways in which those characteristics are interwoven. The study is also comparative, because it contrasts America's elderly population with those in other societies; within the United States it compares blacks and whites, Spanish-origin and other groups, men and women, and rural and urban people. Moreover, the book assesses the social, economic, political, and other results of the process of aging in America's population, basically along two lines. First, the study examines the impact that the elderly and their characteristics have on the society; second, it appraises the consequences that those characteristics have for the elderly themselves. The book also has a pervasive humanistic component for it deals with the welfare and rights of older people. It also accounts for the history of their role in American society, traced by using the trends to which the older population has been subject. Overall, this study, too, emphasizes social demography, which brings together the methods of the demographer, the analyses of the sociologist, and the insights and concerns of the humanist.

America's Older Population also examines the stereotypes about elderly people and submits those assumptions to as factual an examination as possible. Thus, the book confronts the belief that most elderly are abandoned by their adult offspring, the assumption that large proportions of older people reside in nursing homes, and other commonly held conceptions about those 65 and over.

Finally, each chapter of the study offers projections, largely as a contribution to rational social planning for the numbers of older people who will be part of American society well into the next century, and for the needs they will have. Twentieth century trends allow one to infer much that will apply in the twenty-first century and I hope those conclusions will be useful.

The topics in America's Older Population are as follows: (1) number and distribution of older people; (2) age composition of the older population; (3) sex composition of the older population; (4) marriage and family status of the elderly; (5) educational status of older people; (6) work characteristics of the elderly; (7) retirement; (8) income and poverty status of the elderly; (9) mortality levels, differentials, and causes; (10) migration of the elderly; and (11) some implications of America's aging population.

NUMBER AND DISTRIBUTION OF OLDER PEOPLE

Introduction

America's older population is larger than at any time in history, and so is its proportional representation in the total population. This is one of the fundamental facts shaping American society and its economic system, tax structure, and human relationships, and it calls for substantial social innovation to accommodate the aging of the population. Moreover, stereotypes and misconceptions abound about the roles that elderly people play in the social drama, the strains they endure, and how they mesh with the rest of us. Most serious is the tendency to lump all elderly together as sick, poor, senile, sexless, and generally unproductive, while we also sometimes venerate their wisdom and experience. Either attitude, however, places the whole group on the fringes of the society and denies the very integration that makes social life useful.

Perhaps these attitudes are less significant where the proportion of older people in a population is relatively small; certainly they are minimal or absent in traditional societies that integrate the elderly fully into social life. But America's older population is large numerically and proportionately and promises to become more so; we are not a traditional society and we do tend to isolate and stereotype our older people, partly because Americans see death as an enemy to be eluded and don't want the presence of their elderly to remind them of their own mortality. In turn, that mindset helps create a youth-oriented culture and converts the elderly into a minority group whose ranks eventually will include all those younger people who manage to avoid dying prematurely. Given present age-specific death rates and life expectancy, about 74 of each 100 babies born now will reach age 65, so the chances are good that any one of us will enter what has become one of America's largest minorities. Therefore, considering the demographic realities and the perceptions about old age, we need to take both an objective and compassionate look at the actual size of the enlarging group of older people, the reasons for its growth, the composition of that population, its migratory patterns and death rates, the probable size of the elderly group in the next century, and some of the consequences of an aging population. All of this adds up to a demographic profile that includes insights from formal demography, sociology, psychology, economics, health research, and other fields that help enlighten the realities of America's aging population in the 1980's and 1990's.

Master Trends

Demographers are concerned with three related aspects of aging in the United States, which are as follows: (1) the absolute numbers of older people in the population, the extent to which those numbers are increasing, and the demographic characteristics of the older group; (2) the proportions of people who are elderly, which reflect the aging of the population; and

(3) the longevity of individuals, which shows up as declining death rates and increases in the expectation of life at specific ages. Therefore, while these aspects are closely linked, it is important to remember that the number of older people, the aging of a whole population, and the aging of individuals are not the same thing. Furthermore, while the aging of a whole population is largely a socially determined process, the aging of individuals is primarily a physiological one.

Given these strategic variations, it appears that the demographic circumstances of America's elderly are being shaped by six major trends, which contribute to the continuing growth of the older group, their larger proportional representation in the total population, their greater average life expectancy, and their changing demographic relationships with the rest of the population. In these master trends appear some of the basic processes that produce America's aging and the complex relationships between those processes, along with some of the more significant socioeconomic implications.

1. Continuing a long-term pattern, life expectancy has increased markedly since 1940 - about 10 years for the population of both sexes. Consequently, male babies born today can expect to live an average of 71 years, female babies approximately 78 years. Everyone does die of something, of course, but the much larger number of people who now live longer gives the country a rapidly growing elderly population, while the average person who reaches 65 has many additional years of life remaining. The man who attains that age can expect an average of 14 additional years, the woman an average of 19 more.

2. The nation's birth rate, which was high during the baby boom after World War II, began to fall significantly in 1960, and by 1976 it was lower than ever before. Though the rate has climbed a little since then, it is still so low that the infant and child population is a comparatively small share of the total. Consequently, older groups, especially people 65 and over, are becoming a larger percentage of the nation's total. This shows clearly that fluctuations in the birth rate are ordinarily more important than any other factor in determining the percentages of people 65 and over, as well as those in any other age range.

3. The huge baby boom of 1945-60 will show up as an unusually large elderly population in the years after 2010, and 20 years later people 65 and over will be about 18 percent of the entire population, as compared with just over 11 percent in 1980. By 2030 the nation will have at least 55 million older citizens, or more than twice the number living in 1980.

4. The survivors of the great waves of foreign immigration which reached most of its highest peaks between 1905 and 1914, are a relatively old population, with fully a third of them 65 or more. Only small numbers of their original ranks have been replenished by younger legal immigrants, however, because of restrictive legislation, so the elderly foreign-born group also contributes somewhat to the aging of the population. But given the average age of foreign-born people - now over 52 years compared with 30 years for the total population - that group will become continually smaller, and the major cause of aging will be the balance between birth and death rates. That process is already far along, for the impact of the aging immigrant

population was greater two or three decades ago than it is now.

5. Despite greater life expectancy, people tend to retire from their jobs younger than they did, even though the mandatory retirement age was raised in 1978 from 65 to 70. Earlier retirement means additional years of reliance on Social Security and various private pension plans, some of which are already seriously strained by the growing retired population, built-in cost-of-living increases, and inflation rates in the whole economy.

6. As the postwar baby-boom population ages, the proportion of active workers will decrease dramatically while that of older people will rise, and the ratio of workers to retirees will decline steadily for some time. Therefore, while 1980 saw about five people ages 20-64 for each person over 65, 2030 will see less than three in the younger age group for each one in the older category. So the cost of retirement, a large share of which is borne by the employed population, will increase and the proportion of people available to carry it will shrink. At the same time, however, the overall support burden will be lightened by the small number of children per worker, so there will be significant compensations for increases in the elderly support burden, though part of it will continue to shift from private to public funds by way of the tax structure.

These are some of the basic trends involved in the steady increase in the percentage of people who are 65 and over. The trends will promote substantial social change, new stresses for the older and younger populations and more demands for a decent old age for all citizens, including those who are now young. Moreover, the aging process and the expanding elderly population will have a powerful impact on all sorts of social services, especially medical care, and on America's family systems, concepts of marriage, and ability to care for retired people.

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Population: An Introduction to Social Demography will be released in the spring of 1984 by the Mayfield Publishing Company, Palo Alto, California.

America's Older Population has been accepted for publication by the new Cap and Gown Press in Houston, but a release date has not yet been established.

JANE GODARD CARIS

A VISITANT AND THE STILL STANDING STONES

I am wrapped
in a robe of skins in the predawn chill.
Here in the lifting dark I can just now see
snow drops bloom from mouths,
carrying our chant aloft into a steaming arch.
Our hands draw shivery light down
over snow-skifted, green-blushing hills
to the prime stone that sucks it in
to mate with the fervent earth.
The old ones knew
what dwelt here. Radiant with vision
they would inch the stiff stones over logs,
age after age, to release their hard weight to the rafted river.

From this ground, as they knew it would,
pure power is born up through feet, loins, belly, breast,
warming the brain.

A car door slams,
jolts me, blue-jeaned, into a modern morning,
hand still on the inner stone.
A Unitarian caught among the old gods:
would I flush less seen kneeling in a great cathedral,
quaint, yet reasonable? Rising, I retreat
across the sloping field.

The touring family makes their own way back
four thousand years to the stone circle.
Parents place their daughter on the altar.
But there is nothing to fear.
The father remembers the reason for being here.
She'll be safe in the photograph album.

The smooth stones burn at my back,
call me to risk foolishness.
A circlet of sheep wool curls in the grass.
I ring it around my finger like a promise.

JAMES MC NAB

Baudelaire saw the human will as our most precious faculty, but considered that the ability to concentrate is constantly corroded by the multiple temptations arrayed before us by "thrice powerful Satan." The conflict between the passion to create and the need to concentrate on the one hand, and the manifold temptations of love, leisure, and social life are at the heart of Proust's In Search of Lost Time. This conflict appears to be constant for the French writers of the 1920's. None suffered from it more than Jean Cocteau (1889-1963). His life leaves an impression of constant movement, of promises kept and others unfulfilled, of energy harnessed, but also wasted, of concentration and dissipation. It is no doubt this tension in Cocteau which attracted me to him, first in a Ph.D. dissertation, then in a number of articles and papers. Since, by common consent, Cocteau influenced and was influenced by Raymond Radiguet, the older author led naturally to the younger, his intimate friend.

Even more than Cocteau, Radiguet embodies the tension, so typical of the 1920's, between the artist's need to create and the temptation to hurl himself, with almost suicidal abandon, into the maelstrom of parties, alcohol, drugs, at a most brilliant period in the French capital's history. By a curious paradox, Radiguet's work reflects an increasing search for order, convention, harmony, at the very time that his life is characterized by dissipation, disorder, entropy. My book-length study Raymond Radiguet, scheduled to appear in the Twayne World Authors Series in December, 1984, attempts to chart these two directions. To some extent, Radiguet's career may in itself be considered an apt metaphor for the 1920's.

"THIS CHILD WAS A MASTER": RAYMOND RADIGUET IN PARIS, 1918-1923

The career of Raymond Radiguet (1903-1923), who wrote all of his works between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and died at twenty, is not well known, unlike that of Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891), to whom he has been compared. Whereas Rimbaud's itinerary, between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, took him from fixed to free forms, out of tradition toward extreme experimentation, the trajectory followed by Radiguet is quite different.

Radiguet's first efforts, in poetry, were not out of place in the pages of the avant-garde journal Sic alongside the descriptions of the bold innovations of Apollinaire, or the Futurists, or Georges Braque. Their visual appeal was more memorable than their substance:

su r la co r d e le li n g e d n e
ch e m i se m a n ch ott e q ui m e
t en d l e s br a s

o n the l i n e the cl o the s d a n c e
o ne a r m e d sh i rt wh ich
re a ch es o u t t o m e[1]

In the years that followed, however, Radiguet came to prefer order over disorder, tradition to innovation. At a time when the Surrealists, his erstwhile friends, attacked the novel and all fiction that presented a coherent view of the world, preferring to it automatic writing, free instinct, unmotivated acts, Radiguet wrote two novels, Le Diable au corps [Devil in the Flesh] (1923), and Le Bal du comte d'Orgel [Count d'Orgel] (published posthumously, in 1924). In simple terms, Le Bal is a reactionary novel, presenting aristocratic figures whose character has been hundreds of years in the making, whose essence precedes their existence, and who are defined not in end-oriented activities, but rather in the "profound frivolity" - Radiguet's term[2] - of unrequited love and the masked ball. In a parallel movement, Radiguet gave up free verse, choosing instead regular stanzas and octosyllabic lines for the major section of his principal collection of poetry Les Joues en feu [Cheeks on Fire] (1925).

On the one hand is Radiguet the writer, the thinker, moving with almost daunting consistency, steadily, from left to right, from advocacy of change to an espousal of the past, authority, tradition, and the ancien regime. And on the other hand is the extraordinary disorder, confusion, and disarray which mark Radiguet's personal life. Neither the order of Radiguet's work nor the disorder of his life have been adequately charted up to now. What follows is a brief introduction to the life, from the time that Radiguet moved the few miles from his home in Parc Saint-Maur, a dormitory suburb a few miles to the east of Paris, to the capital itself at one of the most extraordinary moments in its artistic history.

* * * * *

Raymond Radiguet was fifteen when he entered the artistic world of Paris the year that World War I ended. He was helped by the writer André Salmon, a friend of his father's who was also close to Picasso and to the poet Apollinaire. Salmon, a chronicler of Montmartre, took pity on the boy, considering his home-town of Parc Saint-Maur, a few miles east of Paris, to be "hideous," and his house "a middle class Bastille."[3] Salmon

provided Radiguet with the opportunity to write articles for a number of newspapers. So began an extraordinary but short-lived career, from the age of fifteen to twenty.

From the moment that he came into contact with Salmon, Radiguet found the pace of his life quickening. The movement was vortical, as he moved with giddying speed into the heart of Parisian artistic life. Without exception, his friends and associates were impressed by his extraordinary intelligence, strength of character, and maturity. His reserve and taciturnity were part of an aloofness which struck most observers. Salmon perceived an expression of latent cruelty about Radiguet's face. This cruelty was confirmed in an affair the boy had, in 1918, with the wife of a soldier fighting at the front. This episode became the heart of his novel Le Diable au corps, published in 1923. Notwithstanding his perceived detachment and disdain, his talents were immediately recognized. Salmon introduced him to Max Jacob, an extraordinary Breton poet of Jewish extraction who converted to Catholicism after seeing Jesus in his room. Jacob may have initiated him into homosexuality. In any case, it was probably he who introduced Radiguet to Jean Cocteau, with whom he lived out an extraordinarily productive, intimate friendship. Jacob also introduced him to the painters Modigliani, Juan Gris, and Picasso, as well as to the poet Pierre Reverdy, and to André Breton, the founder of Surrealism. In Cocteau's company, in turn, Radiguet numbered among his friends Tristan Tzara, the creator of Dada, the composers known as "Le Groupe des Six,"[4] the sculptor Constantin Brancusi, and some of the most distinguished artistic and social figures of the period. For a time, André Breton, impressed by Radiguet's literary talents,[5] vied with Cocteau in trying to gain the young writer's allegiance. When Radiguet committed himself to Cocteau, Breton's group extended its hatred to include both figures; hence this definition in the October, 1922 issue of Littérature: "Jean Cocteau: an angel's turd. Raymond Radiguet: a shovel for picking up an angel's turd."[6]

The dangers awaiting a young man in Paris in 1918 were as prodigious as the rewards. The "bizarre celebrations and fashions"[7] which one critic has described were espoused by Radiguet. The capital was anything but conducive to the preservation of life or the harnessing of energy. And Radiguet, in the company of Cocteau, threw himself into that maelstrom of parties, alcohol and eventually drugs with particularly reckless abandon.

A description of Venice given by Jean Cocteau might be equally applied to Paris in the immediate postwar years, and in particular to a famous "artistic" bar called Le Boeuf sur le toit [The Ox on the Roof], named for a co-production of Darius Milhaud and Jean Cocteau:". . . caught in a trap by this theatrical setting, this elegant throng confesses its most hidden secrets, as happens at a masked ball. The most frank impudence mates ages and sexes. The most timid individuals finally chance there the gesture or the costume they longed for shame-facedly. . ."[8] Le Boeuf stands as a curious epitome of the frenzied energy - both constructive and destructive - which was unleashed at the end of World War I, and continued on through the 1920's. The war had swept aside many social and sexual conventions, prejudices and barriers, so that one might find there, at one moment, a play of

opposites, a juxtaposition of disparate elements, or a melting-pot, which would have been inconceivable before the war, in Proust's rigidly stratified society. It was here that Radiguet would drink, before moving on to other parties, or would end the evening drinking, after the other parties, while listening to jazz played by the resident pianist Clément Doucet, whom, on occasion, Cocteau would join, on the drums. Over the bar hung a painting of an eye, L'Oeil Cacodylate,[9] by Francis Picabia, which looked down upon a company that might include Gabrielle "Coco" Chanel, the Prince of Wales, Artur Rubinstein, or the Princess Marie Murat, in addition to Cocteau, Radiguet, the composer Georges Auric or other members of their group. It was almost certainly here that Radiguet met a rather mysterious Mme de Warkowska, who introduced him to opium smoking, and is said to have remarked: Opium? Why make so much fuss? They smoked at my first communion in Shanghai."[10] Here, opium came out of its den, homosexuality was released from the closet and was in vogue, and there was an enervated desire to "try something new." Radiguet indulged this desire fully.

Whereas Cocteau was unequivocally homosexual, Radiguet was not. He was a figure of considerable fascination for the women with whom he came into contact. Increasingly, he resented Cocteau's wish to be the only sentimental influence in his life. Among a number of affairs he conducted was a dalliance with the Englishwoman Beatrice Hastings, who was considerably older than he and had herself been the mistress of Modigliani in Montparnasse. She was an incorrigible composer of plaintive letters and poems. The final stanza of one epistle to Jean Cocteau gives just a small idea of the amatory confusion in which she, Cocteau, and Radiguet could be enveloped:

> Je vous envoie ce mot. Je vous aime tous deux
> J'erre dans le désert. . . Je songe avec effroi
> A nos coeurs sourds, muets, aveugles, amoureux.
> Je sais que chacun aime - et je pleure tous trois.
>
> I send you this note. I do love you both.
> I wander in the desert. I think with terror
> Of our hearts: deaf, mute, blind, in love.
> I know each of us loves - and I weep for all three.[11]

Beatrice came to be replaced in Radiguet's affections by Marie Beerbohm, whose uncles were the caricaturist Max Beerbohm - "the incomparable Max" - and the well known actor Beerbohm Tree, and she in turn was followed by Bronya Perlmutter, who was said to be the daughter of an Amsterdam rabbi.

There are few redeeming features or uplifting moral lessons that can be salvaged from the final year or so of Radiguet's life. Relations with Jean Cocteau continued, at the same time that Radiguet had affairs with several women, but they were often strained. Radiguet alleged that he did not want "to become a forty-year-old woman named Mme Jean Cocteau.[12] In the last year of his life, Radiguet's name became famous throughout France as the author of the novel Diable au corps, which was published to the accompaniment of an unprecedented publicity campaign, orchestrated by Bernard Grasset. With some behind-the-scenes help from Cocteau, the novel won the newly created New World Prize. But, whereas summer was normally the time when Radiguet

switched from alcohol to milk and water, in a summer retreat by the sea,[13] 1923 was different. His heavy drinking continued throughout a summer vacation. From July until the end of September, he did work on his second novel Le Bal du comte d'Orgel, in relative seclusion on the Atlantic coast. But his friends had to hide from him the bottles of spirits which he still contrived to find.

Radiguet returned to Paris in early October, 1923. Without realizing it, he had contracted typhoid, probably from eating contaminated oysters. Drawn once more into the Parisian vortex, he led a life of extraordinary disorder, leaving an impression of a rapid unraveling, of energy being transformed into entropy, in short a life spinning out of control. He had been joined in his hotel - the Foyot, opposite the Luxembourg gardens - by Bronya Perlmutter. There, he ran up large bills for food and drink, living in a situation of complete disarray, falling increasingly sick, beset by anxiety at not being able to concentrate upon correcting the proofs of Le Bal.

The death of Proust has about it an allure of noble dedication to art and, at the same time, inevitability. That of Radiguet, on the other hand, could probably have been avoided, and is in no wise uplifting or suggestive of order or harmony. Cocteau's personal physician Capmas, who had been unsuccessful five years earlier in treating Guillaume Apollinaire, misdiagnosed Radiguet's illness as pneumonia, and recommended that he take hot toddy. Too late, only when a worried Cocteau convinced Gabrielle Chanel of the gravity of his protege's sickness, did her physician intervene and make an accurate diagnosis: typhoid. Cocteau has provided a most moving description of Radiguet's death, and of the few days leading up to it:

> Listen, he told me on the ninth day of December,
> listen to a terrible thing. In three days I shall
> be shot by the soldiers of God. As I fought back my
> tears, made up contradictory information, he went on:
> Your information is not as accurate as mine. The order
> has gone out. I heard the order.
> Later on, he also said: There is a moving color, and
> people hidden in this color.
> I asked him if I should get rid of them. He answered
> You can't, since you don't see the color.
> Then he sank back.
> His mouth moved, he spoke our names, gazed in astonishment
> at his mother, his father, and his hands.[14]

Unfortunately, this lovely picture is not at all true, and it is impossible to accept that Radiguet's death was as "neat," inevitable, orderly, or meaningful as Cocteau claimed. In fact, the young man died alone, at about five a.m. on the twelfth of December, in a clinic in the rue Piccini, in terrible agony. It is said that his face was terror-stricken. His mother could not be present, since she had herself contracted a mild case of typhoid from nursing her son. Missing from the bedside - fear of typhoid, or heart-break? - and missing from the funeral in Père Lachaise was Jean Cocteau. For once, Cocteau was not there to "arrange things." The arrangements were left up to Gabrielle Chanel. Only in later months and years would Cocteau arouse

himself from his grief to create a myth around the life and death of Radiguet, a myth according to which they were pre-ordained, mapped out, a destiny decreed by divine plan.

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NOTES

1. Raymond Radiguet, "Poème," Sic (June 1918) in Oeuvres Complètes I (Paris: Club des Libraires de France, 1959). All translations are my own, unless otherwise indicated.
2. Raymond Radiguet, "Notes critiques diverses" in OC II, 382-383.
3. André Salmon, Souvenirs sans fin [Memories without End] (Paris: Gallimard, 1961), 44.
4. The six young composers were Georges Auric, Louis Durey, Arthur Honegger, Darius Milhaud, Francis Poulenc, and Germaine Taillefer. They had little in common beyond varying degrees of friendship for Cocteau, their "impresario," and of musical respect for the composer Erik Satie.
5. Breton was not of course homosexual.
6. Benjamin Perét, Littérature (October 1, 1922), cited by Jean Jacques Kihm, Jean Cocteau, L'Homme et les miroirs [Jean Cocteau, The Man and the Mirrors] (Paris: La Table Ronde, 1968), 144.
7. François Mauriac, Men I Hold Great, trans. Elsie Pell (Port Washington, Kennikat Press, 2nd ed. 1971), 120.
8. Jean Cocteau, Le Grand Ecart [The Splits] (Paris: Stock, 1923), 19.
9. Picabia had suffered from an eye ailment, which had been treated with cacodylate; hence this title.
10. Cited by Francis Steegmuller, Cocteau (Boston: Little-Brown), 308.
11. Beatrice Hastings to Jean Cocteau (Paris, November 1921), cited by Nadia Odouard, Les Années Folles de Raymond Radiguet [The Wild Years of Raymond Radiguet] (Paris: Seghers, 1973), 300.
12. Raymond Radiguet, in a remark to Georges Auric, cited by Steegmuller, Cocteau, 314.
13. At le Piquey, on the bay of Biscay in the Gironde.
14. Jean Cocteau, Preface to Le Bal, in OC II, 10.

CATHERINE HOLDERNESS

When I walked into a computer room some years back, I felt like a modern day Rip Van Winkle. I had learned, years before, to program computers in binary, or machine, language, a tedium of 1's and 0's. Imagine my surprise when a CRT politely asked for my account number in English! The BASIC Language has opened the door to computer usage for thousands of unsuspecting individuals.

And gone were the behemoth machines of an earlier age, transistors having replaced tubes. Not much later, many entire computer rooms have been replaced by desk top units. Soon there may well be a computer in every dormitory room.

The arrival of usable, portable, and affordable computers on college campuses has been accompanied by worrisome times for many faculty members. Some fear the takeover of the classroom by technology, others worry about the effects on young people of living in a society that is "data based." In addition to the larger issues imposed by computers on an already information-burdened society, some other more specific issues are arising in some business schools throughout the country. One of these has to do with the use of the title Management Information Systems to describe a major in computer science.

M.I.S.NOMER

Computers are an important part of a Management Information System. But they are actually only a part of the system, not the whole system as implied by the title M.I.S. Computers are potentially an invaluable tool for modern managers but, as with any tool, there are limits to their usage.

An effective managerial decision is based upon information which is timely, accurate, relevant and, most importantly, complete. Viewed within these parameters, the limitations of a computer based information system, when relied upon exclusively by a manager, become apparent.

The computer has dramatically increased the productivity of managers. It can be programmed to issue reports in a regular cycle. Immense amounts of data are now available at a manager's fingertips, instantaneously available through a simple keyboard. There is no question that the information provided by a computer based information system is timely.

And computer systems can directly monitor production lines and inventory. They perform complex statistical analyses, thus

providing information which, given proper procedures are followed, is accurate. And they can be used to provide managers with information which heretofore may have been too expensive or too time consuming for firms to generate by hand.

However, now that large amounts of data can be computerized relatively inexpensively the rush is on to put everything in sight "on the computer." And here a problem often emerges. It is essential that managers receive information which is useful for their particular problem solving needs. All other information clutters the horizon. Managers, like everyone else, often fall prey to basing decisions on data which conforms to their biases and expectations but which may actually be irrelevant to the specific problem at hand.

Thus relevance becomes a key concept. The judgement as to what is or is not relevant is not a decision that can be made by a computer. Nor can a computer systems analyst make the decision working alone. The decision as to what information is needed, and when it is needed, must be made by a manager within a particular functional area, be it accounting, finance, production, or whatever. The design and implementation of computer programming, or software, to provide that data, within the constraints of the firm's available hardware, or computer equipment, falls within the domain of the computer systems analyst. It is imperative that managers and analysts be able to work closely together in the development of systems which provide information that is relevant, as well as timely and accurate.

There is also a limit to the kinds of information that a computer based system can provide. Computers are machines which actually work in machine or binary language. We can use BASIC or PL/1 when interacting with the computer only due to a translator mechanism which literally translates our inputs into the binary language in which the machine works and then translates the output back into a more usable form for us. The computer, then, is only capable of handling quantifiable data.

The typical computer system works well for recording and mathematically analyzing inventory, accounting, production and other quantifiable data. But what happens when a manager must make a decision that requires more than this? In such a situation the so-called management information system can provide data which is timely, accurate and relevant but which is assuredly incomplete. This is where the M.I.S.nomer becomes apparent.

Take the example of employee relations. We know that a high rate of employee turnover (many resignations necessitating new hirings) and high rates of absenteeism may be indications of a morale problem within an organization. A computer based information system can draw our attention to the problem. It does this by providing data on turnover and absenteeism. But the computer is incapable of either identifying the problem or pinpointing its causes.

Thus the personnel manager must be capable of recognizing that a problem exists by noting symptoms indicated in computer generated monthly personnel reports. Once alerted, she or he must gather additional information, much of which is not quantitative. Is there a new competitor who is actively hiring? Is there a problem with an individual's supervisory style? Are

working conditions unpleasant or unsafe? This information must be developed through employee interviews, by accessing industry data outside the firm (such as local economic reports), in meetings with union officers, and often through a visit to the plant.

Are we teaching our potential managers how to go about gathering such data? Or are they becoming so computer dependent that they fail even to recognize the need to do so? Calling a computer based information system by the title of Management Information System may well contribute to the latter.

It is important that in the process of educating managers computer skills courses be supplemented with courses that foster the development of analytical thinking and solid communication skills. This is essential if the students who graduate from college and go on to become managers are to be truly capable of recognizing problems and gathering the complete information necessary for solving them.

Managers must be aware that the information provided by a computer based information system is by no means always complete. They must also have the ability to tell the computer systems analyst what information is needed and when. And they must be able to recognize when the information provided by the M.I.S. is not enough and know how, when this happens, to go out and get the information they need. Finally, managers must be able to go beyond numbers analysis. The processes of defining a problem, developing a solution, and implementing changes are still the most essential functions of a manager. These functions require people skills as well as number skills. The ability to gather and use information, some of which comes from a computer system, which is timely, relevant, accurate, and complete will be critical to their success.

JEFFREY MARTIN

HOW CAN A WOMAN LOVE A MAN SO MUCH FOR CATCHING A FISH?

The river wears its own grave in the gorge
Halfway up the far rocky ridge autumn-shaded, a hiker waves a
white hat
The stranger waves his white hat at two women on a blanket
spread on a hill, an air-mile across the gorge
From his hawk-circling precipice he cannot see the crickets
dancing on the dried sandwiches

Two women lie on their backs. Crickets jump in their hair.
Husbands, they say, are what we see in the sky:
a warm blue-blanketed refuge, cloudless
Men to leave and men to go to
We have changed lovers, they say, by some calendar
Now vows hold us firm or children or suppers

The heart is warm red flesh caged in ribs
My feelings are fish in black schools swimming in my veins
I want to sing when a black and white woodpecker cocks his head
and hammers the branch swaying under a blue sky
the way the cave whistles air out its small mouth in the rocks
by the river, all day whistling woo-woo-wooo, with cold breath

Two fly-fishermen cast in the rock-rimmed pool
An arrogant snapping of the pole creates the parabola of line
arching like radiowaves
When the fly hits the water the displacement is subtle
A fine instrument could tell you the ripple is the height of a
wing

Tell them to go home. Pack the poles.
Toss those godawful hipboots back in the Jeep
Stow the flies on the tackleboard like victims of a peststrip
Wind the mountains home as if you were retrieving your last cast

Where the summer-sun scorch never reached, deep in the pool
The autumn leaves never sink to that depth where
water-rounded stones roll in their deaf chamber
The first sign is the pole tip dipping waterward
And the line darts across the water like a waterbug
Let the line play out slowly, set the hook with a tug
Hand over hand pull the line through the index knuckles
Net scooping low, pants to water
A trout in the net

Wives run for the sake of children
They think of drownings when they hear shouts
not a smiling trout hooked with a green fly
Okay we'll stay, they say, until the fire grows high enough
to heat the pan and fry the trout
Stay until the light glances behind the gorge
Stay until darkness muffles our anger and forces us
to return to your bed
And dream of other men while we cling to you

GWENDOLYN BIKIS

Over the years, I have grown increasingly more discouraged with the trend toward quantification in the social sciences, and with a corresponding lack of imagination and creativity. My writing, then, represents an attempt to express, creatively, the knowledge I have gained in the course of my graduate education. I am very interested in the people I listen to and talk to on the subways, streets, and in bars. The group of stories on which I am currently working focuses on the South, and the ways in which Southern culture and history shape and determine even the simplest of interactions between Southerners. The stories, as planned, would be interrelated, ideally both thematically and symbolically. All of them are set in North Carolina; some of them at Guilford. In several, it is the landscape itself which I am using to represent the moods of characters and the tone of events.

Another important element is the place of music in my writing. Just as it has for many black writers (Langston Hughes and Ralph Ellison are outstanding examples), music informs and inspires much of what I write. This inspiration can be seen (and heard) in the sounds and rhythms of my sentences; several of those in this work are structured in accordance with black gospel music. What I am ultimately striving for, then, is a very poetic type of prose.

GOD'S COUNTRY

Life can really sing sometimes, can't it? Like when you've caught you a fish at the end of a long silver line humming tautly through your hands and shining in the sun? Happiness, though, is somewhat akin to skating on thin ice: when you're happiest, that's when you're skimming so quickly and lightly on a surface so smooth that all you need do is hit a rough spot to trip and fall through to whatever it is that's underneath; and only then do you realize that the pond you been fishing in and skating on is not necessarily the one in which you may now drown. But who thinks such things in the beginning, when everything ahead looks smooth and clear and shiny bright as a golden highway reaming endlessly into the sun?

I could cruise on like this forever, she thought; and squirming her shoulders deeper into the plush upholstery, she popped another Good-n-Plenty into her mouth and munched in sweet

comfortable satisfaction. She had not slept since Richmond; and since midnight her excitement had mounted as the sky deepened and as they headed steadily Southward, down into the maw of a night which would deliver them into a terrain as foreign to her as another country. Sitting up front, right behind the driver, she could see the highway she felt reeling and rumbling under her feet. She yawned and stretched and closed her eyes, the highway thrumming between her ears, the ribbons of road running, still, beneath her trembling eyelids: dark fields and trees, gas stations, signs, and neon; country churches, houses and tobacco barns. The bus bounced over a gulley, and the driver swore, more out of courtesy than gentility; for all the other passengers were still asleep. Equally from courtesy he kept his radio down to a quiet burr, tuned to a Sunday morning talk show that sounded to her like something about gun control.

Her hair, her skin, her clothes: all carried the mixed aroma of heavy travel - of stale cigarette smoke and sweat and the cheap soap powder she'd been washing up with. Too long she had drunk poisonous coffee with stale donuts, too long eaten sandwiches made of prefab slabs of bread, cheese, and cold cuts; too many times squatted in dim dirty lavatories with swampy air and faulty plumbing. They had not stopped since Virginia - not since some nameless town near an old county battleground. Of the town she remembered only the bus station: the smoky fluorescence, so eerie at that time of night, the jaundiced faces and smeared walls, the huge black women emptying buckets in the bathroom.

Yes, yes, it's sure been a long, long trip, Lord, but I feel like I could go on like this forever. Her reverie was tinged with the flavor of gospel this morning; the tang of it was on her tongue like the highway was in her toes. She moved her feet and snapped her fingers in an expectation tuned and tightened on the morning's resonance.

The aberrant landscape sliding away on either side of her was awesome: it amazed her that, even alien as this land was, it would someday be hers. Too many weeds grew here, the trees were too scrubby, the sky too uncomfortably luminous. Barely touched by pallid morning, leafy shadowed fields coasted silently by her window; misty and dark, the woods beyond could have harbored something, perhaps even something hallowed. She searched the dim horizon as music welled up from all around and inside her. Up ahead, the road wound around a ridge, the high flowered tobacco growing right up almost to the pavement. For a few seconds, as the gears grated and roared under her feet, and as the driver cursed, it seemed they were driving straight up into the fields, and into the high pearly sky atop the ridge. The road sliced, a sullen gash, into the pinewoods that they all, on the bus, were entering, all of them jostling like dolls in their sleep when the bus hit a rut or bounced off the paving. Enclosed by tall dark pines, she raised her eyes to the oblique sky beyond the trees, to where a neon cross rose above the white tobacco blossoms, lashed high to a pole, its message burning brighter than sunlight over the pale horizon: GOD IS LOVE.

The woman beside the girl stirred in her sleep, inclining her head so that the sky, and the blazing cross, shimmered in her glasses. She sighed softly, almost musically, as the driver cursed again, quietly, perhaps reverently - "Jeezis" - and as the bus topped the ridge and the sun burst in upon them. Blinded,

the driver groped for his sunglasses, whispering a fierce, sibilant litany of curses: "Jeezis Almightee Christ" - his words hissing like water on a hot skillet above the high whine of the bus's tires.

They stopped at a cinder-block gas station set desolately in a field of weeds beside a lonely stretch of road at some place in the heartland of Godforsaken North Carolina on a Sunday morning, the road deserted but for the sixteen-wheelers roaring by with the rush of tornadoes and the rumble of earthquakes. All around her now, people were stirring out of their sleeps as the driver pulled the bus up beside a gas pump and dropped the engine into an idle, and a lurching halt. Relief lit the driver's face as the bus settled into the dust, and as, with trembling hands, he stuck a cigarette into his mouth and struck a match. Shakily, he stepped off and ambled toward the men's room. The girl stepped off, too, and wandered out back by a pile of rusty cars, where a lean dog desultorily scratched its ears and a DRINK COCO-COLA sign hung from a pole like a fat red gong.

She lit a joint and toked with her hands in her pockets, the smoke drifting into her narrowed eyes as she contemplated the fields below. By now the sun was high and bright in a sky so flawlessly, deeply blue it looked enamelled - a sky bequeathed, they said, by a Lord who was a tarheel just like themselves. Maybe it was true, she thought; perhaps God is a tarheel, and perhaps there really is nothing finer than to be in Carolina in the morning, and maybe this state really is First in Freedom, like the license plate attached to one of these junked cars said. She giggled aloud about that; the smoke of this Sunday morning was making her not only irreverent, but positively giddy with the joy of her disregard.

Now that the sun was up, the colors of this countryside dazzled her: the astounding purity of the sky; the thick full fields, lushly green and frothy at their crests, the trails crosscutting deep into the rusty earth; all were as painfully vivid - and as perverse - as a landscape by Van Gogh. A cat ran out from under one of the junked cars, and she jumped and dropped the joint into the weeds. She bent to pick it up, kneeling a second to dig the heel of her hand into the moist slick soil at her feet. She rubbed, ground her palm deep into the clay, and turned her hand over to reflect on the orange stain that would probably be there for hours - thinking, as she gazed on her open livid hand - of Scarlett O'Hara massaging a clod of warm Georgia clay in her smooth creamy hands.

Land of Canaan, she mused, relighting the joint and blowing twin jets of smoke out her nose. The luxuriant fields undulated below her, shimmering in the rising heat, the insects humming like small machines in the weeds. Already the heat was dizzying, beating down on her weary head. She rubbed her eyes and yawned, and was amazed that she had not really slept at all; and wondered if maybe she shouldn't go back to recline. She turned toward the bus, crunching through the grit and rusty beer cans toward it. If the land flowed with milk and honey and the perfume of summer blossoms, this island of hot rank asphalt seemed not to belong to the land, but to be wretchedly awash in the waves and folds of a leafy sea, with the rasp of the bugs so loud that they seemed to be whining between her ears.

The busdriver, sitting on a car in the shade and quaffing neon-orange soda out of a bottle, waved at her. "Hey. How're you, little missy?" "Ah right," she replied, "Where are we?" He turned back around to point at a state map taped up in the window behind him, and ran his stumpy brown finger along a thick red road that coursed north-south through the haunch of the state like a vital vein. "We're about here." His finger stopped at a dot lodged like a small bubble in the vein, the name beside it so small and faint beneath the fly-speckled glass that she had to squint to read it: they were outside Leaksville, in the middle of Rockingham County. "They call it Eden now," the busdriver explained. "This map must be right old." "Guess so," she agreed, nodding a head with vision thick as the haze hanging under the pines - a head that, even in its easy agreement, hardly knew the difference between Eden and Leaksville.

The busdriver swiped at his forehead. "Shore is hot. Good for the tobacco though; be tobacco primin-time pretty soon. It's already started down in East Carolina." She asked him how come. "Oh because you're down in the flatlands. It's warmer down there. When you go to prime, you strip the leaves for the harvest; then you tie the leaves together and hang em up to cure, and you better believe it's hard work. A person don't know hot hard work til they've primed some. It's hot as all hell, and sticky too. T'bacco leaves got a lot of that black tar in em, you know - and it gits all in your hair and skin, andunder your nails so you can't wash it out but with lye soap. So let's say you're hot and sweaty and just plain beat, and you want you a drink of nice cold Pepsi Cola: so you go down the road and git you one, and you'll take it into your hand to drink, like I got mine now, and your hand will stick to that bottle so you couldn't drop it if you wanted." He shook his head and smiled at the fields across the road. An sometimes in the fields in the afternoon, the smell of that tobacco gits so strong it can knock you right flat on your ass." so that was why she felt so giddy, the girl marvelled; it wasn't the lack of sleep, or the dope smoke: it was that sweet reek rising, now, all around them like the heat.

Way off on the other side of the hill somebody honked a horn, and both the girl and the busdriver turned to watch a rusty old Fairlane with fins and crushed front fender as it chugged up and over the rise and into the station parking lot, kicking up a cloud of red dust and squealing to a slow stop beside them. One of the windows unrolled, and an old woman wearing a large-brimmed straw hat leaned out: "This the bus that goes to Greensburah?" The driver nodded, and she sighed in relief - "Thank God it ain't lef yet" - and motioned to the man beside her. Both got out, the old man ponderously, balancing the huge belly straining at his flannel shirt and belted work denims. He plodded through the dust to a car trunk adorned with bright stickers and decals and heaved out a square brown suitcase held shut with a cord. The old woman tottered out next, grunting at the dust wafting around her knees. Clearly disgusted, she slapped and shook her dark shapeless sack of a dress until the flesh on her full arms jounced.

The busdriver was laughing in leg-slapping jubilation: "Lawd have mercy. Looks like too many buttermilk biscuits sopped in red-eye gravy to me."

She giggled in chorus. "Looks like too much sausage and beer and potatoes to me."

The busdriver guffawed like a billy goat. "You got folks like that up North?" "Yeh, sure," she snickered. "Most of em are Slavs." She had in mind the brawny big-bellied construction workers at home, but the busdriver's smile had dimmed perceptibly; and she wondered through her dolor if she had somehow offended him.

But he only spat thoughtfully on the ground, pulling his sleeve slowly across his mouth before speaking again: "Shoot. Slobs or no slobs, I grew up with farm folks like them. Hardworkin, but it's the eatin that'll kill them. Lord, girl, talk about cookin."

Talk about trippy, she retorted silently. There aren't really people like them up North - not even Slavs cover their cars with stupid souvenir stickers from Beautiful Lake Waccamaw (where a cartoon-pink woman in sunny yellow bikini waved a petite hand as she skimmed behind a speeding motorboat) and the Dan'l Boone Trading Post and Petting Zoo, and the Rebel Yell Amusement Park. To say nothing of the Stars n Bars stuck in the middle of the rusty bumper, right over the First in Freedom license plate.

But the busdriver was still shaking his head, chin in hand, and smacking his lips at the vision he had spread out before himself: "Man oh man - eggs n slabs of fresh bacon, n biscuits with whipped butter an with real thick red-eye gravy to sop em up in, n peach cobblers. Butterbeans an snap beans and pan-fried okra - an strong black coffee, an good Sunday mornin folks to jus sit around and talk an drink coffee an eat. Jeezis, I git tired jus thinking about it." He shook his head and whinnied with laughter. "Lawd have mercy."

Lord have mercy, she thought, as the old woman walked toward them, the flesh on her arms flopping as ludicrously as the bob of her husband's belly, as she shook a scrap of pink paper at the busdriver.

"I got ma ticket."

The busdriver smiled. "Thet's all right ma'am. I'll git it from you when I'm ready to leave."

She frowned at the busdriver's uppitiness, then turned to focus her displeasure on her husband. The old man had just appeared from behind a cloud of dust, abjectly holding a sweaty Coke bottle to his head. "Damn," he swore, "The corn should be poppin on the ears and the tobacco smokin on the stalk before long."

"Wouldn't be surprised," the busdriver affirmed. "I was just tellin this young lady here, she's from up North, thet it's almost primin time."

"Yeah," the old farmer replied in a spent voice, "I got a couple acres planted m'self."

The station attendant came out and leaned in the shadowed doorway, his jaw working at a wad lodged tumorously in his left cheek. He spat into the dust at the old woman's feet; she stepped back primly and curled her lip at him. "Yik."

"Hey Leroy," the busdriver greeted, apparently recognizing

the man by his spittle. "Where you been?"

"Out back, washin ma hands."

It was true; she noticed, as he drew his hand across his mouth to wipe the brown spit from his lips, that his hands were clean, even though his clothes, and the rag hanging out the back of his pants, and the trucker's cap perched cockily atop his red curls were all grubby.

"Where you been?" Leroy retorted.

"Been to New York last week, went from Richmond to Raleigh the other day, goin to Greensburah and Fayudville today." The driver laughed with an abandon as free as he, but Leroy only grimaced and released another amber gobbet. They all settled into a vacant, heat-beaten silence, all focused absently on the old woman, who had pulled a fat bright peach out of her worn black handbag, and was now biting deeply into it, and chewing, rolling her eyes heavenward and grunting as she savored its nectar. Yet not a bit of that juice, nor of the sweet wet flesh dribbled down her withered chin or her pale lips, the girl noticed; and it didn't seem quite fair, she thought: such a fine fruit was rare, and the old woman was being so covetous, as though fruit were a reward rather than a blessing. If such fruit were mine, that rare juice would be running all down my chin and my arms - and all down my friends' chins and arms. The fruit's cloy was almost palpable in the stuporous air, but the woman was near finished. She spit the pit neatly into her hand and tossed it into the garbage pail, her aim as precise as Leroy's. If I had that kind of joy, the girl thought, Lord knows I would wallow in the juice of it like there was no tomorrow, and I would save every bit of it, even the pit, even though it's poisonous.

The busdriver licked his lips over the fruity savor in the air, swigged down the last of his soda like a stern self-reproach, and stood up stiffly. "Folks," he called out to the old couple, "We're fixin to pull out." The farmer pecked his wife drily on the cheek, then lifted the suitcase - and staggering, dropped it abruptly, raising a puff of dust. "What chou got in there gal, rocks?"

His wife laid a hand on his shoulder. "You all right, honey?"

"Yeah. I reckon. It's ma damn back."

Her hand moved down toward his spine. "You ain't threw it out a-gin?" The whine rising, threatening, to her voice presaged a break into the high siren wail of forced hysteria: "An I ain't gonna be home to do things for you."

"Nah," he waved his hand in front of his face, dismissing the thought as though it were a fly; even as he winced in straightening up.

The busdriver rushed over to swoop up the suitcase. "This here is called service with a smile." The old man stiffened noticeably when the driver's dark meaty hand closed over his own on the suitcase handle. "Nah," he almost groaned, shaking his head so his jowls quivered. But the busdriver eased him with a solid tap on the hand. "All right, if that's what you want, but lookit, I been where you are before, an I know how it is. Yessirree, I grew up on my daddy's spread down in Johnston County, but I left there to drive for Greyhound because I was too puny and lazy to break my back plantin and primin like my

brothers and uncles and daddy's all doin now. I know you're a hardworkin man, so why don't you just give that back of yours a rest on the Sabbath?"

The old man was grinning now, but his wife broke in with a dry, wasp-evil voice: "Oh fer Chrissake, Earl, let the boy take ma bag." She had her hand planted on her hip, expecting the driver to take the suitcase.

So Earl relinquished the suitcase, and stood in the dust, quietly wiping his face as though to wipe the shame away. The girl watched the dust settle around him as he slapped the cloth and put it back into his pocket, and while he stood stockstill with his hands in his pockets, gazing blankly after the busdriver as he stowed the suitcase gently away in the steerage. She boarded the bus, and turned around to watch the old farmer trudge slackly toward the rusted car with a lowered head. In front of her the busdriver leaned on the steering wheel, and also watched, intoning a soft "Uh uh uh" as the old man struggled with the bashed-in door; while a few seats back the old woman fiddled with the seat cushions and rooted through her handbag. The driver waited for the Fairlane to get off down the highway before shifting into drive and pulling out of the station lot.

"Your husband goin home to rest?" The busdriver smiled back at the old woman from the mirror above his head.

"Shoot no he ain't," she returned stiffly, "He's goin to church."

He laughed, though the old woman's face stayed as puckered and sour as a frostbitten fruit. "Better watch out," the driver cautioned, "He might could throw his back out real bad if he gits too full of the Lord and starts dancin and jumpin around too much."

The old woman frowned. "We don do like that - we're Church of Christ, an we don git crazy happy like the nig..." She stopped and blushed. "...Black folks." (There it is, the girl gloated; there it is - the old poison, astir in the land once more: the serpent has raised its fanged head.)

The busdriver grinned - somewhat maliciously, the girl thought, though the old woman seemed not to notice. "Thet's all right, ma'am - I've heard that word plenty of times before, and said a lot meaner, too."

The old woman tittered in apology.

"You know though," the busdriver's voice was so free of guile, so smoothly void of all resentment, that, surprised, the girl glanced at his face - would it betray him? His eyes were still and dark on the bright road, his lips tucked firmly into composure. Who knew? Perhaps not even he. "You know," he repeated meditatively, "Useta be a church down the road from us; they praised the Lord with pois'nus snakes. Of course every now an then one of em got bit an died. The noises that came out of that church, sometimes useta give me the creeps - sometimes you'd wonder if it really was God they were worshipping."

The old woman replied (gratefully) that, yes, there were folks like that around here, too, only they used blowtorches. The busdriver whistled, "Jeezis"; and they both lapsed into a silence that would remain unbroken the whole way into Greensboro, the busdriver whistling through his teeth and twiddling with the radio, the old woman gazing serenely at the bus roof with her hands crossed in her lap.

ROBERT SCOTT GASSLER

My research interests have been focussing on what is coming to be called "social economics." That term refers to three things: the economics of the health, education, and welfare "industries"; the application of economic theory to "noneconomic" phenomena such as the family or the nuclear arms race; and the development of general frameworks (such as general systems theory) within which to analyze the interactions of economic, political, and social institutions.

What follows is from an early version of my dissertation, The Economics of Nonprofit Enterprise: Theory and Application. When I first submitted it, my committee and the others with whom I discussed it considered altruism a little too far afield both for an economist and for the dissertation. In recent years, however, the profession has seen a renewed interest in the study of "altruistic behavior." This summer the editor of the Praeger Grants Economics Series has recommended to the publisher that my dissertation be published in that series.

II. BENEVOLENCE AND THE THEORY OF INDIVIDUAL ECONOMIC BEHAVIOR

Introduction

The focus of this book is on nonprofit enterprises as organizations, but any theory of human organization must begin with assumptions about the behavior of individuals. In later chapters it will be assumed that certain economic agents act benevolently, so a short discussion of economic benevolence is in order here.

The term "benevolence" is used here, instead of the more common term "altruism," for two reasons. First, it has an opposite, "malevolence," which the other term does not. Second, it is less ambiguous: many economists use the term "altruism" to refer also to feelings that are ultimately self-centered, a usage we specifically exclude below.

This chapter attempts to accomplish two tasks. The first task is to establish that "economic benevolence" is not a

contradiction in terms but is a subject worthy of serious study. The second task is to lay the groundwork for certain parts of the arguments made in later chapters. Most of the discussion here is based on Collard [1978, chapters 2 and 12].

Benevolence vs. Selfishness: Alternative Views

A popular view of nonprofit enterprises in recent years both within and outside the economics profession, has been what can be called the cynic's view. Keating and Keating assert [1980, p. 48]:

> Administrators in not-for-profit firms try to maximize, among other things, the gap between the funds that they actually need to perform the minimum level of service expected and the total size of the budget.

Alchian and Allen provide an elaboration of this view in their use of the Rose Festival Association of Pasadena, California, as a "textbook case" [1977, p. 117]:

> But someone has to set the ticket price. The person in charge could set a low price, so that more seats are demanded than are available. He might then, by virtue of his position, secure tickets and resell some at higher market-clearing prices, thereby unethically diverting wealth to himself. Being moral, he certainly eschews this line of "gain" - and uses another. By underpricing the tickets, he gets some for himself more cheaply, releasing a bit of his own wealth for other uses. Also, an excess demand for tickets permits him to favor some applicants. The "right" people get tickets at a price less than they and others are willing to pay. In return, he is invited to the best places and clubs; and when he buys a car or furniture, past favors are fondly and effectively recalled.

The cynic's view has to a large degree replaced another view which was more popular in the past, the Polyanna's view. That view said that since nonprofit enterprises existed for the betterment of humanity and not for profit, they were therefore exempt from much of economic analysis, and we could therefore assume away any problems they had in helping society reach its collective optimum. The Polyanna's view is less popular these days and at its height was used mainly as a justification for government economic activity, which is its use today as well. No one - including its strongest supporters - seems to take it seriously except as a first approximation. Therefore it is not necessary to discuss it at length.

The cynic's view, on the other hand, is taken much more seriously by its followers. There are at least two weaknesses in the basic argument itself which are worth a bit of attention.

The first weakness is in the apparent circularity of the whole argument itself. Starting with the usual economic assumptions of individual selfishness and profit-maximization, the cynic tries to demonstrate that the participants in nonprofit enterprises are acting out of selfishness and profit maximization. The line of reasoning is reminiscent of the classical economist who argues that assuming full employment, economic theory shows that involuntary unemployment is impossible, or of the contemporary economist who tries to show that, in a regime of positive prices, "there is no such thing as a free lunch."

The second weakness in the cynic's view is that it begs the question of why nonprofit enterprises exist in the first place. Why would a selfish entrepreneur set up an organization as a nonprofit enterprise rather than a firm? (The discussion here is confined to nonprofit enterprises that perform a redistributive function. Other functions performed by nonprofit enterprises are discussed in Chapter IV.)

One answer that comes back is the tax laws. But why are the tax laws written to encourage nonprofit enterprises? Some say that it is because unscrupulous lawmakers want to deceive the gullible public into believing that nonprofit enterprises "do good" when they in fact do not. But then why would a selfish public care about "doing good"? If they were consciously selfish, they could not be gullible, and the sham would not be necessary. Others say the tax laws (and other laws) are the result of a complicated bargain between rich and poor classes. The poor think they are getting a lot and the rich think they are giving a little. But why would a bargain among selfish classes necessitate an organization other than a firm?

We are left with the conclusion that, for nonprofit enterprises to exist, someone in the society must think it is nice to be nice. As long as we believe that at least one individual is to some degree benevolent (and who of us would deny that for ourselves?), then it is only a small step to believing that people in general have benevolent as well as selfish motivations.

As a matter of fact, most economists seem to believe that people are capable of benevolent action on the individual level. Alchian and Allen themselves will be cited below as making that assertion; Hirshleifer's text contains several examples of this type of behavior [1980, pp. 81-83, 157-160, 545-546]. However, many economists fall back implicitly or explicitly onto a selfishness assumption when they look at individuals within organizations. They fail to remember Hirshleifer's own sharp words introducing his "positive" analysis of government:

> It is sometimes thought that the difference between behavior in the marketplace and behavior in the political sphere lies the realm of motives: self-interest is expected to be the governing force in economic decisions, while in their political decisions people are supposedly concerned primarily with the public interest. This naive view is rejected here. The individuals who interact in their economic decisions are the same people, with the same motives, as those engaging in or subject to political decisions. To compare and contrast political and economic behavior we must look not to differences of motives but to differences in the processes of human interaction - differences in the "rules of the game." [1980, p. 533, emphasis his]

Benevolence and Selfishness: The Middle View

This chapter explores certain implications of the simple assumption that individuals are not always selfish, but they can sometimes display benevolent behavior toward each other or toward society as a whole. (Indeed one can make no stronger assumption than that people possess some benevolent as well as selfish motives without running into logical problems. See Collard,

1978, p. 9.) Various forms of these benevolent feelings will be described and their consequences discussed.

The sources of these feelings, however, will not be discussed: we can think of them as arising from tradition or from a selfish desire for status in this world or a good spot in the next. They can even arise from some sort of genetic self-interest in maximizing chromasomal survival (See Becker, September 1976, and Barash, 1977). All these motives can have the same result: one person's pleasure depends on the pleasure or at least the consumption activity of another.

A succint argument for introduction of benevolence into economic analysis is given by Alchian and Allen [1977, p. 118. For an extended argument, see Collard, 1978, pp. 4-5]:

> The economics of charity or gifts may seem contradictory. How can people give gifts if they are assumed to be selfish? Selfishness, however, was not assumed (in this textbook): the postulates of economic theory do not say that man is concerned only about himself. Each of us can be, and is, concerned about other people's situations.

Arrow [1974, in Phelps, 1975, p. 17] distinguishes three categories of benevolence:

> (1) The welfare of each individual will depend both on his own satisfaction and on the satisfactions obtained by others. We have here in mind a positive relation, one of altruism rather than envy.
>
> (2) The welfare of each individual depends not only on the utilities of himself and others but also on his contributions to the utilities of others.
>
> (3) Each individual is, in some ultimate sense, motivated by purely egoistic satisfaction derived from the goods accruing to him, but there is an implicit social contract such that each performs duties for the other in a way calculated to enhance the satisfaction of all.

The present book excludes (3), leaving it for now to the public-choice economists. Actually, (3) is a special case of what Boulding [1973] calls "reciprocity," which is a type of intertemporal exchange at fuzzy terms of trade. If I do something nice for you now because I think you may do something nice for me in the future, that is reciprocity. If I do something nice for you and expect nothing in return, that is benevolence ("For greater love. . ."). Kurz in two papers on altruism [1977, 1978] is discussing reciprocity, not benevolence: in the 1978 paper he says "in an altruistic equilibrium all individuals act altruistically since it is in their individualistic best interest to act that way." The strategic behavior described by Schelling in his short 1978 AER article is merely an elaboration of the selfishness theme.

The point of view taken here is a difficult one to take, as are many middle-ground positions. The attempt will be to incorporate both the selfish and the benevolent motives into a model of individual economic behavior. (A perfectly general theory would have to include at least two other motives: pure malevolence, which is more or less the opposite of altruism, and combined motives, such as cause a parent to punish a child "for your own good" or a voter to favor taxation for a new public project. See Boulding, 1973, p. 34.) As it turns out, this will involve not only the tradeoff between own consumption and consumption by others, but also, as we shall see later, tradeoffs between own leisure (or other reserved input) and production of a good for another.

Evidence for Benevolence

Most economists are not used to looking for evidence of benevolence, but some have recently decided that there is a lot of it going around. Phelps [1975, p. 2] writes:

> The range of altruistic behavior, in what we commonly interpret as such, is impressive. It is sometimes exhibited (for good or ill) by buyers and sellers in the marketplace. The presence of altruistic behavior, as economic behavior in general, is even more pronounced away from commercial settings. More than half of the American population depend for their security and material satisfctions not upon the sale of their services but rather upon their relationships to others.

Kenneth Arrow [1974, in Phelps, 1975, pp. 16-17] reports on the findings of Richard Titmuss in his comparative study of provision of blood for transfusions [1971]:

> A rough impression of the fragmentary United States data together with that for the United Kingdom suggests that unpaid donations are distributed among socio-economic classes more or less in proportion to the relative size of each class. Paid donors, on the contrary, are drawn almost exclusively from the lower-income categories, including the unemployed.

So benevolence, at least with respect to blood donations, is distributed evenly among social classes. If one bought the claim that the value of time is higher for those with higher incomes,then one could argue that the even distribution indicates that the wealthy are more benevolent that the poor (i.e., that benevolence is a superior good). However, in the U.S. at least, there are enough rigidities and lumps in the labor market (fixed hours per week, etc.) and enough blood drives during working hours to weaken this argument considerably.

Notice that as economists we are not concerned with "how much" benevolence there is compared with "how much" selfishness. We are concerned with the questions: if benevolence exists at all, what affects it, what does it affect, and how is it related to the economy as a whole? Arrow confuses things a bit when he says [1974, in Phelps, 1975, p. 17]:

> Even in the United Kingdom (where all blood donations are unpaid) the percentage of the eligible population that gives blood is actually very small, only six percent according to Titmuss's estimates. Titmuss does not comment on this fact. The picture of a broadly altruistic society seems somewhat blurred when we realize what a small fraction of the population is in fact functioning altruistically.

Not at all. To find the scope of benevolence in an economy, one has to look at all benevolent activities, not simply those in one "industry." One could as well ask whether the fact that there are so few diamond dealers in the U.S. and U.K. (what percentage of the population?) means that people are not motivated very much by self-interest and profit.

Individual Welfare

In order to discuss benevolence more precisely, additional terminology is required. Collard [p.18] distinguishes an individual's "private preferences" and "social preferences." Let

us postulate the existence of an "individual welfare function" which would incorporate both selfish and benevolent motives. (A more general formulation would also include benevolent, or even combined, motives.) That term will be used here, and different formulations of the individual welfare function will be discussed.

Let $U_i(q_{i1},\ldots,q_{im})$ be the individual (selfish) utility function of person i, defined over m attributable commodities. An attributable commodity [Collard, 1978, pp. 7-8] is one of which the consumption by each individual can be separated from that by any other individual. "Public goods" are non-attributable commodities. Collard [p. 8] points out that for non-attributable goods, the distinction between selfish and benevolent motives is blurred. We assume attributability for simplicity and will relax that assumption in later chapters.

We then define two types of individual welfare functions for person i, following Collard [pp. 7-8]. The first is the utility-related individual-welfare function.

$W_i(U_1(q_{11},\ldots,q_{1m}),\ldots,U_i(q_{i1},\ldots q_{im}),\ldots,(q_{ni},\ldots,q_{nm}))$, defined over the utilities of all individuals including the ith. The difference between W and U captures the person's purely selfish motives, but W includes not only selfish but benevolent, envious, and other higher (or lower) motives in what Edgeworth [1881, p. 103] calls a "cool moment." In practice, some sort of average income distribution to various classifications of other persons might be a more realistic representation, or one such as Alchian and Allen describe [1977, pp. 118-119, emphasis theirs]:

> I would prefer other people to be richer than poorer, even if it costs me something. I would give them a dollar if my personal use of it meant less to me than would its increase of their wealth - in my assessment of a most preferred situation. The larger my wealth relative to the poor, the greater my willingness to contribute to the poor, just as a larger amount of candy increases my willingness to give up candy for cokes. This implies the richer contribute more to the poor; and they do. Furthermore, "matching grants" would induce me to give still more, because each dollar I give up gets more than a dollar to the poor. This implies that matching grants would be commonly observed in charity; and they are.

Collard [p. 9] refers to what he calls the "after-you problem," which applies to behavior motivated by functions of this type. If everyone were interested in giving all others what they want, no one would have decided what the "others" want, and the solution is indeterminate. A high-school teacher in Central Texas was fond of saying, "we are all here for a purpose, and that purpose is to help others." Help others do what? To avoid this problem Collard assumes that

$$\frac{\partial W_i}{\partial U_j} < 1, \quad i = j.$$

In other words, we do not love our neighbors as ourselves; at the margin we love them less.

An important advantage of this type of individual-welfare function is that it is subject to what Collard calls the "non-twisting theorem" [pp. 12-13, 21]. This says that, if individual-welfare functions for all individuals are of the utility-related type, "then the conditions for efficient exchange

are precisely those in the selfish case." This implies that competitive equilibrium is sufficient to achieve an optimum and alternatives to the market are not necessary [pp. 12-13].

The most obvious disadvantage of this type of function is that it assumes the measurability by each individual of everyone else's utility functions. Not only does this require people to be able to do what economists have claimed for decades to be themselves unable to do, it also requires each individual to be able to tell the difference between other peoples' utility (which is what enters into the individual-welfare function) and their individual welfare (which is what is revealed by their behavior). The measurability assumptions are compounded.

Kenneth Boulding could have this type of function in mind when he says [1973, p. 12]:

> The willingness to make grants, indeed, depends on two main factors:one, the perception of the efficiency of the grant; and the other, the degree of identification with the welfare of the recipient, that is the degree of benevolence. . .

(His definition of efficiency, p. 11, differs from ours.)

In our notation, the first factor is $\frac{\partial U_j}{\partial q_{ik}}$ and the second is $\frac{\partial W_i}{\partial U_j}$.

The second type of function is the <u>commodity-related individual-welfare function</u> for individual i:

$$V_i(q_{11},\ldots,q_{1m},\ldots,q_{i1},\ldots,q_{im},\ldots,q_{n1},\ldots,q_{nm})$$

which is defined directly over the allocations of each commodity to each individual, including the ith. Again, some sort of averaging and aggregating might be more realistic, but here we assume precision.

A disadvantage of this formulation is that by leaving out everyone's utility functions, it may seem to imply a disregard for other people's happiness, which is the opposite of what we think of as benevolence. It is this property which leads Collard and others to label this "meddlesome" or "paternalistic." However, if it is impossible for a benevolent individual to measure other peoples' happiness, then the next-best solution may be to measure their consumption and take a guess as to what relation it has to their utility. If the morally preferred formulation is impossible, then we should be slow to condemn the one that is left.

The more important characteristic of this function is that it is subject to the "twisting theorem" [Collard, 1978, pp. 124-125]. Pareto-optimal allocations in an economy of commodity-related individual-welfare maximizers bear no particular relationship to those that would exist if the individuals were all selfish. Therefore competitive equilibrium does not imply Pareto optimality, and other mechanisms have to be devised for reaching a Pareto-optimal solution.

Collard points out that the commodity-related (paternalistic) formulation has realism to recommend it [1978, p. 122]:

> The overwhelming weight of impressionistic evidence is that people are concerned less with other people's incomes or utilities than with their consumption of specific commodities. Any reader

> who believes himself to be entirely non-paternalistic in his concern is asked to perform the following mental experiment: I notice that my neighbour is badly fed and badly clothed so I give him some money which he then spends on beer and tobacco. Do I feel entirely happy about this or do I somehow feel that my intentions have been thwarted?

Collard goes on [p. 123] to provide more quantitative evidence, citing Hochman and Rodgers' 1970 estimates that the percentage of redistribution "that seems to be made up of transfers in kind" is 42 in the U.S. and 50 in the United Kingdom.

Benevolence and Professionalism

So far altruism has been discussed as though it had to do only with attitudes toward redistribution of income in kind or in cash. It might also be useful to see it in more general terms. If concern for society as a whole is really what benevolence is about, then it could include feelings about the legal and socio-political framework of the economy and the quality of work done whether or not the work is rewarded "properly" in the marketplace.

It is not difficult, for example, to see "professionalism" as a particular. For example, professionals place greater value than others on building trust between supplier and demander. This helps to over come the problem that supplier and demander differ greatly in the degree of information they possess: the professional is often taught that it is part of his or her role to attempt as much as possible to follow the interests of the client, sometimes when the client may not even know what those interests are.

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Conclusion

The notion of benevolence is not only appropriate for the neoclassical framework, it can also be used as a means of extending it, not only to areas such as welfare economics where it has resided in many forms before, but also to make some sense out of activities which involve social functions we have not always classified as economic. More on the economic functions of nonprofit enterprises will be said below in the chapter on nonprofit enterprise in the economy. We now turn to the question of how to characterize the objectives of the nonprofit enterprise itself.

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SHERIDAN A. SIMON

THE LAST LIBRARIAN

There was a dim squeaking, rhymthmic and repetitive, as the librarian moved through the silent stacks. It was the kind of sound that might be made by rubber heels on a freshly-polished floor, but that wasn't what caused it.

The librarian paused at the door of the Reading Room, glancing at the few patrons sitting at the tables. Mr. Gelberstein, his age-speckled index finger marking his place as he read the difficult Old English of the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in the large facsimile edition. Plump, white-haired Mrs. O'Neill with her favorite, the oversized illustrated edition of The Wizard of Oz. All the other regular visitors to the library, at their tables and in the comfortable leather-covered chairs under the pleasant glareless lighting. The trees outside had become bare-limbed over the last week or so, the librarian thought; soon there would be an excuse to light a fire in the Reading Room's ancient log-burning fireplace. The patrons would like that.

The librarian turned towards the front of the library, intending to take the customary position behind the polished mahogany of the Circulation Desk. It was necessary every day, just after lunch, to take a few minutes to reshelve whatever books had been left in the Return slot the previous day. It meant leaving the front entrance unattended for fifteen or twenty minutes but, the librarian reasoned, that could scarcely be helped. The city government provided no assistants at all these days, not even the funds for necessary fumigation of the stacks.

It was sad, it was sad; there had been a day when the library had been staffed with not just a director but four other qualified professionals as well. They were all gone, now. The librarian had agonized over their shortcomings and painfully turned a blind eye to their lapses in professionalism, but now would have had them back gladly. Despite the regular patrons it was lonely. There were no longer even other directors of area libraries to commiserate with, these last five years. None, in fact, in the whole world.

It was a sad but noble burden, to be the last librarian on earth.

As the librarian moved towards the Circulation Desk there was motion at the front entrance. A patron was entering. It took but a moment to review the faces in the Reading Room. All the regulars were already there. The librarian felt a burst of excitement; this must be someone new. Hopefully not another elementary school teacher eager to lead a tribe of noisy, grubby childrenm through the neatly kept stacks and the peaceful domain of the Reading Room. He was convinced that the last such visit was the one that had brought in those pests that were infesting the bindings of some of the older books. Surely they had never been there in the Old Days. Surely one of the staff would have reported the problem. The patron that pushed open the front door and looked about frowning did not have the air of an elementary school teacher, however. He was a young man in a neat suit and polished shoes, carrying in one hand a hollow tube ten centimeters long, a rolled up computer. His eyes met those of the librarian, and the librarian flinched. Those were not the eyes of a patron.

"Are you in charge here?" The man's voice was almost as cold as his eyes.

"I am," said the librarian nervously. Could he be from the Health Department? Had someone complained about the pests in the books? Surely not one of the regular patrons!

The man strode over to the patrons' side of the Circulation Desk, beckoning perfunctorily. Filled with trepidation, the librarian moved up beside him as he unrolled the computer. It was a standard model, with key-spaces marked in rows at the bottom and most of the ten-by-twenty centimeter rectangle taken up by the read-write screen. The man looked over grimly.

"I represent the Federal Magistrate's Office. I formally request that you input your professional ID for transmission of an official communication."

"What is this about? I haven't committed any--"

The protest trailed off as the young man's stony glare wilted resistance. The fourteen digits were tapped out, followed by RETURN. There was embarrassment and shame and not a little anger. Did the young man have no respect for an ancient and honorable profession? For the world's last librarian? The librarian thought despairingly of Caesar's assault on the great collection of ancient records at Alexandria.

While he was mulling this the liquid crystal screen of the unrolled computer brightened with line after line of closely-written text. The librarian read rapidly, a sinking feeling becoming more and more intense as line after line was absorbed.

The Federal Magistrate was about to issue an underused city facility over to the Department of the Inferior. The facility in mind was the city library. It was to be condemned. demolished, and the ground it stood on devoted to more socially relevant facilities. The librarian was invited to show cause why this order should not be executed. The time limit mentioned was twenty-four hours.

* * * * *

The judge was an elderly man with distinguished demeanor, but the counsel for the government was a tall, bald, arrogant

fellow who smirked at the librarian in open contempt. The judge and the counsel alike had been incredulous when the librarian appeared in court without representation, but there were no funds available for retaining lawyers. There were not even funds for a qualified exterminator. The librarian had tried to plead on humanitarian grounds that the library was too important to its patrons' mental health to be closed down, even on cultural grounds that the building should be preserved as a relic of the past. But the counsel had smashed his arguments each time; they had no basis in law.

The judge's voice was dry but gentle in answer to the librarian's question. "The suggestion for the demolition originated with the attorneys representing the Snail Darter Society, though that is hardly relevant."

"Your honor, does that mean that the library property will be turned into a zoo?"

The judge looked slightly embarrassed. "Hardly a zoo, Mr., ah, Director. You know that we are legally obligated to provide a sanctuary for endangered species. Only one type of animal or plant will be housed on the property."

"B-but Your Honor, the library contains the last collection of books on earth. The very last. All the rest have been converted to electronic storage."

The judge looked regretful. He was very old, the librarian thought; perhaps he might remember the joys of real books himself, though he had certainly never patronized the library.

"All those books we've preserved with such love, all those old people who so enjoy using them. It's such a small thing to place the new facility elsewhere, Your Honor. The patrons are so happy, and so little makes them happy these days--"

The counsel broke in stridently. "That is an irrelevant matter, Your Honor. The law is very clear on the necessity of defending the existence of wildlife threatened by our ever-increasing rape of our environment. Our mechanistic worship of blind technology has made us lose all appreciation for life. We all bear collective guilt in the extinction of the passenger pigeon, the moa, and, the, uh, the, uh, mastodon. Can I respectfully request we proceed with this, ah, gentleman's grounds for dismissing the demolition action?"

The judge regarded the librarian sadly. "Sustained. Could you get on with it, please?"

The librarian felt admonished despite himself. No one wanted to be responsible for the eradication of some harmless, furry creature trying to eke out a perilous existence in a concrete-covered world. "Your--Your Honor, can you at least tell me the grounds? I mean, what species--"

"The court was not informed of the species to be sheltered in the new facility after the dedicated staff and elderly patrons are summarily ejected. Perhaps counsel for the government could provide that information?"

The bald man's smirk became a bit less arrogant. But only a bit. "It, uh, has not been finally decided, Your Honor. Either horse leeches or fire ants."

The librarian was stricken speechless for a moment while the judge gazed heavenward. "Couldn't either be placed in some other facility with some other species?"

This time the counsel's voice was smooth. "The precedent is United States vs. New York Public Library, Your Honor. The decision was that the entire facility must be preserved for the organisms responsible for leprosy and a separate but equal facility be established for those producing the Black Death. If I recall, the library of Harvard University proved adequate."

The judge nodded slowly, then turned to the librarian. "I'm afraid I shall have to rule against you unless you have any additional arguments to present." There was a clear note of pity in his voice.

"Nothing I've said makes any difference?"

The judge shook his head, glanced sidelong at the government counsel with his superior smile. "I'm afraid that the only grounds recognized for refusing the government's request would be that the proposed site of the wildlife sanctuary already harbors a species on the edge of extinction."

The last librarian heaved a sigh of relief. Everything was going to be all right.

* * * * *

The librarian took the last of the necessary photographs and pressed the button on the camera that transmitted the image to the national data net. The heavy old volume was closed carefully and respectfully. The librarian had no desire to injure either the brittle binding or its inhabitant, one of the dying race of bookworms.

As the librarian carried the massive Old Testament back into the stacks there was a rhythmic squeaking. It wasn't very loud, but this time the librarian noticed it and stopped. One eye extended downward to look under the smooth plastic chassis, but the sound was unmistakable. The front axle needed new bearings, no doubt about it.

WILLIAM BURRIS

ROOMS

1

We have sleep, darkness and women
To make us whole,
To give us rest and solitude,
Release and progeny;
Driven to see beyond,
We add wine and poetry
Then gorge ourselves
In search of paradise.

Like small creatures of the wood
We venture out
And find ourselves trapped
In open spaces;
A moment's hesitation,
A misperception, a wrong turning,
And all is put to risk.

2

Self and virtue
Lie clasped in one another's arms
Like stars that stream across the night
In brilliant pools of constant motion.
They stand a million miles apart,
Yet, like magnets
They shape the spheres in which we move
And grant rewards in equal measure.
Young and free and self-obsessed,
We ignore vital distinctions
As each rare gem illuminates
The tender touch of all things near.
At first light we turn away
And deny the truth of polar distance;
Nothing must ever be allowed
To end our dance among the stars.

3

I know myself as a man born old
Who stood apart from the rites of spring,
Who spurned soft gifts so freely given
By a heart more pure than mine.
As a youth I knew my Psyche well
But kept it bound to a brooding dream;
There were no vows to stay my musings,
Just a distant voice of somber tone.
That voice still haunts my aging fancy
And mocks the joy of life returning,
Of mirth and sweets and songs for singing
That were never sung so long ago.

4

Let me be free of troubled sleep
In the last gray hour of the coming dawn,
And return to the dark of a night of dreaming
Where nothing is ever remembered.
The seasons change with the morning light
When the sky is pale and dank with rain;
The leaves that cling will be dead tomorrow
Like the hopes of today and yesterday.
Let me go back to my tousled bed
And hide myself in the night now gone,
And find some cure in a dream remembered,
Some balm for the loss of familiar things.

5

At unexpected moments we break free
And move beyond ourselves
To an indefinite world of our own imagining;
This world, dimly seen and dreamed of,
Looms serene and beautiful
Against a promised future gone awry.
But this new awakening
Retains the scent of all things past:
Sounds, sleep, and touches that linger
In the deepest caverns of our senses;
Like ships outward bound - the lights
The shoals, the safe markers slip behind us,
Only to reappear and strike us down
In the far reaches of the open sea.

6

Like homeless ghosts,
A half-a-hundred winters past
Prowl in search of empty rooms
To hide themselves in final sleep.
We watch to see some face we know,
Some smile, some touch, some glancing tear,
Some part of us that slipped away
But lingers close within our reach.
We cling to what has gone before
To tune our minds to all things new,
To help explain the unfamiliar
And link today to yesterday.
But a winter's day, a winter's year
Contain themselves in last repose;
We cannot call them back again
To share the chill of an early spring.

ELIZABETH FARQUHAR

This article was adapted from a lecture on "The Book of Daniel and Apocalyptic Literature" given to Kallah Aleph, an adult study group of Temple Sinai, Washington, D. C. It can be described as a work in progress in several senses. First, it still needs some work. Second, my views on Messianism are always changing, so in that sense the article remains unfinished. Two footnotes that purists might consider helpful: the "Tanach" is the name of the Jewish Bible which Christians refer to as the Old Testament. It is an acronym derived from the first letters of the Hebrew words for Torah, prophets and writings; the quotations are all from the Jewish Publication Society translation 1955 edition. One other historical note: the rededication of the Temple by the Maccabees occurred on 15 Kislev 165 Before the Common Era (B.C.E.).

MESSIANISM IN THE BOOK OF DANIEL

One of the most important parts of modern Judaism that comes down to us from and after the time of the Exile is Messianism. I think Reform Jews have essentially reserved judgment on whether there is a "person" called the "Messiah" who will come at some time to intervene in history and bring peace and prosperity. Reform Jews can probably all agree that if there is to be a "Messianic Era" it is up to us to try to create the conditions that would give rise to such an era. The people who lived in Palestine after the exile did not see it that way. The prophets Haggai and Zechariah believed that the restoration of the Temple would bring about the messianic era. Malachi spoke of cataclysmic events and a divine messenger. We describe these writings which speak of the end of time as "apocalyptic." There are several places in the Tanach where such material appears, but the book which contains the greatest amount of apocalyptic material is the book of Daniel. This book is not considered part of the prophets. It is part of the writings called in Greek, Hagiographa. It is the latest book to be made part of the canon.

The book of Daniel can be placed historically rather precisely. The reason for this is that the events described by the author of Daniel which occurred during the Exile are not

historically accurate, while the events which occurred in 168 B.C.E. and immediately before are described in minute and very accurate detail. It was apparently after the beginning of the Maccabean revolution but probably before the rededication of the Temple that the book appeared. It is possible that the author of the book had a collection of stories, probably written in the third century in Aramaic. The book falls naturally into two sections: Chapters 1-6 which are stories about Daniel and his companions; and chapters 7-12 which contain Daniel's visions. The book is written in both Hebrew and Aramaic, which does not follow the sections. The Aramaic section is from Chapter 2:4b - Chapter 7:28.

Who was Daniel or Danel? We do not know. In the time in which this book was written it was the practice to use the name of an ancient and respected person rather than one's own, to give credibility to one's writing. Therefore, the author was probably not someone named Daniel. The name Daniel was borne by an ancient hero of the 14th century B.C.E. who is mentioned in the Ras Shamra tablets found at Ugarit in 1929. I Chronicles 3:1 refers to Daniel as a son of David and Abigail. It was also the name of a man famed for his piety and wisdom who returned with Ezra from the exile in Babylon.

The general didactic purpose of the book was to keep the people faithful, to give them courage to go on with the struggle.

There are two particular visions in the second half of the book, the images from which have come down to us and colored our thinking about messianism. The first of these appears in Chapter 7. There is a description of a vision of horned beasts which allegorically describe Babylon, Medea, Persia and Syria and the downfall of Antiochus Epiphanes who was, at the time the book was written, actively seeking to destroy the practice of Judaism by making it a capital offense to follow any of the ritual practices or to possess a Torah. The author goes on to describe a vision of a heavenly court at which "one that was ancient of days" with clothing white as snow, hair like pure wool and a fiery throne, presides. In verses 13 and 14 we read:

> . . . And, behold, there came with the clouds of heaven One like unto a son of man, And he came even to the Ancient of days, And he was brought near before Him. And there was given him dominion, And glory, and a kingdom That all the peoples, nations, and languages Should serve him; His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, And his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.

This passage has always been problematic for Jews since Jesus is referred to as the "son of man" in the New Testament. Jewish commentators agree that the people of Israel is meant. They reach this conclusion by reference to verse 18, in which we read: "But the saints of the Most High shall receive the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever." Even most Christian authors agree that the phrase "son of man" as used here was not intended to apply to Jesus. According to the New English Bible, the phrase does not carry here all the levels of meaning it later acquired.

The other reference in the book of Daniel which has present day significance appears in the first four verses of Chapter 12. Reference is made to a time of trouble, "such as never was since

there was a nation even to that same time. . . " When that time comes "many of them who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to reproaches and everlasting abhorrence" (Verse 2). The ones who will wake are "everyone that shall be found written in the book [of pious and loyal Jews]" (Verse 1). This language about the resurrection of the dead appears only here in the entire Old Testament. It appears clear that it was a reference to individual reward and punishment and not a collective Day of Yahweh as had been predicted by many of the prophets. Verse 1 also states that the angel Michael, guardian angel of Israel, will be present at the time of resurrection.

The Book of Daniel served as the forerunner of the writings which are today referred to as Pseudepigrapha. These are a collection of writings which contain a great deal of apocalyptic material about a personal messiah who will be the judge on a cosmic Day of Judgment. One of them, the Book of Enoch, refers to the messiah as a white buffalo and states that on the Day of Judgment all the righteous will be turned into white bulls.

The Book of Daniel is one of the first places where messianism is identified with eschatology, not in the sense of the end of history but in the sense of life after death. The notion of resurrection of the dead was, of course, one of the main beliefs of the Pharisees, the progenitors of rabbinic Judaism as we know it today.

From now on, when you think of the book of Daniel, you will remember that there is a lot more to it than the fiery furnace and the lion's den!

ALICE JOHNSON

I have always understood silence. As a child I spent the largest part of my time watching people and events around me, silently recording everything in my mental scrapbook. I write and think metaphorically and thoughts come to me almost as still, frozen moments.

As a child growing up in the fifties in New Orleans, I was acutely aware of the ironies and discrepancies of life: the grotesque, the humor, and the inevitable sorrows - each feeding on the other. As I assimilated this world and its images I concluded that the most bizarre events had become commonplace, and vice-versa.

This piece of writing is the cutting and pasting of my childhood scrapbook. My project began in Carter Delafield's course on Children's Literature and took a more definite form under the guidance of Ann Deagon. My imagination has reshaped, magnified, and re-colored small glimpses of the private worlds I entered as a child. An overheard conversation in a restaurant would be the seed for a chapter, a slice of an event which I would then reconstruct with characters and places totally unknown to me.

This portion of a chapter is pared down because of its original lengthiness. What might need some explanation is the child/adult's motive for venturing into such ominous environments. Like a small ghost, Emily weaves in and out of her environs primarily to escape the oppressiveness of her own surroundings. She has only the small sphere of her immediate neighborhood to gather information about the puzzling world in which she lives. Her distorted and dream-like perceptions are those of a child emerging into adulthood. Tentatively, I have chosen as title for this novel: Exclusive Places.

EXCLUSIVE PLACES

Emily remembered the first time that she had been inside Coco's house. She had had the same feeling that she had when she went into a grand, past-elegant theater. It was so dark in Coco's that Emily half expected a lady with a flashlight to guide her through the rooms. Like old theaters, Coco's house had

vacuumed, but the smells of past parties hung about the heavily curtained windows: perfume, cigarette smoke and bourbon, eau de theatre, eau de soirée. Only someone totally familiar or blind could navigate the halls and corridors of Coco's. Emily's eyes could never seem to adjust to that degree of darkness as she turned corners just barely missing large screens and nearly knocking over Chinese vases. She wondered just what the large rooms did contain. Since Coco stayed mostly in her "boudoir" as she called it, she wondered if even Coco knew what was in these rooms of gloom.

Years before, Coco's daughter Artemise had moved back from the Delta to New Orleans. Artemise had made a social call one afternoon bringing her daughters Suzanne and little Coco. Emily and Suzanne watched each other mutely as their mothers engaged in painful conversation. Artemise had come to establish that she was back in New Orleans and Emily's mother, while courteous, was more absorbed with the small child who was opening drawers and in general making havoc of her tightly organized living room. Since that time whenever Artemise had "dumped" Suzanne at Coco's house down the street, Suzanne habitually called Emily to come down and keep her company. While she didn't particularly want to be around Suzanne, Emily always hoped that Suzanne would conjure up the nerve to accompany her into the back rooms of the enormous house.

Emily always waited at the bottom of the steps and called up to her friend, hoping that her voice would be heard over the noise of the air condition units. With the dark oak bannister as their mutual guide they would meet on the landing, the plateau of safety between the two floors. There was always a moment of relief when their bodies would collide and usually they would break into nervous laughter. Once they met at an unexpected spot and Suzanne screamed, awakening and enraging Coco.

The reason that they had to scream in whispers was that Coco was always sleeping, or so it seemed. Emily never could get it straight what Coco's pattern of waking and sleeping was. She never got out of her negligees. When Emily first started coming to visit she surmised that Coco was very ill, which was why she stayed in bed all the time. Only once in the many years that she had been coming there had she seen Coco dressed, and it was such a shock that Emily had inquired of her if her health was better. Coco had replied with a puzzled expression that she was going to a funeral. Once Coco had asked Emily to get her a new negligee out of the dressing room. Emily was dumbfounded when she opened the closet doors to discover nothing but negligees - rows and rows of gossamer gowns and matching robes, some with lace, some with fur, all very low cut, smelling like Coco's house, that same smell of wealth. "Your dressing room smells like a Cadillac," Emily had remarked innocently. Coco seemed to find this remark extremely amusing. Emily never knew what would provoke laughter in Coco - in fact, she never knew what Coco was thinking because during the day, unless Uncle Julian was visiting, Coco wore a satin mask over her eyes. Emily liked the pink one best. To her knowledge there were seven with a lot of extra black ones. The black ones intrigued her the most. She wanted to take one for playing blind man's bluff but did not dare risk it for fear of arousing Coco's terrible temper.

When she came over, if Coco was awake, Emily went in to "visit." She would sit and converse with Coco, or rather Coco would drift in and out of conversations. Because her mask covered her eyes, Emily never knew whether Coco was asleep or awake. When Coco wanted to terminate the conversation, she simply rolled over so that her backside was to Emily's face. Emily was astonished the first time that she found herself talking to mounds of pink, veiled flesh. It was like trying to converse politely with a rump roast. Unlike her own parents, Coco never tried to disguise the fact that she was always nude. Even when she put the gowns over her nightgown, her features were completely visible without squinting or imagining. Her large, pendulous breasts hung down to her waist, so that her shoulders seemed rather thin. While her arms and legs were quite small, the rest of her fleshed out - she never quite fit together properly and Emily assumed it was because she had been in bed for so long. She simply did not need her arms and legs very much. The day that Emily had seen Coco dressed she was absolutely amazed at the transformation. Coco had pushed her breasts up to where they should have been and pulled her behind in so that the whole effect was that she had somehow discovered her former body in the middle of the night.

Emily had made a fool of herself once on a field trip to an art gallery by declaring in front of a Reubens: "I know that lady!" She was confused by the outburst of laughter and went into a deep silence for the rest of the tour. When she got home she told her friend Camille, who laughed louder and longer than the tour director. Even as a child, Camille had always had a lot more savvy when it came to matters of the flesh. She explained to Emily that Coco's husband was a big oil baron and when he died he arranged it that if she ever remarried, she would lose all that wealth. This accounted for all the men that were in and out of Coco's house. In a voice half to herself Emily said, "You mean those aren't her brothers?" This made Camille almost fall out with laughter. "Brothers!" Emily explained that when she came over to visit, Coco had always said to kiss Uncle Julian, or go kiss Uncle Howard. Emily assumed that the term uncle meant that they must be related to Coco. It also fit neatly in with Emily's theory that Coco was sick and required visiting and cheering up. She felt like a fool when Camille illuminated the whole situation.

Emily wondered if Suzanne knew all the intimate details of her grandmother's legacy. She wondered if Suzanne even cared. Large and bovine, Suzanne was slow to respond to conversation. It wasn't as if she were thinking to herself, it was more that she didn't connect somehow. Emily wondered if Suzanne ever stopped chewing gum. Sometimes Emily imagined that the gum was what kept her alive, like some sort of support system that reminded her to breathe and keep her eyes open. Often it was the only indication that Suzanne was alive. Still, going to Coco's was interesting and a way for Emily to get out of her own house for awhile. She and Suzanne would have minimal conversations. Suzanne loved watching T.V.; Emily did not. But they sat silently in the only room in the house that had light pouring into it: the solarium. Emily would drink coffee and watch the Beverly Hillbillies and smoke one cigarette after another. After a while she felt like she didn't even need to smoke, as the air

conditioner sucked in the vapors and then blew them back at her. Pretty soon breathing the air was the same thing as smoking, only not as enjoyable. Every drawer in the house, it seemed, was filled with cartons of Kents. Once Emily opened a drawer downstairs in search of a package of cigarettes and found one with dried blood all over it. Slowly Suzanne closed the drawer, without explanation.

Over the years a pattern had been established between the two girls. Around 5:00 Suzanne would become restless. Suzanne knew that her mother would be coming over to Coco's soon and then all hell would be breaking loose. Suzanne started asking Emily to spend the night. Emily would be vague and try to think of some reason why she could not, Suzanne would persist, and finally out of exhaustion Emily would telephone and ask for permission. While it irritated Emily to be caught in this situation simultaneously she understood that she was serving in the capacity of a bodyguard for Suzanne. Emily shuddered to think what would happen to Suzanne if she did not stay. There was some quality about Suzanne that almost invited violence. Suzanne always looked like the person who was going to be the one who "got it" in a horror film. The one that opened that special wrong door at exactly the wrong time, or that innocently and stupidly asked the man with the knife what time it was. Emily could see that her mere presence was a challenge to some sort of sick person. She was, in short, prey. Apparently, both Suzanne's mother and grandmother had this same feeling about her. Whenever they got into a fight, which was every time they had been drinking together, Suzanne was called in and used like a silent butler to nod at the right times, to verify, to stand and look and most of all to clean up. This particular evening the two of them could hear the fight escalating in the boudoir. Suzanne nervously took out her new bottle of "Paint the Town Pink" and started doing her toenails. Even after both feet were painted, the fight was still on. It looked like they were in for a long siege. Emily wondered what it was tonight. Usually it was about Suzanne's father or the fact that her mother, Artemise, drank too much. It could be that they were going over the fine points of how much money Coco had given Artemise's brother, Peyton - "the golden boy," she called him. Or it could be that Artemise was calling her mother a slut. That was their usual finale.

"You had to go off and marry that thick-necked bull from the Delta, damnit, Artemise. He was so stupid he couldn't even have a house moved properly. He dropped a plantation. God knows how any human being could ever be so stupid. He dropped it over six acres of land for Chrissake, the clumsy fool! You are a joke in this town, do you know that? Don't you know that everyone in this town talks about your husband dropping that plantation he bought for you? Who the hell ever heard of moving a plantation anyway? Moving it out to that God-forsaken field and <u>dropping</u> it - how can you have the nerve to show your face? You know everything in the Delta comes right down to New Orleans almost the minute it happens. To think that I gave you money for a wedding present and that's what you did with it, you stupid idiot! You deserve to live in new Metairie and I'm not giving you one single cent more."

"Oh, no, Mother, you wouldn't anyway. You already gave it to the golden boy, the perfect boy, your sweet little Mr. Perfection who can do no wrong. Married a nice girl from the Garden District, as sweet as a water moccasin - comes over here and kisses your fat ass every Sunday and you all eat consommé together and she tells you how lovely you look and ignores the fact that your tits are hanging in the consommé. Besides I'm not married to Buford anymore. I left him right after that mess with the plantation - at least I had the sense to do that. Mr. Perfect is going to stay married to that little Spider-Woman from First Street till they own everything and I'm out in the cold and they won't give me or my children a single penny. How can I send them to good schools on what you give me? You never think of anybody but yourself and Mr. Perfect and that bitch he married. You're nicer to her than you are to me, and I'm your own flesh and blood. Screw you, Mother, and screw your money and screw your lovers - no, you do that quite well. That is about the only thing you can do right! Sitting up here day after day in your negligee waiting for them. Sleeping all day and staying up all night - don't lecture me, you hypocrite! I suppose you think that your daughter-in-law is always as sweet and considerate as she is on Sunday at lunch. Talk about a joke! I heard her once at the New Orleans Country Club going on and on about the cross she had to bear - so there, Mother, that's what you are to her, a cross to bear. Isn't it just wonderful and Christian of her to pray for your black soul every Sunday, isn't it just wonderful to have such a holy presence in this...<u>whorehouse</u>!"

At the end of this Emily and Suzanne heard a great shattering of glass. They exchanged an anxious glance, their first mutual acknowledgement of the argument. Emily started to ask, "What was that?" when the air cracked with a scream from Artemise:

"SOU-<u>ZA</u>-YUN!"

Slowly Suzanne looked at Emily. As if orderlies in a hospital, the two of them started for the gilded boudoir. Although they had no stretcher, they almost always expected to find blood spilled.

The grotesque scene which they found upon opening the door was more or less what they had expected. Artemise had, in a fit of pique, thrown the wedding picture of Peyton and "Kit" (short for Kitten, short for Catherine) against the wall. The 5 X 7 had splintered and hidden itself in the white shag rug in front of the fireplace. In picking it up, Suzanne cut her finger enough to draw blood. "You idiot, cain't you do anything right?" her mother snarled. When she was drunk, the worst of her Delta accent came out. Artemise continued to dump on Suzanne the insults that had just passed over her own head. Now the question was, who was Suzanne going to kick? But like a punching bag she stood there in dumb silence, not wincing, just looking straight in front of her. Emily felt like a prompter in a theater trying to get a vacant actor off the stage to save her from further degradation. Emily worked quickly getting the glass into the trash can and at the same time giving Suzanne cues to open the door. Slowly, Suzanne moved, dripping blood mindlessly as she left.

Emily's stomach was in knots - not only from the tension of the fight, but also because they had forgotten to eat. It was not unusual to have no formal meal at Coco's. Emily could remember only a few occasions when they had actually had what she called "a sit-down meal." The two girls had become adept at creative cooking, given the strange array of food in Coco's pantry. This evening the best they could come up with was party dip and crackers. Emily couldn't find any soft drinks, so they had club soda with sugar in it (Suzanne's idea). They stole into the solarium where it was cooler and sat down to eat.

"I don't think your mother meant to say those things," Emily said.

"She was drunk," Suzanne interrupted, "but she did mean to say those things. She's the one that's mean. My daddy (Suzanne always pronounced it "diddy") used to say, 'Lord, caint never do anything right.'"

Emily didn't know at this point whether to agree with Suzanne or to drop the subject. She opted to change it. "What did Coco mean, 'He dropped a plantation?'"

"Oh, that," said Suzanne. "Well, Daddy used to work building houses. He was a ..."

"An architect?" Emily inserted.

"No, he didn't draw, he just built. He was gonna move this big plantation over by the levee into a big field so the view was better and also because you caint put a swimming pool on a levee. Something went wrong with the truck. It wadn't Daddy's fault - he wadn't even driving the fool truck. The first part of the house fell off about half a mile before they got to the site. The second truck with the other part of the house had to swerve to miss hitting the side porch of the first part, and dropped the whole back. It looked terrible but it was kinda fun to play in."

"Why didn't they just pick them up and move them?"

"Well," continued Suzanne in a drone of a voice that suggested weariness as well as tension, "for a coupla reasons: for one thing that house was all bent up and dented in from the fall. And for another, Momma and Daddy got to fighting so bad that all the crew up and left and pretty soon it was night. The next day it rained, and then nobody seemed to care about any of it, and Momma and Daddy din't talk for days - they just yelled and screamed at each other about who was to blame and how he used up all of her good money and how stupid he was and that Coco had been right. Pretty soon we just all got our junk and got on the Southerner and came to New Orleans." "Maybe your daddy can fix it up, Suzanne - maybe that is what he's doing right now."

"Nope," said Suzanne with some conviction, "he left it and said that he wouldn't touch it or anything that belonged to Momma again. He even got drunk one night and went and put some tables and chairs in it and had a poker party with candles and junk. He made everybody come through the front door and then drive to the part of the house where the poker party was. He thought that was real funny, and after the party he made them drive back to the part of the house where the door was and go out through it. When he left, he put up a FOR RENT sign on the front door. Daddy always had a good sense of humor. Not," Suzanne added looking at Emily, "like Momma." Emily was dying to know more about the house that was strewn over acres and acres but she knew Suzanne didn't want to discuss it. It was about as much conversation as they

had had in their entire friendship, so gingerly she asked, "Do you happen to have any pictures, I mean pictures of it after it dropped?"

Suzanne looked at her like she was crazy. "Why would we take a picture of that mess?" she asked with a frown. "It looked awful." That seemed to be the end of the conversation about the plantation.

Emily was deep in her own imaginings. She had a mental picture of the plantation and it was the same perspective that she had, as a child, looking into a doll's house. In her reverie Emily had furnished the plantation completely with Victorian furniture, and wind and dirt had blown all over the velvet sofas and chairs. She tried to make the conversion of having the weather originate from the inside of the house, blowing the curtains against shut windows and a tightly locked front door. The closest she could come to accurately making this imaginary reversal was by reconstructing the time she had assembled a vacuum cleaner incorrectly. The effect was that of blowing dust all over the room and moving the curtains as if a storm were originating in the center of the room. As she was musing over this image she suddenly looked up to find Suzanne's eyes filled with tears. She dropped her eyes to Suzanne's thick hands that lay indelicately in her lap, hands that had almost nothing to do with the rest of her body. Emily wanted to touch her in some way that would say that she understood how bad she felt, but as she started to do so Suzanne leaned over and started picking at her toes. Emily pulled back and lit up a cigarette.

MARNIE GUTSELL

PREPARING FOR THE NIGHT JOURNEY

Sheltering in the porch, firelit warmth all left behind,
We breathe November's dusk, make ready
For the night journey.
Suddenly, flittering in the diamond patterned glow
 of windows, comes
The bat.
A flapping ragged scrap, torn from the shrouding dark,
Unhuman, slashing at the light, it disappears.
"Dracula!" you laugh,
But I know you are afraid.

GARDEN AT DUSK

The peonies are gone
barely a day after they burst out
from buds hard as green apples
into blossoms too extravagant,
too free in opening themselves,
to be survivors of the storm
that swept through here today.
I stir the mudstained petals with my foot,
feeling a bit mudstained myself.

ROBERT G. WILLIAMS

When reports of the strife in Central America finally reached North Carolina in 1978, students, faculty, and members of the broader community began asking me to explain what was happening. The questions mounted with every reported atrocity. By July of 1979 the heavily armed Somoza regime had been ousted by a popular uprising that claimed forty thousand lives. I explained the confusing reports coming from Nicaragua in terms of the Somoza family dynasty and the accumulated history of abuses by the family's police force, the National Guard; but as civil war spread into El Salvador and Guatemala, the barrage of questions I was hit with demanded a deeper analysis than I was able to provide. My previous research had been almost entirely devoted to Central America's industrial sector, yet the reports pointed to Central American agriculture as the center of the crisis. I was at a loss to explain the preponderance of peasant deaths in the casualty statistics, the heavy participation of peasants in the guerrilla forces, the widespread phenomenon of peasant massacres, and the daily murder of priests, nuns, land reform proponents, and others who worked with the peasants and migrant workers. At that time I had little to say about the increasingly strident demands for land reform except that the land was unequally distributed. Every time I was asked to address the issue of the crisis to a church group or some other public forum, I found myself having to read Central America's history anew, this time immersing myself in the statistics on land, on the crops being raised, and on the technologies being used to raise those crops.

What I found in my preparation for these public talks was that during the two decades preceding the outbreak of civil war, Central America experienced a remarkable boom in the export of primary agricultural commodities. Not only did traditional exports like coffee, sugar, and bananas flourish, but the region came to export large volumes of commodities that had been insignificant before. Particularly striking among the new exports were cotton and beef. The more I studied the timing and spacing of export expansion, the more I noticed a correlation between export expansion and the formation of peasant organizations, the emergence of death squads, and the exercise of official violence.

For the past fifteen months I have researched the causes of this apparent correlation. What I have found casts serious

doubts on the attempts of our government to "stabilize" the region by promoting free trade and incentives for foreign investors on the economic front while it equips and trains counter-insurgency forces on the military front. This military/economic policy combination is not just a product of the Reagan administration, but has been the policy of every administration, Democratic and Republican, since the launching of the Alliance for Progress in 1961. The Caribbean Basin Initiative, now being proposed as a long-run solution to instability in the region, is not new. In fact it would be difficult to find a more thorough application of this policy mix than in the case of Central America in the 1960's. My past year's research demonstrates how the success of our government's policy in the sixties produced the conditions for Civil War in the seventies.

The following excerpts from the first draft of Cotton, Cattle, and the Crisis in Central America are intended to give a rough idea of the sorts of questions I have wrestled with. In the book I examine in close detail two success stories of export-led growth: the cotton boom (Part One) and the cattle boom (Part Two). For each case I devote a chapter to the most important causes of the boom, another chapter to the primary beneficiaries of the boom, and a third chapter to the impact of the boom on the lives of the average person. I am now writing a concluding chapter that shows how the Central American social fabric, weakened by two decades of export-led growth, unravelled when the world crisis hit in the seventies. Hopefully, the book will be a resource for those who seek a fundamental change in our government's behavior in Central America.

I. THE COTTON BOOM AND ITS PRIMARY CAUSES

A good road runs from Tapachula, Mexico to La Barranca, Costa Rica. Drive the Pacific Coastal highway and you will journey through some of the best cropland to be found anywhere on Earth. Towering above the plain is a chain of volcanoes, the source of the rich deposits of soil that stretch in front of you. For certain sections along this road, in Guatemala, El Salvador, and Nicaragua, you will only have to block out the volcanoes to imagine that you are not really in Central America. From the sights, the sounds, and the smells, you could just as well be in the Mississippi Delta somewhere between Tunica and Yazoo City. The heat from the pavement blurs the license plate on the Cherokee wagon in front of you, and as far as you can see along the flat, on both sides of the road in front of you and behind you is cotton. Cotton plants growing all the way up to the road right of way. Cotton growing up the banks of the drainage ditches. Mighty stands of cotton, sometimes more than eight feet tall, extending for thousands of acres without a break, the domain of a single planter. Airplanes make repeated loops over the fields; the air is heavy with the sweet stench of cotton poison. You pass a huge hangar filled with red picking wagons, tractors, plows, discs, and an occasional mechanical picker. Later you pass a gin, housed in corrugated steel with the remainder of last year's bales under a tin-roofed shed in the

ginyard. Approaching the next town, you see a Monsanto Chemical warehouse, a John Deere dealership, and billboards advertising defoliants, herbicides, miracle seeds, and fertilizers everywhere. You are reminded that you are not in Mississippi when you roll into town and notice that the people sitting in the shade sipping Coca-Cola's are of smaller stature and have an unmistakable copper tint to their skin.

In Mississippi cotton was a major cash crop for more than a century. In Central America it is a recent phenomenon. Over the decade of the 1940's the five countries of Central America together produced only about 25,000 bales a year; most of this fed the fledgling textile mills of the region, not the world market. The boom hit first on the coastal plain of El Salvador in the late 1940's after a handful of growers demonstrated the profitability of raising the crop on large holdings with new technologies. The news of their success quickly spread southward into Nicaragua. By 1950 Nicaragua and El Salvador together produced 50,000 bales. By 1952, Guatemalan planters entered the race, pushing Central American production over 100,000 bales. . . . By the late 1970's, the Pacific Coastal strip of Central America was providing over 8 per cent of the world's cotton trade, putting the region in third place behind the United States and Egypt in sales on the world market.

What were the causes of this remarkable export boom? . . . Growing demand for cotton in the world market and the availability of insecticides, fertilizers, and modern agricultural equipment were the market conditions that made the Central American cotton boom possible. But government intervention was crucial in turning a possibility into a reality. With the guidance and financial support of the World Bank, governments built paved roads through the middle of the zones where cotton potential was greatest, and governments injected large doses of cheap credit into cotton. The wish of the World Bank, government officials, landowners, and businessmen came true. The Pacific coastal strip of Central America was at last converted into an export zone. . . .

III. COTTON AND THE COMMON MAN

From several thousand acres to over a million, cotton came to claim the best farmland along the Pacific strip, bringing with it the most advanced applications of science and technology to farming practices in the zone. We have seen how landlords, growers, insecticide companies, tractor dealerships, ginning companies, export houses, and banks responded to the fresh opportunities of the cotton economy. But how did this remarkable boom affect the day to day lives of the rural majority? . . .

Cotton and the Social Fabric

The revolution in agricultural practices that cotton came to symbolize was not limited to the cotton plant. As we have just seen, cotton growers found that sugar, rice, corn, and many other crops could be raised in much the same way with minor adjustments. Nor was the revolution limited to the flatlands. By

the mid-1960's new varieties of coffee had been developed and chemical herbicides began to be introduced so that coffee farms could go without the large permanent workforce they were accustomed to. Very much like the shift from oxen to tractors in the cotton fields, this application of modern technology to coffee resulted in the denial of peasant access to subsistence plots and the substitution of pure wage labor in its place. For several reasons, cotton takes much of the glory for the transformation of Central American agriculture. Its vulnerability to insect damage left no choice but to apply the newly developed agricultural chemicals. Its hunger for rich land and sweltering heat limited it to zones that were easily adapted to tractor cultivation. Its short growing season made it attractive for short term bank financing. For all of these reasons and more, cotton captured the imagination of the urban and rural elites, and provided a pragmatic blueprint for dragging primitive agriculture into the modern era. At the same time that yields per acre and money profits rose, something less visible was happening.

In a number of ways, the cotton revolution stripped the rural majority of some traditional protections. Most obviously it denied people land to raise food on. Traditionally one's patch of cornfield, however meager, at least absorbed some of the stress of market fluctuations. With cotton's advance, growing numbers of rootless people began to appear, moving wherever the labor market called them, limiting their consumption to the availability of work and the purchasing power of the going wage.

With access to land squeezed in the countryside, the traditional ways that women contributed to the maintenance of the family collapsed along with it. No longer was there room to have chickens, pigs, and cows to tend; no longer was there produce from the farm to work up for family consumption; no longer were there eggs, milk, fruits, and vegetables to sell from the family plot. The cotton revolution produced some wage work for men in the countryside, but the women had to go to the towns or cities to find jobs to compensate for the loss of the family plot. Only in the towns and cities was there wage work for dishwashers, floor scrubbers, cooks, nurses, and seamstresses. This geographical split in the availability of wage work produced a dramatic rise in the number of female headed households in the urban areas, while males roved about the countryside in search of plantation labor. In this way, the cotton revolution tugged at the peasant family.

As the traditional glue that had held the peasant family together came unstuck, so too did the glue that once held social classes together in the countryside. Landlords and peasants alike sometimes reflect glowingly on better days in the past. Peasants tend to look back and remember days when it was still possible to get access to a piece of land to raise corn on, while landlords tell a story of days when peasants held them in respect, before the crazy, outside communistic ideas poisoned the bucolic countryside. A closer look at the actual conditions faced by these two groups tarnishes the glowing image sometimes presented in these tales. For one thing, before the roads, credit, and agribusiness supply houses, landlords were not nearly so rich.

For another, peasant access to good land, within reach by oxcart, was almost always conditional upon entering some sort of exploitive arrangement with the largest landlord in the vicinity.

The obligations that peasants were bound to differed from place to place, as we have seen, but there was a universal obligation in addition to the rent, regardless of the form the rent took. Peasants were obligated to bow their heads in the proper way and salute the landlord as "Don Carlos" and his wife as "Dona Maria" when they passed. If this posture were not assumed, it would be grounds for eviction, even if other obligations were being met. What is sometimes overlooked is that the landlord faced certain obligations as well in this earlier order of things. If a tenant family came under unusual stress for any reason, the landlord was usually expected to find some way to relieve it. If the stress involved a conflict between two tenants, the landlord was expected to settle the dispute in a just manner. If the stress took the form of illness, the landlord was expected to call in a doctor. If the stress were a shortage of corn, the landlord was expected to release provisions. If a peasant got drunk in town and ended up in jail, the landlord was expected to intervene on his behalf and bail him out. The web of mutual obligations that bound peasant to landlord and landlord to peasant was hardly written in tablets of stone, but assumed the more pervasive texture of an attitude, a fact of life, a religious view of the natural order of things. For the peasant, meekness and acceptance of one's place on earth would bring reward in the kingdom of God. For the landlord, it was a duty ordained by God to be charitable and to show mercy in looking after one's flock.

The cotton revolution struck at the foundation of this established order. The large numbers of tenants that a landlord had needed to keep an estate prosperous in the era of oxen, were in the way when the tractors came. Landlords who ignored this fact of life and tried to retain the peasants and the oxen found themselves displaced by younger entrepreneurs who got favored access to credit and the miracle seeds, fertilizers, and equipment that credit could buy. The old attitude of paternalism toward one's subjects still made sense with regard to the handful of tractor drivers, mechanics, and managers that were kept permanently on the farm, but toward those dirty anonymous faces that showed up once a year at harvest time, the old attitude appeared increasingly naive and sentimental. The pickers came from afar, perhaps even another country, and once the harvest was over and the wage paid, they would migrate somewhere else never to be seen again. To treat this floating mass with the same personal attention expected by the permanent staff was an absurdity. As the cotton revolution spread, the complex web of obligations of the landlord was reduced to a single duty: the payment of a money wage.

From the perspective of the wage laborers hired, the old attitudes appear even more absurd in this changed setting. How can one display the old posture of respect, when one's contacts are with a labor contractor and a hired boss instead of the owner of the plantation himself? Why should one show duty toward landowners when access to their land is no longer part of the bargain? Why should one feel loyalty, when the employer sheds

all responsibility upon the payment of the wage, and is neither protector nor provider in times of stress? In the context of spreading cotton fields, the old time religion began to fall on deaf ears, and a new one began to sprout, raising the spirits of the recently dispossessed. Where the old religion taught patience in the here and now in return for everlasting life in the hereafter, the new one raised the hope of bringing the kingdom of God to this earth. Where the old time religion interpreted the landowner's property as part of God's natural design, the new one viewed that property as a denial of human life and therefore a denial of God's law. Instead of duty being defined as meekly accepting one's place, the new religion defined duty as taking action to change things. As the cotton revolution did its work the zones of the marginalized became fertile ground for the spread of a new faith. Instead of looking back glowingly on the past, the new faith offered hope for a radical change in the future.

Conclusion

Emanating from the zones of flat, rich earth, the cotton revolution weaved a pattern on the rural landscape. Once an area was brought under its sway, there was no turning back. Its compelling logic left little room for the subsistence plot, the peasant family, or the paternalism of yesteryear. More and more people found themselves uprooted and homeless, exposed to the vagaries of an unpredictable market. Wherever the cotton revolution could not go, the common man sought refuge. But even the areas most protected in the past by poor soil and bad roads were soon to be opened, as the coming chapters will explain, to another sort of commercial venture: the cattle ranch. At first the successes of export-led growth hid what was happening from the naked eye, but as cotton proceeded on one side and cattle on the other, the entire social fabric was being progressively weakened, ill prepared, as we will see in the final analysis, for the shocks that were to blast the region in the seventies.

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